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Vol: 5.

W Hogarth inv.t et sculp.

CASSANDRA,

A

ROMANCE.

In Five PARTS.

Written Originally in FRENCH,

AND

Faithfully Tranſlated into ENGLISH,

BY

Sir CHARLES COTTERELL,
Maſter of the CEREMONIES to King
CHARLES I. and King CHARLES II.

VOL. V.

The THIRD EDITION, very much Corrected.

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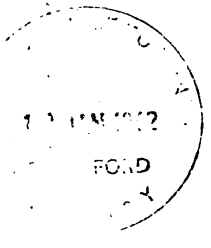

THE AUTHOR TO *CALISTA.*

AT last, Caliſta, *at laſt I am got to the end of that long Career, in which I have run by your command. The Courſe perhaps has not been contemptible; nor have I been ſo little aided by the Inſpirations you have afforded me, as to look back upon it with ſhame, or with diſcontent. But* Caliſta, *where are the Crowns? where is the Prize that ſhould have waited for me at the end of the Race? and where is that Repoſe I thought I had laboured for in obeying you, and which I thought I ſhould have found, as well as my new fortunate* Heroes? *They all are in the Haven,* Caliſta, *and I remain alone in thoſe fierce Storms, from which, for your ſake, I delivered them. The compaſſion you had of their Diſaſters, made me ſeek for their contentment, by*

forgetting my own; and you find so great a satisfaction in the end of all their miseries, that you never so much as spend a thought on mine. Can I have this cruel, this tormenting knowledge, without accusing you of injustice? And may I not, without offending that respect which I have never violated, take a liberty to utter some complaints against you? Certainly less reasonable ones have been pardoned, and I have taken pains enough for your diversion, and perhaps too for your glory, to hope for some kind of acknowledgment from you. The fair Name of Calista *(if I may say so with modesty) has not appeared with any disgrace at the beginning of this Work; and* Cassandra *has been so happy in her Afflictions, as to be able to tell you without vanity, she has added something to your Reputation. Tho it may be I have unjustly satisfied that conceit, it draws me not from a belief, much better grounded. I know that all I can possibly do, comes short of what I owe you; and tho I demanded a recompence, I am not ignorant that I receive a perfect one, in the glory of obtaining your Commands.*

Well then, Calista, *I have nothing to desire of you, and shall be fully satisfied, if I have but tolerably succeeded in the design of pleasing you. Read this Conclusion you have so much desired of* Groondates's *Adventures; but as you read it, think upon him that gives it you, and remember with some Compassion, that while your faithful* ✠ ✠ *put an end to the misfortunes of others, he still continued in his own.*

CAS-

CASSANDRA.

THE

Fifth and Laſt PART.

BOOK I.

THE death of many thouſand Men, whom our Princes loſt in that bloody Battel, could not damp the general Rejoicings for ſo important a Victory; and the Conquerors retiring from among the ſlain, to return into their Camp, made all the Field of *Babylon* reſound with ſhrill cries that echo'd to the Heavens. The Princes, tho more moderate in their good fortune, could not oppoſe the motions of ſo reaſonable a Joy, nor themſelves diſſemble the ſatisfaction they received from that happy Succeſs: Yet had they hoped for it before with a wonderful confidence; and by the little order they had taken about their Baggage, in caſe of a contrary event, and about

the preſervation of thoſe Things, and even of thoſe Perſons that were dear to them, they ſufficiently teſtified, that they marched either to Death or Victory.

The Princeſſes, and the other Women of the Camp, who had ſpent that day at the foot of their Altars, had no ſooner learn'd the iſſue, but they came forth to meet them, tranſported with an exceſs of gladneſs; and covering their particular fears in the general ſatisfaction, welcomed them, all bloody, with chearful Acclamations, and would have run on to greater Liberties, if the ſight of their Blood had not with-held them, by an apprehenſion of their wounds. Tho *Berenice* had not doubted perhaps, where ſhe ſhould beſtow her chiefeſt wiſhes, ſhe doubted where ſhe ſhould beſtow her firſt publick expreſſions; and tho ſhe preſently fell upon *Oroondates*'s neck, it was not without fixing her eyes upon *Arſaces*: yet after ſhe had paid what ſhe thought due to modeſty, ſhe alſo contented her affection: And being no longer in terms, no nor ſo much as in a reſolution to hide it, when it was approved by all thoſe Perſons, to whom ſhe was to be accountable, ſhe gave all the marks of it to her dear *Artaxerxes*, which he could have deſired from her in that Encounter. Alas! how often had ſhe grown pale that day, at the remembrance of thoſe dangers, into which that Prince was gone to precipitate himſelf? And how often had ſhe frighted her ſelf with mortal apprehenſions, that the Arms of the *Macedonians* might be more cruel than thoſe of the *Scythians*? and that he might perchance meet that death amongſt their Swords, which he had ſo many times eſcap'd in the Wars of her Country? But ſeeing him come off ſafe from ſo great a danger, and with him that dear Brother, for whom her fears had been redoubled, ſhe ſtood in need of all her moderation to contain herſelf. *Arſaces* receiv'd thoſe laſt marks of her Affection with that powerful Intereſt, whereby he had ingag'd himſelf ſo many years; and *Oroondates* found his ſatisfaction for that Victory conſiderably augmented by the tender kindneſſes of that dear Siſter, and by the raviſhing contentments of that worthy Brother. *Apamia* and *Arſinoe* were neither leſs concern'd, nor leſs officious about their noble Husbands, and their

Bro-

Brothers; and *Deidamia* seem'd to have stopt her Tears a while, and to have suspended the remembrance of the dead, to partake in the joy of those Princesses, to whom she was already link'd with a very real friendship.

The first care our Princes took, before they went into their Tents, was that of rendering Thanks to the Gods by Sacrifices, which were instantly offer'd; the next, that of giving over to seek out those among the dead, who were yet in a condition to receive their assistance; and the last, that of causing their own wounds to be search'd and dress'd. The Princesses were present at this work in a terrible Fear; and the Chirurgeons, after the Princes were laid in Bed, perform'd their office very carefully. *Oroondates* and *Artaxerxes*, who with prodigious Exploits had fought Death and Wounds among so many thousand Swords, by a kind of miracle had hardly any hurt at all; and the Princesses had scarce power enough over them, to make them keep their beds the next day; *Lysimachus* was almost in the same condition; *Ptolomeus's* left Arm was run thro with a Javelin, and *Eumenes's* Thigh with a Sword: *Thalestris* had three or four Wounds, but all slight ones; and the Surgeons, who knew her impatience, gave her hope of being cured within a few days. *Demetrius* had received two deep cuts in the right Shoulder; *Antigonus* and *Polyperchon* were wounded in the Head; *Craterus* and Prince *Oxyartes* not at all; *Laomedon* and *Menander* were brought from among the slain with very little hope of Life; the condition of *Artabasus's* two Sons was little better: and there were very few of all the most considerable Officers, that stood not in need of the Surgeons help. But among those who were most carefully looked to, *Seleucus*, for all he was an enemy, had the advantage of all the rest; and Prince *Artaxerxes*, who had caused him to be laid in his own Chamber, and who to leave it to him, meant to retire himself into that of *Oroondates*, would not suffer his Arms to be taken off, till he had been present at the dressing of his Wounds. *Seleucus* was hurt in the head, in the body, and in the left arm, but they judged him not to be in danger of death; at which news, *Arsaces* shew'd by all his Actions,

how great an intereſt he took in the ſafety of that gallant Man. After he had given him all manner of aſſurance of it, and *Oroondates* by his example had with exceſſive Civilities teſtified his eſteem of him, they left the Chamber, that he might take his reſt, and obey'd the deſires of the Princes, who conſtrain'd them to think of their own healths.

While they were giving this ſuccour to *Seleucus*, *Lyſimachus* and *Ptolomeus* did the ſame to *Leonatus* and *Nearchus*, who were found all wounded among the Priſoners; and without doubt had loſt their lives, as well as their blood, if they had not been very carefully aſſiſted. *Lyſimachus* forgot nothing that was due to their Quality, and to his antient Acquaintance with them; and laying aſide all manner of enmity, he uſed them rather like his old Friends, than his Priſoners. *Craterus*, *Oxyartes*, and the reſt that were not hurt, ſpent part of the night in that Employment; and thoſe that were wounded, in that reſt which was neceſſary for them.

The next morning, without expecting to be ſued to by their Enemies, as in all probability they might have done, they freely ſent them leave to fetch off, or burn the dead of their Party; and at the ſame time *Craterus*, with ſome of thoſe who were able to accompany him, went into the field of Battel to pay the laſt Duty to their Friends. There it was, that Brothers with Tears ſought the bodies of their Brothers, and Fathers found their mangled Sons: Thoſe Objects were ſo lamentable, that they were able to touch the hardeſt hearts with Compaſſion; and all that day was ſpent on both ſides in mournful Employments. The number of the dead, which had already began to be computed by the remainder of the living, was then confirmed with ſorrow, and was ſo great, that the Plain lay cover'd with heaps of bodies, for the ſpace of threeſcore furlongs: Of our Princes ſide, there were found above twenty thouſand, among whom were *Philip* the Leader of the *Hyrcanians*; *Oreſtes* the Brother of *Philotas*, Prince of the *Cilicians*; *Cleomenes*, *Ptolomeus*'s Lieutenant; *Euriſteus*, Lieutenant to *Eumenes*; *Lamachus*, *Antiſthenes*, *Leoſthenes*, and *Cleobulus*; the two valiant *Amazons*, *Clitemneſtra*, and

and *Amalthea*, with many more, whom their Quality Virtue made considerable in the Army.

But on *Perdiccas*'s side, fourscore thousand men were slain upon the place, and amongst them, the valiant *Python* and his Son *Agenor*; *Sinus* the Commander of the *Susians*, *Scytheus*, *Statanor*, and *Arthius*, Princes of the *Zozdians*, *Drahes*, *Argeans*, and *Pelasgians*; *Eucrates* and *Evagoras*, the Sons of *Axiarchus*, and a great number of others, who were with much grief brought off by their Friends from the Field of battel. Only the most considerable Officers, or those that had particular Friends, were carried to the Camp, and to *Babylon* to receive funeral Honours; and all the rest were with a mutual consent pil'd up in several heaps, and burnt with the usual Orders and Ceremonies. While *Craterus*, Prince *Oxyartes*, and old *Artabasus*, were busied in this office, the wounded Princes took their rest in bed, as they had been enjoined: And because the Prince of *Persia* could not that day pay his Civilities to *Seleucus* in person, he sent often into his Chamber to know how he did. *Oroondates* did the same, and afterward he sent to visit *Leonatus* and *Nearchus*, tho *Lysimachus* and *Ptolomeus*, for all they themselves were wounded, omitted not to take an extraordinary care of them. *Berenice* that day kept her Brother and her Servant company, who lay both in the same Chamber; and she had thereby the convenience to follow her Inclinations without wounding her modesty, and render what she owed to her loved *Oroondates*, without being separated from her dear *Arsaces*: Yet before she went to them, she had staid a great while with Queen *Thalestris*, to whom she was tied with a very particular affection; and who that day had a throng in her Chamber of all those Persons that were so well as to visit her.

The gallant Actions she had done in the battel were loudly extoll'd by all the World, but she could not think of the death of *Amulthea* and *Clitemnestra* without a great deal of trouble; She had seen those valiant Women slain at her feet for her defence, and remember'd she had been killed her self, but for the succour of a Warrior, who by effects of Valour that were quite extraordinary, had

ſav'd her from *Stratanor*'s ſword, and from a thouſand others, which then were turned againſt her. Notwithſtanding all the care ſhe had taken to inform her ſelf, ſhe ſtill was ignorant to whom ſhe was engag'd for that good ſervice; and tho ſuch famous Actions might have given their Author occaſion enough to publiſh them, there was no body in the Army that boaſted to have done them.

When ſhe muſed long upon that adventure, ſhe in that relief found ſomething very ſuitable to what ſhe in former times had receiv'd from her lovely *Orontes*, when ſhe was Priſoner to *Neobarſanes*; ſhe fancied that Warrior to have ſomething in his action, and in his manner of fighting, like her dear *Orontes*: and if ſhe had not believed him then to be a great way off, ſhe had thought it might have been *Orontes* himſelf, to whom ſhe was indebted for her Life. That thought, which yet ſhe ſtuck upon but very little, brought all thoſe others ſtrait into her mind, wherewith ſhe was continually perplext; and having firſt repreſented her *Orontes* conſtant and lovely, and then her *Orontes* ingrateful and injurious, it at laſt ſet before her eyes her *Orontes* turn'd penſtent, and her *Orontes* more paſſionate than ever: She for ſome time did all ſhe poſſibly could to approve the baniſhment ſhe had condemned him to, but ſhe was not able to keep ſo firmly to her firſt Reſolutions, and repented her ſelf that ſhe had not yielded to his Repentance. *Orontes* ever loved me, (*ſaid ſhe*) and it was nothing but his Love that made his Jealouſy commit all the Crimes I can accuſe him of; if he had ceaſed to love me, that journey I made to *Alexander*, which gave occaſion to his cruel Suſpicions, would have been an indifferent thing to him; and to ſay truth, he believed nothing but what our ſhameful Cuſtoms made very credible, and what whole Armies and whole Provinces believed as well as he. This conſideration did ſometimes appeaſe her: but preſently the remembrance of thoſe wrongs and killing injuries, ſhe had received from a Man, whom, contrary to her Kingdom's Laws, ſhe had ſo dearly loved, wakened her Reſentments afreſh, and made her repent that ſhe had given way to a thought of Repentance.

Berenice, from whom she kept nothing concealed, was made acquainted with her Thoughts; nor would she hide them from the fair *Deidamia*, who charm'd, as well as others, with the lovely qualities of that gallant Queen, spent a good part of that day by her bed-side. At last she went away, being perswaded by *Thalestris* her self, who counselled her to visit those great wounded Princes, whose assistance was not unnecessary for the re-establishment of her Affairs. *Deidamia* willingly followed her advice, and after having paid that visit to the Princes of *Persia* and *Scythia*, she went thence to the Tents of *Antigonus* and *Demetrius*: The Father received her with much civility and respect; but the Son, who had not expected so great a happiness, could not see her come into his Chamber, without having his Heart disturb'd with extraordinary motions. All the remembrance of *Hermione* was dissipated in his Soul by the Charms of *Deidamia*; and as he had very lightly and very suddenly loved that former Mistress, the Beauty and Merit of *Deidamia*, to which all that was most lovely in *Hermione* bore no proportion, had engag'd him again with the same suddenness: and tho out of the goodness of his Nature, he still was very much troubled for that Woman's misfortune, he had preserved but little remembrance of her Beauty, or of any thing else that could make his Love the companion of his Sorrow. Tho all that have spoken of his Life, accuse him of too great facility in receiving the impressions of Love; yet in that he received for *Deidamia*, he could neither be censured of weakness nor of inconstancy; and that Princess had so many advantages over *Hermione*, tho she had been alive, that it could not be thought strange, *Hermione* should yield to her, being dead. *Demetrius* disputed no longer then whether he should love *Deidamia*, but whether he should die without declaring his Passion to her, or undertake a Combat against the memory of *Agis* in her heart.

That depth of grief, in which she commonly was buried, did much abate his Confidence; and those mournful Employments, in which she spent whole days, forbad him any other discourse, than that of Tombs and such like Subjects. Thus did that young Prince suffer with-

without daring to discover his real sufferings; and as often as he was in Company with *Deidamia*, he left the care to his eyes and sighs, of declaring what he felt, in a season when he believed his mouth could not express it without a violation of respect. He was in this condition, when he saw her come into his Chamber; and if, as she was coming to his bed-side, she had carefully taken notice of the changes of his Countenance, that sight might have spared *Demetrius* part of the care he ow'd to the Declaration of his Love. His confusion might also have been perceiv'd in his discourse; and he thanked the Princess for the honour she did him, in terms so little coherent, and so little proportionable to the usual fluentness of his Expression, that if she had been in a condition to make a judgment thereupon, she might certainly have in part observ'd how much he was prepossessed. What can I have done, Madam, (*said he*) or what shall I ever be able to do while I live, that may merit so great a Favour, as this you do me? I should not be worthy of it, tho I had spent my whole Life in your Service; and the share I may have in this our Victory, is much less glorious to me than these Wounds, to which I owe the honour of this visit. All the World (replied *Deidamia*) owes to your Virtue, and to your Quality what I now pay; and I above all others am particularly oblig'd to your Civilities, and to the protection which you and those of your Party, by your example and for your sake, have given to an afflicted Princess, driven out of her Country.

After these first Passages, she ask'd him concerning his Health; and he, who in all her words found more occasion to discover his Love, than Confidence to venture upon it, wavered in an irresoluteness, which was visible in his face; and after having staid a while without answering, Ah Madam! (*said he at last with a sigh, and with looks that were sufficient to have reveal'd his thoughts unto the Princess, if hers had not been wholly taken up with the memory of* Agis) how little certainty there is of my health, and how much I ought to fear the wound of my Soul, if I recover these of my Body! He brought forth these words with so passionate an Action, that *Deidamia*

damia was touch'd with them; and attributing his Discourse to the remembrance of *Hermione*, Tho our Souls (*replied she*) are equally wounded, our abilities are unequal to resist our Sorrows; and when you give that to the memory of *Hermione* which I owe to that of *Agis*, you ought to remember that you are a Man, and that your Affection is not grounded as mine, either upon great Services, or great Obligations.

Demetrius, who was afraid to discover himself, was not sorry that *Deidamia* had ill interpreted his words, and yet he could not forbear to answer: The dead no longer make me sigh for any thing but grief, and I think that is as much as we both are oblig'd to pay them; but if my heart be touch'd with another Passion, the Object of it is not among those things that have now no being. I would it pleased the Gods, Madam, (*continued he with a little more boldness*) that my Grief were my most violent Passion, and that I were not constrained by another Power to cross those Thoughts which I have reverenc'd, and perhaps to displease that living Person, who banishes the remembrance of the dead out of my Soul, and who hath imperiously seized upon this remnant of Life, my grief hath left me. *Demetrius* made a stop at these words, being confounded that he had said so much, and trembling for fear of the effect his Discourse might have produced: and without doubt he had said enough, to make that Princess comprehend the truth, if all her thoughts had not been very far from matters of that nature; and if her sorrow, giving her other Employments, had not partly darkned the light of her Understanding. She div'd not into the meaning of his words, as she would have done in another season; and to let him see she bore a part in his discontents, As long as I believed (*said she*) that all your Misfortunes were known to me, I endeavour'd to comfort you by the rencounter of a Person, touch'd with an Affliction like that of yours; but if you have other Sufferings, that are not come to my knowledg, mine cannot chuse but be augmented, by the share which your Virtue and Goodness make me take in your Unhappiness. And if you are so generous, and so charitable, (*replied* Demetrius, *a little more confident than before*)

fore) shew me some signs of that Compassion, which makes you have a sense of my Misfortunes. He cast down his Eyes at these words with some Confusion; and the Princess, in whom they began to cause a suspicion of the Truth, was something abash'd, as well as he: She could not imagine (so ignorant she was of her own Power) that *Demetrius* from an extremity of Grief, should so soon have faln into another Passion; and the little probability she found in it, kept her uncertain what she should believe: And perhaps she had been still in doubt, if *Demetrius* had not recover'd Courage during her silence, and had not made the utmost attempts upon his fears, to overcome the utmost difficulties. He fixt his eyes again upon her face; and preparing her by his looks, for part of what he had to say: *Agis* is dead, (*said he with a sigh*) but *Demetrius* is dying also; and that which *Agis* found in her despair, and in the arms of the *Macedonians*, I find to the full in the charms of *Deidamia*; therein it is, my destiny is more glorious than that of my Rival, and my fortune likewise shall be above his, and above all other mens, if by the gift of my life I can obtain but a part of that place in your remembrance, which he till now hath worthily possessed; I would not strive to conquer those inclinations, which some resemblance of Fortune made me to approve, if I were able to resist this Power, which hath drawn me away from mine, to give me others more legitimate; nor would I use my endeavours to banish a Prince out of your memory, who merited your affection by the greatness of his services, if he were in a condition to reap the fruits of it. But *Agis* is now no longer in the World, Madam; and one may truly say, that you love nothing, since you only love that, which no longer hath a being: you are as free in your Affections, as you were in the earliest years of your Life; and if their Object cease to be, they neither ought by any reason, nor can by any means continue after it. I have found that truth my self in a Fortune like that of yours, and am more to be believ'd than another in this Discourse, by the Testimony I can give of it in my own example. *Demetrius* stopt at these words, seeing the Teares run down

of

of a ſudden from *Deidamia*'s fair Eyes: and knowing by her looks that this diſcourſe had ſenſibly afflicted her, Ah! my dear *Agis*, (*ſaid ſhe ſighing with a moſt tender and paſſionate Action*) Ah! my dear *Agis*, if you were neceſſitated to receive this offence, ſhould it not rather have been from any other body than Prince *Demetrius*? Her Tears interrupted her Speech for ſome few moments, and in the mean time the reflection ſhe made upon this Adventure, wakened her grief again, without giving her any reſentment againſt *Demetrius*. That young Prince was ſo worthy of Affection, and had by all his Actions diſpos'd her already to ſo much acknowledgment, and to ſo much good-will toward him, that if ſhe could then have been capable of a ſecond impreſſion of Love, ſhe would have received it ſooner in favour of him, than of any other perſon: So that tho ſhe was firm on the reſolution of keeping her ſelf wholly to the Aſhes of her *Agis*, yet did ſhe ſuffer *Demetrius*'s Declaration, without breaking forth into Anger againſt him, or without going beyond the bounds of that ſweet Moderation ſhe had formerly expreſſed; and turning her Eyes upon him with an air that ſeem'd more ſorrowful than angry, Let us ſtill weep together (*ſaid ſhe*) let us weep, *Demetrius*, as we have done hitherto; or if you think you have ſhed Tears enough for your *Hermione*, ſuffer my Grief and my Affection to have other Limits than yours: I owe ſo much to my deareſt *Agis*, that your example would not be ſufficient to juſtify the change you propoſe to me; and tho I diſapprove not yours, I am not in a condition to imitate it: your Perſon is as conſiderable to me, and as dear as you can in reaſon deſire; I neither am ingrateful to your good Offices, nor blind to your good Qualities; and the diſpleaſure you now have done me, hath not blotted out of my Heart the value I have, and ever will have of you. But for God's ſake, ſuffer *Agis* to continue ſtill maſter of it, and counſel me not to do an unfitting thing, if you judge me worthy of your Eſteem. This is a Requeſt I moſt earneſtly make to you, and you can give me no better proof of your Affection, than by ceaſing to combat that which ought to laſt as long as my Life. As ſhe

ended these words, she rose up from her chair, and took leave of *Demetrius*, without staying for his reply; but it was with a countenance, in which Sorrow reign'd alone, and in which Anger left no mark that could give him cause to fear his Love had made her his Enemy.

Demetrius remain'd, he knew not himself in what condition, and doubted a long time, what judgment he should make of his Fortune: at first he had a very ill opinion of it, and believ'd he found himself utterly rejected by *Deidamia*'s declaration; but afterwards he thought he had no reason to expect a more favourable event by the first discovery of his passion; and that tho the Princess should indeed have inclinations to him that went beyond esteem and good-will, she owed some resistance both to the memory of *Agis*, and even to modesty it self. In things we desire, we naturally flatter our selves; and *Demetrius* finding occasion to do so in *Deidamia*'s modest carriage, hoped that by long services he might shake her resolution; and with what fears soever he was assaulted, he could not repent his having broke, thro those first difficulties.

While he was musing thus upon his Fortune, *Oroondates* was complaining of his, that had suffered *Perdiccas* to escape from his revenge, and had left him still in a condition, as much conquer'd as he was, to cross him more than ever in his Affection; he could not call to mind that *Statira* was in his power, without yielding much to his grief, nor without fearing that his Rival would revenge the shame of his defeat, by those ways which lay open to him. *Lysimachus*'s thoughts were like his, and those Princes passed the rest of that day in disquiets, which opposed their Victory. The next morning *Oroondates* and the Prince of *Persia*, believing their Wounds too inconsiderable to make them keep their Beds, called for their Clothes, and as soon as they were ready, went together into *Seleucus*'s Chamber; having first sent to know, whether their visit would not be a trouble to him. *Seleucus* received the honour they did him with a great deal of civility; and considering *Arsaces* both by the greatness of his actions, and his high birth, and looking upon *Oroondates* as him (of all Men living)

living) whoſe Virtue had ſhewed it ſelf by the gallanteſt marks, and as him whoſe Forces he had made trial of himſelf with very little ſucceſs, he forgot his Wounds, to render them what he believed their due. They no ſooner were ſet down by his bed-ſide, but *Arſaces* preventing the thanks he was going to return; I could not have taken any reſt (*ſaid he*) if ſome ſlight Wounds had been able to hinder me from coming my ſelf to ſee how you do; nor is my health dear enough to me, to keep me longer from a Prince to whom I owe all manner of reſpect for his Virtue, and to whom I am particularly indebted for my Life. If I was ſo happy as to give you any aſſiſtance (*replied* Seleucus) I was too fully recompenſed by the glory of having ſerved you; and you have ſince ſo generouſly requited it, that the remembrance of that ſervice which gave me the honour of your friendſhip, ought to yield to that of the obligation I have to you. We are all obliged to the Prince my Brother, (*added the Prince of* Scythia) and if he had let the valiant *Seleucus* periſh, he had let us loſe the better part of thoſe advantages the Gods have given us. I deſerved death (*anſwered* Seleucus) ſince I dared to meet it from your hand; and if I had received it when I was ſo bold as to oppoſe your valour, it would have been ſo glorious a one, that I ſhould have had no reaſon to lament my deſtiny. You defend your Life too well (*replied the Prince*) to let any ſingle Man have the glory to take it; and I owe all the advantage I had over you, to the help of my Men, and the routing of yours.

Seleucus anſwered this modeſty of *Oroondates* with a perfect ſubmiſſion; and when, from thoſe firſt civilities, they fell into another diſcourſe, *Arſaces* thruſt on by *Oroondates*'s intereſts, and by his love to the remainders of his Blood, after having embraced *Seleucus* to win a grant of what he deſired, Generous *Seleucus* (*ſaid he*) if your friendſhip to *Perdiccas* can permit you, will you not tell us the truth of the preſent condition of my Siſters, and will you not freely tell us what eſtate they are in, and what uſage they receive? After the Confeſſion *Perdiccas* himſelf hath made to you (*replied* Seleucus) I may give you that ſatisfaction without betraying him; and

withal

withal may let you ſee the little confidence he had in me, the little ſhare I have in the cauſes of complaint you have againſt him.

I know not whether *Perdiccas* thought I would diſapprove his proceeding, and that the knowledg thereof would hinder me from ſerving him, or whether indeed he was aſhamed to own it to me; but however it were, I may truly proteſt to you, that before the day of our interview, he had not told me a ſyllable of it, and that I was ignorant of the true deſtiny of *Caſſandra*, as well as all other Men. In effect I believed, according to the rumor *Roxana* had ſpread abroad, that Queen *Statira* and the Princeſs her Siſter, had been kill'd in the night, upon their way to *Babylon*, by ſome of *Meleager*'s Faction: and tho in all theſe paſſages I found cauſes of doubt enough for one that had been curious, I ever was one of thoſe that were leaſt inquiſitive, and blindly tied my ſelf to ſerve *Perdiccas*, as I thought my ſelf obliged by a very near and a very ancient friendſhip. But that day of our parley, after we parted very ill ſatisfied with one another, the remembrance of your diſcourſe with *Perdiccas* touching the Liberty of the Princeſſes, and of the Confeſſion he had made, cauſed me after ſome complaint of the little confidence he had in me, to ask him the truth of all; and then, after having often embraced me, to drive away the reſentment I might have of his diſtruſt, he ask'd me pardon for having kept that hid from me which he believed he could not ſo ſoon reveal to any body in the world, eſpecially to me, of whoſe Virtue, as he was pleaſed to ſay, he ſtood more in awe than of any body elſe. He told me at large all that paſſed touching the Princeſſes ſince the death of *Alexander*. Afterward he confeſſed to me, that he had been in love with the Queen even in the King's life-time; and that he had all that while concealed an affection which he was then no longer able to diſſemble.

Oroondates having told *Seleucus* all they had heard by *Cleone* concerning the Queen's adventures, obliged him to let them know what they yet were ignorant of, and to that intent he continued thus: After that *Perdiccas* was faln upon the ground by the Wounds he had received from

from *Arſaces*, and that *Arſaces* had loſt the Queen his Siſter, by the encounter of *Alcetas*, who while *Arſaces* was fighting with his Men, cauſed her to be put by force into his Chariot; *Alcetas* leaving his Party for fear he ſhould loſe what he had in poſſeſſion, and ſhould diſappoint his Brother's intentions, made the Charioteer drive away very ſwiftly; and keeping the way he had reſolved to go, came to a houſe hard by the Town, where his Brother and he propoſed to ſtay till night, that they might enter into *Babylon* with leſs danger of having thoſe perſons known, whom they brought along with them. But *Alcetas* being come to that houſe, found not *Perdiccas* there, as he expected (tho by his meeting the Queen he was already faln into ſuſpicions, which he could not clear himſelf in, by any diſcourſe with her, who avoided all manner of converſation with him) and within a little after, he ſaw one of his Men come in, who had been preſent at the combat, and who brought him word in what condition he had left him. *Alcetas* was almoſt beſides himſelf at the news, but it will ſuffice me to tell you, that not knowing how to leave the Princeſſes, he ſent ſome of his ſervants to the place where his Brother had fought, either to ſuccour him or to fetch him away; and not long after he ſaw him brought in upon a Hand-barrow, in a condition which made him doubt of his Life. *Perdiccas* had recovered his ſenſes by the way; and the Surgeons, whom *Alcetas* had ſent for in all haſte having ſearched his Wounds, aſſured him, that if no ill accident happen'd, they were not dangerous. If *Alcetas* was comforted with that news, *Perdiccas* was ſo no leſs than he, when he ſaw the Queen again, whom he had loſt but a while before; and his Joy was ſo great, that it made him forget all the pain of his Wounds: yet could he not perſuade her to afford him a word; but as ſoon as night was come, he would needs leave that houſe; and cauſing himſelf to be carried away upon his Hand-barrow, he left the care of the Princeſſes to his Brother. *Perdiccas* was brought to his own Lodging, and the Princeſſes to that of *Alcetas*, which was made ready for them, and which, by reaſon it was partly invironed with Water, and in a remote leſs-

leſs-inhabited part of the Town, had been judged more proper for their abode. *Perdiccas* was viſited by every body, and even by *Roxana* her ſelf, as ſoon as it was heard he was wounded; but how great confidence ſoever he had in us that were his Friends, he told not the truth to any body; and thoſe Horſemen of his that had eſcaped *Arſaces*'s Sword, were ſo faithful to him that they never ſpoke a word to diſcover the buſineſs. He ſaid he had met a company of Men whom he knew not, and whom he ſuſpected to be of deceaſed *Meleager*'s party, and that it was by them his Men and he had been aſſaulted; and this being likely enough, no body enquired any further about it. In the mean time, the Princeſſes were under the cuſtody of *Alcetas* in a private Lodging, where they were ſeen by none but thoſe that were appointed to wait upon them, and where they were ſo carefully look'd to by them and by *Alcetas*, that it was impoſſible they ſhould eſcape: when he went abroad himſelf, he left that charge to ſuch as were of known fidelity. And all this was ſo ſecretly carried, (beſides that the greatneſs of the City, and the confuſion of Affairs aſſiſted) that we never ſuſpected any thing in the world.

As ſoon as *Perdiccas* was cured of his Wounds, he began again to give the Queen proofs of his Love, and ſtrove to conquer the difficulties he met with, by all the moſt paſſionate marks of it ſhe could receive. *Alcetas* uſed the ſame induſtry to *Pariſatis*, but both to no purpoſe; and as *Perdiccas* hath ſince confeſſed to me, all their importunity ſerved for nothing elſe but to increaſe the Princeſſes averſion. Neither *Perdiccas* nor his Brother have ever exceeded the limits of reſpect towards them, but they have ſtill made them be ſerved by Women they put to them, who ſtir not out of their Lodgings, and by Eunuchs of theirs, whoſe fidelity they have tried on other occaſions, with ſo much care and diligence, that, excepting liberty, they have wanted nothing they could deſire. Notwithſtanding what you publiſhed in your Declarations, *Roxana* never ſhew'd any ſuſpicion of the truth; and her belief that ſhe had ſeen them kill'd before her own eyes (as I ſince have gueſſed) kept her

her mind at quiet, againſt all the doubts which ſome would have put into her of their being alive. They have lived in this manner, both before and ever ſince the firſt Battel we fought; but as I have already told you, I never knew it till the day after our interview, when I heard it from *Perdiccas*'s own mouth. My amazement was very great at ſuch ſtrange news, and as I was glad to hear thoſe great Princeſſes were living, ſo was I not leſs ſurprized at *Perdiccas*'s love, at his ſecret managing of the buſineſs, and at *Roxana*'s cruelty, which cauſed in me a deadly averſion againſt her. The Gods are my Witneſſes, I did all I poſſibly could to bring *Perdiccas* to more reaſonable inclinations, and to make him avoid ſo many misfortunes, by a juſt and virtuous action; but he was ſo troubled at the requeſt I made him to that effect, and repreſented to me in ſuch paſſionate terms, that without certain death to himſelf he could neither think of delivering the Queen, nor of loſing his pretenſions, that I thought in civility I could not preſs him further: yet did he reſolve the buſineſs ſhould continue ſecret till after the Battel; and he deſired me ſo long to defer the purpoſe I had to wait upon the Princeſſes. This is the condition in which we left them, nor do I believe that *Perdiccas*, being ſo paſſionately in love, will reſtore them till the laſt extremity: but neither ought you to fear he will abandon them to *Roxana*'s fury; for I dare ſay, he will rather give his Life than ſuffer theirs to be in any hazard; and his Authority is ſo great with all his Party, that he will ever be powerful enough to defend them openly againſt *Roxana*. The deſign he has had to keep his Forces united with hers, to oppoſe yours the more powerfully, has obliged him hitherto to conceal the truth; but when he ſhall be conſtrained to publiſh it, he will ſtill be able to protect them againſt her malice.

The two Princes received a great deal of conſolation by this diſcourſe of *Seleucus*, and gave him thanks for his freedom, with words full of acknowledgment and affection; they afterwards told him, that he was at liberty, and that it was only to do him ſervice, they de-

tained him amongſt them, and that they were well enough aſſured of the friendſhip of their Companions, to promiſe that as ſoon as his health would ſuffer him, and that he would ſtay no longer with them, they would cauſe him to be convoyed ſafe to *Babylon*. *Seleucus* was not without reply at that noble Offer; *I will not abuſe your generoſity* (ſaid he) *nor will I accept the liberty you offer me, but upon ſuch conditions as ſhall not be diſadvantageous to you. I will try* Perdiccas's *friendſhip by a proof of very great importance: and ſince* Leonatus *and* Nearchus, *who are two of the moſt conſiderable Men of his party, are your Priſoners, as well as I; for our ranſom, and for that of many thouſands of our Men that are in your power, I mean to demand of him the liberty of the Princeſſes: If he have any virtue and any friendſhip toward us, he will overcome his Paſſion to obey his Duty; but if his intereſt have more power over him than his conſideration of us, we ſhall be diſpenſed withal for that we owe to him, and ſhall no longer be ingaged by a friendſhip which he unworthily ſhall have neglected.* *Oroondates* could not forbear to embrace *Seleucus* at theſe words: Ah! generous *Seleucus*, (*ſaid he*) how worthy of you are theſe thoughts, and how infinitely are we obliged to you for intentions that are ſo advantageous to us! it ſhall not be for the price of your liberty, that we will demand the Princeſſes, ſince you are free already, and maſter here amongſt us; but if *Perdiccas* at your requeſt will give them in exchange for your Companions, how many misfortunes will he avoid, and how highly ſhall we be indebted to you!

Theſe diſcourſes were followed by many others; after which the Princes, fearing to diſturb *Seleucus* by too long a converſation, took leave of him, and retired into their Chamber. The reſt of that day was employ'd by them that had the care of it, in making an end of thoſe laſt duties they had begun to pay their dead, and in cleanſing the Camp of ſuch a number of bodies which in a few days might have brought an infection into the Army; and the next morning the Forces were all drawn up to diſencamp, and to take up thoſe Poſts which the Enemy's Army had quitted before the Walls of *Babylon*.

All

All the wounded Men were left in the old Camp, and *Artaxerxes* and *Oroondates*, tho they had left their Beds, not being in a condition to get on Horſeback for two or three days, ſtaid alſo with their Companions, and with their Ladies, keeping ten thouſand Men with them for their Guard; and *Craterus*, *Oxyartes*, and old *Artabaſus*, advanced with all the reſt to block up the Town. The Squadrons marched in gallant order under thoſe three brave Commanders, and the way not being long, they quickly ſaw the lofty Walls of proud *Semiramis*; and having ſaluted them with a threatning cry, they divided themſelves into three Bodies, to take three ſeveral Poſts, according as it had before determined. Some of the Enemy's Cavalry came out to meet *Craterus*, and to oppoſe his coming nearer; yet ſcarce did they ſuſtain the firſt ſhock he gave them, but falling into a rout, forſook the place, and left him at liberty to quarter himſelf at his eaſe, where he had reſolved to encamp. It was upon the Bank of the River above the Town toward the Eaſt, and juſt over-againſt certain Works that were defended by twelve hundred *Median* Archers. *Artabaſus* placed himſelf below upon the Bank of the River alſo, toward the Weſt; and Prince *Oxyartes*, between them, toward the North, and near to ſome defences guarded by the *Drahes* and *Argeans*. Theſe Quarters were about fourſcore Furlongs from one another; and tho the diſtance was ſo great, they had not been able to block up above half the Town, by reaſon of the River that runs thro it; but they preſently began to make Bridges of Boats, to have the paſſage of it free, and an eaſy communication both above and below the City, with an intention to ſend over ſome of their Forces to beſiege it on all ſides, and to hinder the paſſage of victuals and relief, that might come in either by land or by water.

The great City of *Babylon* (the ſtately Work of valiant *Semiramis*, and then conſidered as one of the Wonders of the World) is ſeated on both ſides of the *Euphrates*, which paſſing between its buildings, divides the Town into two equal parts; they are joined together by many Bridges, and principally by one very great one

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of ſtone, different in matter from its other buildings, and conſiderable for its breadth, height, and marvellous ſtructure: the Banks of the River are kept up by two brick Walls, and have high large Cauſeys on each ſide, which yet would not be able to ſtop the impetuouſneſs of the Stream, when it is ſwelled with Rain, if there were not deep open places at certain diſtances, by which the Water, before it comes to the Cauſeys, is ſwallowed up, and loſt in huge gulfs under ground, ſome of it making a great Lake at one end of the Town. The Houſes were very ſtately, built of brick in a well-ordered form, and divided into a great number of large and ſpacious Streets, in the chief of which ſtood the gallanteſt Palace of the *Aſſyrian* Monarchs: the circuit of it was thirty furlongs, and as well for the loftineſs of its Towers as the beauty of its ſeveral Lodgings, was a Houſe worthy of its Founders, and of the greatneſs of thoſe Maſters, to whom it belongs: there was to be ſeen that miracle of the Hanging-Garden, ſo cried up by ancient Writers, where in Earth carried thither with an admirable induſtry, and ſuſtain'd by Pillars of two hundred foot high, there grew Trees whoſe Branches ſeem'd to touch the Clouds, preſenting tufted Foreſts to the eye of Paſſengers above the tops of the higheſt buildings. The whole compaſs of the City was not filled with houſes, but there were open places of a large extent, whole Fields that were plough'd and ſown with Corn, reſerved againſt famine in the extremities of a long ſiege; which with the houſes were incloſed by the great *Semiramis*, with a Wall of three hundred ſixty five Furlongs: altho that was a prodigious compaſs for a Town, the exceſſive greatneſs of it diminiſhed nothing of its perfection, for Mankind never ſaw ſo exact, nor ſo beautiful a Work; the height of the Walls was a hundred Cubits, and their breadth was two and thirty foot, ſo that many Chariots might eaſily go a-breaſt upon the top of them: at certain equal diſtances ſtood Towers of the ſame fabrick, ten foot higher than the Walls, giving them the command of all the neighbouring Fields; and tho their ſtrength was exceeding great of themſelves, they were fortified with a Mote of threeſcore foot deep,

and

and two hundred broad; there were ſome Out-works alſo on the farther ſide of it, but they were of no great ſtrength; and by reaſon of the little fear they had been in of a ſiege, they had not taken any pains to better them.

It was before this ſtately Town that the victorious Army encamp'd; and the frighted Inhabitants from the top of the Wall ſaw in one day a thouſand Tents pitch'd, a thouſand Banners diſplay'd, and the whole Field cover'd with Men and Horſes. The order of their encamping was very regular, and in the three ſeveral Quarters, all the Soldiers having their places aſſign'd to pitch their Tents, fell to work about it with ſo much diligence, that within three days one might walk up and down the Camp in long ſtraight ſtreets, where ſymmetry and proportion were moſt exactly obſerved. They were ſeparated according to their ſeveral Nations; but thoſe Forces that were deſtin'd to paſs the River as ſoon as the Bridges ſhould be finiſh'd, were lodg'd outermoſt, and took not the pains to fit themſelves as the reſt, for a ſtay of ſo few days. The number of them, taking in thoſe that were left in the old Camp to guard the wounded Men, was not leſs than the other, ſeeing they were to lie in the moſt dangerous places, and to poſſeſs that ſide, where Relief was moſt apprehended.

The third day after, *Artaxerxes*, *Oroondates*, *Lyſimachus* and *Ptolomeus*, came up to their Companions, fearing ſome occaſion of getting honour ſhould paſs while they were abſent; and not being willing to part, they caus'd their Tents to be ſet up in Prince *Oxyartes*'s Quarter: *Berenice* and *Apamia* not being able to forſake them, left *Polemon*'s houſe with *Deidamia*, (who would needs keep them company) and went to lodge there with them; and thoſe fair Princeſſes, whom the Accidents of their life had taught not to fear death, were not afraid to draw near their Enemies, nor to expoſe themſelves to the perils of a ſiege, to go along with perſons that were ſo dear to them.

The next day *Thaleſtris*, who could not bear their abſence, was removed to them, tho ſhe was ſo wounded. *Demetrius*, to whom it was an inſupportable thing to be

a party of *Argyraſpides* ſallied upon *Lyſimachus*, and *Iolas*, the Brother of *Caſſander*, againſt *Ptolomeus*: That Sally retarded the Victory of our two Princes, but was not able to prevent it; and tho they were not ignorant that there were Squadrons drawn forth to ſecond them, they neglected their Aſſiſtance, and only with their own Men encountred thoſe new Enemies with ſuch an extraordinary Courage, that after a Fight maintained with the death of many of them, they made the reſt turn their backs; and having driven them within a Bow-ſhoot of their Gates, remained peaceable Maſters of all the outworks.

In this encounter they of *Babylon* loſt above four thouſand of their Men, nor did the Princes eſcape at an eaſier rate, tho the advantage was wholly theirs. And after having lodged part of their Men in thoſe places whence they had beaten their Enemy, they returned victorious to their brave Companions; from whom they received praiſes due to the gallant Actions of that Day, and an encreaſe of that reputation they had gain'd on many ſuch like occaſions. The day following was ſpent on both ſides in the burial of the dead; and the next morning, as *Oroondates* and *Artaxerxes* were riſing, there was a Spy of their Enemy's brought in to them, who had been taken in the Camp cloſe by their Tent, about which he had been buſy all that morning, with the appearances of a Man that had ſome ill deſign; being a very cunning fellow, he had endeavoured to deceive them by his ſubtleties, and had given them tokens enough to make them believe he was one of their Party: but having neither been own'd, nor ſo much as known by the Officers of that Troop which he ſaid he was of, they that had taken him, thought fit to bring him before the Princes, tho he ſhewed himſelf very unwilling to be carried thither, and had deſired them rather to kill him.

As ſoon as *Oroondates* caſt his eyes upon his face, he obſerved lineaments there that were not unknown to him; but *Araxis* and *Toxaris* no ſooner ſaw him, when inſtantly they cried out, Ah! it is that falſe Wretch *Arbates*. At the name of *Arbates*, *Oroondates* perfectly re-

remembred him; and at the ſight of that Man, who by his perfidiouſneſs had deſtroy'd his Fortune, and who alone had plunged him into the bottomleſs Sea of his miſeries, a chilneſs ran thro all his veins, and his countenance was ſo changed, that all the Company obſerved the great diſturbance of his mind: after this ſhivering, and this paleneſs, followed an extraordinary colour, which his anger brought into his face; and not being able in thoſe firſt motions to maſter his lawful indignation, or to keep himſelf within the bounds of his uſual moderation; You have brought him me, juſt Gods, (*cried he*) you have delivered into my hands, this cruel torturer of my days, this traitorous Servant, who ſacrificed his Maſter to ſo many painful deaths; and in ſhort, this Monſter by whom I ſuffer, and by whom I have ſuffered the whole weight of my Afflictions.

He made a ſtop at theſe firſt words, and not being able to expreſs himſelf well enough in the impetuouſneſs of his choler, he fix'd his eyes, ſparkling with rage, upon the face of that perfidious Wretch, who in a mortal terror and confuſion kept his faſt upon the ground, with an action fully prepared for that death, which in his own conſcience he had but too well deſerved. Thou ſhalt die, (*purſued the furious Prince*) thou ſhalt die in moſt exquiſite torments; and tho thy death cannot reſtore me what thou haſt robbed me of, nor make amends in the ſmalleſt degree for thoſe infinite miſeries thou haſt made me endure, I will at leaſt give this ſatisfaction to my grief, and to my love, to ſacrifice the curſed inſtrument of all my misfortunes, and the true cauſe of the death of ſo many thouſand perſons. From theſe words the tranſported Prince fell into the remembrance of that happineſs which *Arbates*'s treachery had taken from him; and that reflection touched him ſo deeply, that all the company ſaw his face immediately bathed in tears; and were ſuch partakers in his grief, that they ſeemed but little different from him, either in the ſadneſs that appeared in their countenances, or in their reſentments againſt the diſloyal *Arbates*. His treachery was known to them, and they all inſtantly judged him worthy of

the moſt rigorous torments that could be invented, and of a deſtiny, at leaſt like that of *Beſſus*.

Till then *Oroondates* had continued in the thoughts of an ordinary man; and not being able in thoſe firſt motions, utterly to deveſt himſelf of what he held from human Nature, he had let himſelf be carried away to inclinations that were not unreaſonable: but preſently after, he from mere Man, came back again to *Oroondates*; all whoſe thoughts had nothing common with thoſe of other Men, when they had power to work at liberty: and looking upon trembling *Arbates* with a ſcorn that a few minutes before had anger in it, he judged that the revenge he could take upon him was too unworthy of himſelf, and that it was againſt more noble Enemies, than a vile Servant, he ought to pour forth his indignation; wherefore putting on a milder countenance, he turned toward thoſe that had taken him: Why did you not kill this Traitor (*ſaid he*) as ſoon as you diſcovered him to be an Enemy, inſtead of bringing him before us? do you not know that the ſight of Princes is favourable to Criminals, and that *Artaxerxes*, *Lyſimachus*, and *Ptolomeus*, are too generous to approve a baſe and a ſhameful revenge? The Soldiers had reaſons enough to alledge for themſelves, and they were not unknown to him, but he gave them not the leiſure; and looking upon *Arbates*, who at theſe laſt words began to reſettle his fears; Live, diſloyal Wretch, (*ſaid he*) live, ſince thou art unworthy of the death which I could give thee; and that without doubt thou art deſtined to a more ignominious end, than that thou ſhouldſt receive from *Oroondates*. Live, but go live among our Enemies, and tell *Roxana* and *Caſſander*, I envy them not the ſervice of a Man fit for none but ſuch a Miſtreſs, and ſuch a Maſter.

With theſe words he turn'd away his eyes, not being able to behold him longer without repugnance; and *Arbates* not knowing where to find words to excuſe his crime, nor to thank the Prince for the mercy he ſhewed him, only fell upon his knees, teſtifying by his geſtures, and by his tears, ſome kind of acknowledgment, and ſome kind of repentance. If the Princes that were preſent

ſent at this action, had not been generous enough themſelves to do the ſame in a like encounter, they without doubt would have admired it: but as they had Souls made up all of nobleneſs, and were accuſtomed to the gallant deeds of *Oroondates*, they did not wonder at this laſt; only Prince *Lyſimachus* turning to *Arbates*, who was going to make uſe of the liberty that was given him; Think not to eſcape ſo, (*ſaid he*) for tho the Prince has pardoned thee his particular offence, thou oughteſt at leaſt to give us account of the Deſign that brought thee into our Camp. Tell us truly in what condition our Princeſſes are, the intentions of *Roxana*, whoſe Governour and whoſe Confident thou art, and the continuation of *Caſſander*'s Loves, which thou beganſt to *Toxaris* and *Loncates*: but diſguiſe not the truth in this recital, and endeavour by ſome light effect of freedom, to deſerve the mercy thou haſt received. *Arbates*, who by that time had taken heart, ſaid, I would it pleaſed the Gods, Sir, that for the expiation of my crimes, you deſired ſomething of greater importance that were but in my power, and you ſhall find, I would little conſider the loſs of my Life, if thereby I could but hope for pardon; but ſince I am not able to do you greater ſervice than that you now demand of me, I will be more faithful in obeying you, than I was in ſerving my Maſter; and will give you an exact account of ſuch things as are come to my knowledg. *Arbates* making a ſtop at theſe words, the Princes prepared to give him attention: but *Oroondates*, who was not able to endure him, found it ſo much againſt his ſtomach, that he deſired his Friends to diſmiſs him, and not ſuffer him to ſtay any longer amongſt them; yet *Artaxerxes* and *Lyſimachus* did ſo repreſent the intereſt he had, in the relation they had demanded of him, and he underſtood it ſo well himſelf, that in the end he yielded to give him audience with them. After they were ſet down, *Arbates* who had had time to recover confidence of ſpeech, ſince his fears were diſſipated, when he had recalled thoſe things into his memory which he had to relate, began in this manner.

The Continuation of the History of ROXANA.

My Lords,

TO *tell the things you desire to know in order, it is necessary I begin with* Cassander's *Love; the first effects whereof I related to* Toxaris *and* Loncates, *from whom without doubt you have heard them; and then I will freely give you an account of those things I have been able to learn, and which fall within the employment I have under Queen* Roxana.

The Gods are my Witnesses that I used all the power I had with the Queen, to dissuade the cruel resolution she had taken against *Toxaris* and *Loncates*, when she saw them obstinate in concealing their Prince's abode; but she was so incensed against them, that my importunity in their favour was like to have put me in disgrace: she commanded they should be carried out of the Town, to the end that Action might be the more secret; but when she heard by him that had escaped the hand of their deliverers, that they were rescued out of their hands, before they had been able to draw that confession from their mouths which she desired, she was extremely troubled and displeased at it, but was the more confirm'd in her opinion, that Prince *Oroondates* was in this Country: in this belief, casting her eyes upon me, who happen'd to be then in her Chamber, *Arbates*, (*said she*) all things run contrary to my desires, and the Gods, whom the folly of my love hath exasperated against me, will not suffer them to be satisfied; but either I am the most deceived of any Woman in the world, or cruel *Oroondates* is in these parts. Let him hide himself, the ungrateful Man, (*pursued she awhile after*) let him be insensible of my love, or rather let him persist to hate me as he hath done hitherto; I at least have this advantage, that in flying me, he flies his Fortune; and that he shall ne-

never enjoy the happineſs, for which he diſdains that I have offered him: he ſhall not make himſelf ſport with my Rival, by ſcoffing at the mean-ſpirited affections of *Roxana.* And tho I be miſerable, I ſhall not have the diſcontent to ſee her triumph over my miſeries, who hath been the cauſe of them. Yet *Arbates* (*continued ſhe, having paused a little*) I cannot diſavow, but that I ſtill have thoſe firſt inclinations that have brought me ſo much trouble, and I mean to employ all the affections thou haſt to my ſervice, in ſeeking ſome redreſs for my diſquiets: ſet all thy wits awork to inform thy ſelf if he be not in *Babylon,* where we took his Servants; the greatneſs of the Town, and the confuſion of our Affairs, that make us receive ſo many unknown perſons into it, might permit him to lie long concealed here; but he cannot be ſo to thy vigilance, if thou wilt take the pains to employ it; and after ſuch a ſervice, there is no recompence that will not be below thee.

By theſe words the Queen diſcovered to me the continuation of her Love; and ſtrove to confirm me in the deſign I really had to ſerve her. And I believed, Sir, (*added* Arbates, *addreſſing himſelf to* Oroondates) that I might ſafely comply with her, without doing you any hurt, conſidering the quality of her Fortune, and the general opinion of Queen *Statira*'s death; therefore I proteſted to her, with ſo many oaths, that I would uſe my utmoſt care to obey her commands, that ſhe drew ſome conſolation from my promiſes: and then being deſirous to avoid *Caſſander*'s anger, which I fear'd, after I had diſpoſed her to hearken to me patiently; Madam, (*ſaid I*) *Caſſander* perſecutes me to ſerve him in his affection to your Majeſty, and not many days ago he forced me by his threats to take a Letter which he had written to you, but I neither had the boldneſs, nor ſo much as an intention to deliver it; but having torn it in pieces, I have put him off ever ſince, as often as he asked me any thing about it, by ſaying that I had not yet found a fit opportunity to preſent it to you. You did very well, (*anſwered the Queen*) and to keep fair with him, you may ſay I tore it my ſelf. That inſolent Man, raiſes my anger to extremity, and if in the preſent con-

dition of my Affairs, I had not need of him, I would give him ſuch proofs of it, as ſhould cool him perhaps for all the reſt of his life. Take heed in the mean time, that you never receive either Letter or Meſſage from him any more; and let him know that I have expreſly forbidden you. I promiſed to do as ſhe commanded me, with a deſign to follow her orders; and that very day having met *Caſſander*; Sir, (*ſaid I*) my deſire to ſerve you, hath perhaps ruin'd my Fortune, and your Letter hath been like to make me be baniſhed for ever out of the Queen's ſervice; ſhe tore it without reading it, and hath proteſted, that at the firſt employment I ſhall take again of that nature, ſhe will cauſe me to be exemplarily puniſhed. *Caſſander*, who by many other encounters had diſcover'd the Queen's intentions, eaſily gave credit to what I ſaid; but he flew into a violent paſſion, and uttered many words both againſt the modeſty, and againſt the reſpect he owed her. The Queen's to blame (*ſaid he afterward*) to drive a Man into deſpair, who as her Affairs now ſtand, is not unuſeful to her; and who with the peril of his life, againſt a great number of Enemies, ſtruck the main ſtroke perhaps in ſettling her in the place ſhe now poſſeſſes. Tell her, *Arbates*, that among all *Alexander*'s Succeſſors, ſhe ſhall find none more powerful in *Europe*, nor in *Aſia*, than the Son of *Antipater*; nor among all Men living a more faithful or a more paſſionate Servant than *Caſſander*. I pray'd him to excuſe me that I could not undertake that Meſſage, alledging the Queen's abſolute charge to the contrary; and the fear I was in of being utterly undone if I diſobey'd her Commands. This kind of uſage from the Queen, was not able to repulſe him; and ſeeing himſelf then in a condition not to fear her power, as he had done in *Alexander*'s life-time, he no longer was ſo careful to hide his paſſion as he had done before, and govern'd himſelf with ſo little diſcretion, that it was unknown to no body. *Roxana*'s averſion to him was but the more redoubled thereby; but being cunning and politick, ſhe partly diſſembled it, or at leaſt thro the neceſſity of her Affairs, ſuffered without taking revenge, what at another ſeaſon ſhe would have reſented in another

ther manner. *Caſſander*'s credit amongſt his Companions, and *Antipater*'s in *Europe*, were well enough known to her to make her judge, that ſhe ſhould not do well to make a powerful Enemy of a paſſionate Lover; and of a Lover, who in her preſent troubles might do her good ſervice, and had done ſo already. That conſideration kept her from following the incitements of her anger, but not from letting *Caſſander* ſee by all her words, and by all her actions, that his paſſion was very unpleaſing to her.

The liberty of coming into her Chamber was permitted him as well as others, for the reaſons I have given you; and being there one day with *Leonatus* and two or three more of his Friends, I think it was with a purpoſe to oblige him that the reſt withdrew, and left him with the Queen, *Heſione*, ſome other of her Maids, and my ſelf, who chanced to be there at that time, and to be witneſs of that converſation. When *Caſſander* found that opportunity, which he ſeldom met with, he reſolved to lay hold of it; and putting himſelf into a very beſeeching poſture, gave the Queen notice, that he was preparing to entertain her with his Love, but ſhe afforded him not the time; and as ſoon as he opened his mouth to begin his diſcourſe, I forbid you (*ſaid ſhe*) to talk to me of your follies, and enjoin you to conſider the offences I have received from you, as they ought to be conſider'd by a Subject of the King my Husband.

Caſſander, who was prepared for ſuch like uſage, never ſeem'd daunted at it, but anſwer'd with a confident look; I did not think my Paſſion could have given you any cauſe of offence, for if I was a Subject of the King your Husband, I do not believe I caſt off that ſubjection by letting you know that I am yet more powerfully yours: none of thoſe homages you receive from thoſe that once were under his dominion, are paid you with more reſpect, nor with more ſubmiſſion, than mine; and if I may be permitted to ſpeak the truth of my ſelf, they are not more advantageous to you than thoſe of a Prince, who holds not a contemptible rank among the greateſt that are now alive. I know what I am, (re-

plied the Queen with a very disdainful action) nor am I ignorant what you are; I see nothing that should hinder us from living together as we have done hitherto; and when you shall look upon me as the Wife of *Alexander*, I will look upon you as the Son of *Antipater*. These scornful slighting words wrought such a spite in *Cassander*, who by nature is the most impatient Man in the world, that he lost all respect and discretion; and not being able to dissemble how ill he took them; I confess (*said he*) that *Alexander* was above *Cassander*, but since *Alexander* is dead, the Daughter of *Cohortanus* is not above the Son of *Antipater*. He brought forth these words very briskly, and judging that he ought to expect nothing from the Queen but some biting reproach, he intended not to stay for it, but went out of the Chamber with a very troubled action. The Queen was highly offended at his discourse, but being very cunning, she dissembled it in part, and drew some satisfaction from his anger, in that she hoped it might free her from his importunities for the time to come: but she was much deceived in those hopes; for tho *Cassander* was easily moved, by reason of his sudden impetuous humour, he came back again presently after more mild and more submissive than before, and ask'd her pardon with all manner of signs of his repentance. But about that time there came copies into the Town of your Manifesto, wherein you accused him of having poison'd the King. The Queen and divers others had already suspicions of it, grounded upon some conjectures; and receiving this confirmation, tho it was not sufficient to convince him, especially coming from his Enemies, the Queen abhorred to behold him, and believed it not fit for her so much as to suffer him to speak, till he had justified himself. She neither could nor would dissemble that thought from him; and the first time he would have come near her with an intent to speak: Purge your self (*said she*) of the accusation that is laid upon you of having poisoned your King, if you would have his Wife to hear you, and put her out of the opinion she may have of that horrible Parricide, if you would have her look upon you without detestation. *Cassander* seem'd enraged at this

this diſcourſe, and beholding the Queen with eyes that ſparkled with anger; They are your enemies, Madam, (*replied he*) they are your enemies and not mine, that ſlander me with theſe calumnies, which I will clear my ſelf of to their confuſion; but if I were leſs faithful to you they would be my Friends, and you would have no occaſion to uſe a reproach to me ſo full of ingratitude. It was not from you I ſhould have received it, ſince your intereſts procure me this diſgrace; but I will waſh it off with ſo much blood, that my Enemies ſhall repent it, and you ſhall be ſatisfied.

I know not whether *Caſſander* diſſembled in this impreſſion which he deſired to give of his reſentments, or whether he indeed was innocent; but however it were, he bore that accuſation with ſuch an impatience as cauſed many perſons to make different judgments of it. If the accuſation you publiſh'd againſt *Caſſander* in your Manifeſto wrought ſome effect upon *Roxana*, that which you ſaid concerning Queen *Statira* and the Princeſs her Siſter, whom you demanded, as being alive, wrought almoſt none at all; and tho you alledged particularities that were enough to have given her great ſuſpicion, when ſhe remembred what ſhe had ſeen with her own eyes, ſhe could not lend any belief to it, nor contradict her ſight in a matter that was ſo freſh in memory: yet did ſhe ſay ſomething to *Perdiccas* concerning it, and deſired ſome kind of clearneſs in the buſineſs, (as I have heard by *Heſione*;) but *Perdiccas* ſhrunk up his ſhoulders at that demand, and anſwering her with a great deal of coldneſs, Madam, (*ſaid he*) I need tell you nothing of that Adventure, the truth is well enough known to you, and your own eyes were witneſſes of an action that makes me odious to Heaven, and deteſtable to all the Earth. *Roxana* was ſatisfy'd with that reply, and in the interim ſollicited me every day to ſearch out Prince *Oroondates*; and I confeſs I employ'd all my care to ſee if I could learn any news of him. About that time Prince *Arſaces* was in *Babylon*; but tho he was unknown to all the world, I was the only Man that was not ignorant of the truth; and I had the means to advance my ſelf very much with *Roxana* by diſcovering him,

him, if, as wicked as I am, I had not had ſome good motions that withheld me from doing it. In the Journey I took into *Scythia* by her command, I had learn'd the truth of all that had paſſed, and knew that Prince *Artaxerxes*, the Son of *Darius*, was alive, under the name of *Arſaces*; but for all I am ſo falſe, I reverenced the remainders of the Blood of my King, and the Virtue of that Prince, which in his earlieſt years had ſo powerfuly gain'd the hearts of all the *Perſians*: I believed with reaſon, that they, who could not ſuffer *Darius*'s Daughter to live, for fear they ſhould diſpute the Empire with them, would ſtrive by all manner of means to make away that Prince who had more lawful pretenſions to it, and would better defend them; and this belief hinder'd me from ſaying any thing of it to the Queen at my return, and afterward when the Prince was come to *Babylon*. The ſecrecy I had kept till then, hinder'd me alſo from making any mention of it to *Toxaris* and *Lonates*, when I told them of the Journey I had made into *Scythia*. It is certain, that nothing ſtopt my mouth but the fear of deſtroying that great Prince; and, if you will do me the favour to believe me, my Lords, tho I was ſo faithleſs as to do my Maſter ill offices in his love, I was not ſo errant a Villain, as to ſell the Blood of my lawful Prince, and to deliver him up to Enemies, who had ſo great an intereſt in his ruin that they never would have ſpared him. I will not relate any of thoſe things that have paſſed in *Babylon* touching the War; you have been inform'd of them, both by Prince *Artaxerxes* and by others, who knew more than I; but will only tell you what you are ignorant of, and which cannot be come to your knowledg, having happen'd ſince the laſt Battel.

After that bloody defeat of our Army, the remnants of it, as you know, retired into the Town; and of above a hundred thouſand Men, there ſcarce came back eighteen or twenty thouſand, and even of them a great many ſore wounded: among the Commanders there was hardly one that had eſcaped without hurt; and ſcarce were there any of them in a condition to gather up the ſcatter'd relicks of our Forces, and to preſent them-

themſelves at the Gates to oppoſe the purſuit of yours, in caſe they ſhould have proſecuted their Victory into the City. *Alcetus* much leſs wounded than his Brother *Antigenes*, *Nearchus*'s Father, and ſome others, did all they poſſibly could to that purpoſe; and while they were ſo employ'd, *Perdiccas*, *Caſſander*, *Neoptolemus*, and the reſt who had not come off ſo well, went to their Beds to ſeek repoſe and remedy for their Wounds. All things were then in a very lamentable form in *Babylon*; the Streets rung with the cries of many thouſands, who then finding their loſſes, enquired for their Sons, for their Fathers, or their Husbands, with tears and mournful groans; the mangled Soldiers begg'd with cries to have their Wounds dreſs'd: to this grief, and to this diſorder, was alſo added the fear of timorous Women, and feeble old Men, who being utterly diſmay'd by ſo great a defeat, imagined every moment, that they ſaw the Enemies within their Gates, and with mortal terrors expected the taking and ſacking of their City.

Alcetus and his Companions took the beſt courſe they were able in that confuſion; they ſhewed a great deal of care in quartering the Soldiers, who by reaſon of the vaſtneſs of the Town, found all room enough; they look'd to ſet ſuch Guards as were neceſſary within, and to man the outworks which they meant to keep; nor did they forget any thing belonging to their charge in ſo preſſing an exigency. You may gueſs at *Roxana*'s Sorrow by her Intereſt, it was ſo violent that all the reſt of that day ſhe was not capable of any thing that was ſaid to comfort her; and the Phyſicians who had care of her health told her, but in vain, that being ſo far gone with Child, ſhe did her ſelf a great deal of harm by ſuch an exceſs of grief. Her diſquiets were augmented by the news ſhe heard that day; for ſhe was told by thoſe that had eſcaped from the Battel, that Prince *Oroondates* who was ſo dear to her remembrance was amongſt her Enemies; that he had commanded the Army that day, and that it was to his Valour and good Conduct his Party owed that Victory. She alſo heard that *Artaxerxes*, the Son of *Darius*, who had been thought dead ſo many years, was alive in the ſame Party; and that it was he

him-

himself that had served on her side in the former Battel, and who, under the name of *Arsaces*, had gain'd so high a reputation. *Roxana* was as sensible of this news as one can possibly imagine; there was no doubt but she was infinitely troubled to know that *Artaxerxes* was alive, who thereby frustrated the cruelty she had used against his Sisters; and who much more potently than those Princesses, could disturb her in the possession of her Dominions: but yet she was more sensible of *Oroondates*'s return; the knowledg of his hatred was a terrible discontent to her, finding it so great that it had made him side with her Enemies, and fight every day against her: and tho she was not ignorant how just cause he had, nor could in reason condemn his resentments, she could not chuse but be much afflicted at them, since they crossed the design she had of drawing him to her affection, and that by those expressions of his hatred, he shewed the small inclination he had to love her: yet was it some comfort to her to know he was so near her, for all he was an Enemy; and in this satisfaction, and some remaining spark of hope not yet extinguished in her heart, she found at last cause to be as much contented, as if she had not heard of him at all. She passed the night in distractions, which according to *Hestone*'s report, would not suffer her to sleep a moment; and the next morning as soon as she was ready she went to visit *Perdiccas*, whose Wounds kept him in his Bed. Their first discourse was of the unsuccessful issue of the Battel and they both bewailed the loss of so many thousand Men slain for their Interests, especially of many brave Commanders, who were either dead or Prisoners, among whom *Seleucus* held the first place, and then *Leonatus*, *Nearchus*, and their Companions, of whom they had then heard no news at all.

After some talk upon that subject, *Perdiccas*, who either could not, or would not any longer dissemble the Truth, which in the state of his Affairs, was not possible to be still kept secret, seeing no body with *Roxana* but such as he suspected not, spoke to her in this manner. We might have reason, Madam, to complain of the ill success the Gods have sent to our Affairs, if we were not con-

conſcious by what Crimes we have provok'd them againſt us; and if the blood of thoſe great and innocent Princeſſes, which you would needs ſhed for your own Intereſts, did not call upon them for a Revenge, which they in juſtice cannot refuſe. In brief, Madam, that Crime which makes us odious to all the World, hath been as unprofitable to us, as it is deteſtable in it ſelf; and you have vainly deſir'd to ſecure the Throne to your ſelf, and to the Child you go withal, by the death of *Darius*'s Daughters, ſince the Gods have preſerv'd the life of his Son, Prince *Artaxerxes*: It is he that may trouble your Reign a great deal more powerfully than his Siſters; and all the advantage we can reap by that horrid Cruelty, will be nothing but the ſtings of a guilty Conſcience, that will torture us for ever. *Perdiccas* made a ſtop at theſe words, and the Queen reply'd, I was perſuaded to that Cruelty againſt mine own Inclination, by the example of many Perſons that have done the ſame in a like condition: And tho the advantages I deſir'd to procure to *Alexander*'s Son, made me conquer my natural Pity; I have not nevertheleſs been without a great deal of Sorrow and Repentance for it. It is true, the return of *Artaxerxes*, whom the Gods have miraculouſly raiſed again, hath overthrown all our Policy; but it is as true, that I would revoke what's paſs'd, if it were in the power of mankind; and that I now could wiſh with all my heart, thoſe Princeſſes were alive. They are alive, Madam, (*anſwer'd* Perdiccas *inſtantly*) and the Gods have not permitted, that the moſt illuſtrious Blood in the World ſhould be ſo cruelly ſhed. Are they alive? (*cried* Roxana *in admiration*) Yes, Madam, (*added* Perdiccas) they are ſo: And he, whom deceaſed *Alexander* honour'd with the laſt marks of his Affection, was not ſo baſe, as to deſtroy what was deareſt to him in all the World; it was by the death of certain condemn'd Slaves that your Eyes were deceived, and your Paſſion ſatisfied; but neither my compliance with you, nor the conſideration of my Intereſts were able to make me forget what I ow'd to my King, and to the quality of a Prince in which I was born. You requir'd too inhuman, and too ſhameful Effects of *Perdiccas*'s Obedience;

ence; and if you were to have employ'd his hand to do you ſervice, it ſhould have been in an action more worthy of him, and againſt other Enemies than thoſe great and innocent Princeſſes. While *Perdiccas* ſpake in this manner, *Roxana* hearkned to him with ſo much aſtoniſhment, that of a long time ſhe was not able to reply; and that ſtrange news ſurpriz'd her in ſuch ſort, that ſhe knew not which way ſhe ſhould receive it. The return of *Artaxerxes*, which thwarted the ſecurity ſhe thought ſhe had eſtabliſh'd in her Dominions, by the death of his Siſters, might have made her content they were alive; but that of *Oroondates* bringing to mind the intereſt of her Love, incens'd her ſo againſt her Rival, whom ſhe ſaw coming into the World again, to deprive her of a happineſs, upon which ſhe had ſettled ſome flattering hopes, that ſhe ſtrait repented the Wiſh ſhe had made in her Favour but a minute before. What? *Perdiccas*, (*ſaid ſhe, looking upon him with an angry Eye*) have you then deceiv'd a Princeſs, that truſted no body but your ſelf, and that put all her Intereſts into your hand ſo freely? I have deceiv'd you, (*reply'd* Perdiccas) as I ſhould have deceiv'd all the ſovereign Powers upon the Earth; and tho my Action ſtand not in need of any juſtification, know, to the end you may be better ſatisfied, that to the Intereſt of my Honour, and to that of *Alexander*'s Memory, I alſo join'd that of my Love, which alone was able to overturn all my Reſolutions. I love, Madam, ſince it is no longer time to diſavow it, I love Queen *Statira*; and for that love, inſtead of attempting againſt her Life, I would have given my own; ſhe hath no Enemies againſt whom I would not have defended her at the price of my Blood; and I have done a great deal more to content you, than I ought to have done, ſince I put her in fear of death, ſince I kept her conceal'd to avoid your Anger, tho ſhe were all manner of ways the greateſt Princeſs of the World; and ſince I made her lay aſide the name of *Statira*, peculiar to the Royalty, to take again that of *Caſſandra*, the Daughter of *Codoman*: She is now in *Babylon*, and if hitherto my reſpect to you hath oblig'd me to conceal from you, both her being alive, and the

place

place of her abode, I think that now I may declare them to you, by reaſon of *Artaxerxes*'s return, of the belief I have, that her Misfortunes may have appeaſed you, and of the hope that you will have ſome regard to the love of *Perdiccas*, who hath blindly tied himſelf to run your Fortune, and who hath endeavour'd to comply with you, even to the prejudice of his honour. *Roxana* was ſo troubled during this diſcourſe, that ſhe knew not in what terms to expreſs her ſenſe of it: and after ſhe had long beheld *Perdiccas* with an Eye that ſeem'd to tax him for deceiving her; I ſhould never have believed (*ſaid ſhe*) that you would ſo craftily have deluded me, who would have depended upon you for whatſoever was moſt precious to me. I am not troubled that *Statira* and *Pariſatis* are alive, they were other motives than the ambition of reigning, that made me to deſire their death; and in this extremity I will make known that which may juſtify my Crimes, as well as you alledge the cauſe of your ſubtle Artifice. I will not tell you, that I will employ all the power I have to deſtroy thoſe you have ſaved, to the falſifying of your word; and that perhaps I am potent enough over the hearts of the *Macedonians* to do it, tho you ſhould undertake to protect them: It is not out of inclination that I am led to Cruelty, and I conſider you more than you have conſider'd me; the love you bear *Statira*, may juſtify in part what you have done, but I can tell you, you ſhall profit little by her being alive, and that it is not for your ſelf you have preſerv'd her; it is for *Orondates* the Prince of *Scythia*, (the moſt dreadful of all your Enemies, and he himſelf, whom you ſaw yeſterday dyed in the blood of your Soldiers, and alſo of your own) that you have plotted; and *Statira* is ſo totally his, even before ſhe was *Alexander*'s, that nothing but death alone can poſſibly take her from him: You have that puiſſant Rival at our Gates, you ſhall have him to fight with all without, and her conſtancy to aſſault within our Walls; it is by them, without doubt, that I ſhall be reveng'd of you, and that I ſhall ſee you repent the Service you have done for your moſt cruel Enemy. This threat of the Queen's made *Perdiccas* grow pale, but he recover'd

forbidden by a great number of Soldiers, who kept Guard there, as at the Palace of a Queen, and who detained them as Priſoners. They have their Chambers free, but the Guard lies at the door; they continually have Sentinels under their Windows, and when they walk in the Garden, which they have the liberty to do, they follow them always, but in ſuch a manner, that they ſeem rather to be there to do them honour than to reſtrain them. *Perdiccas* did not reſolve to uſe them on that faſſiion without being well aſſur'd, that all the Forces of *Babylon* were at his devotion, and *Roxana's*; and that thoſe in whom the love of their natural Princeſſes might ſtir up a deſire to give them Liberty, or a ſorrow for their Captivity, were too weak in the City, to dare to ſhew themſelves, or to undertake any thing againſt his Authority.

In the mean time, tho he was forc'd to keep his bed, he provided with a great deal of care and diligence for all Buſineſſes, and for the defence of the Town. *Alcetas*, who never ſtaid within doors for his Wounds, aſſiſted by *Andiagoras*, *Antigenes*, *Iolas*, and many other Commanders, who by practice have attained an exact knowledg in matters of War, forgot none of the duties of a perfect Captain, for the defence of the City: He lodg'd the Soldiers according to the Quarters that were aſſign'd them, and according to the order of the Aſſaults you might make; diſpoſed the Guards, as well for the Outworks, as for the Walls; over-look'd the Arms, viſited the Stores of Victual that were in the Town, and caus'd Proviſions to be put into the Magazines; ſet Men at work to make Arrows; employ'd others about Boats, to make Sallies upon the River, if it were neceſſary; and to oppoſe the Works you ſhould make there; and ſent Meſſengers into all the Provinces of their Allies to haſten Relief. *Perdiccas* and *Caſſander* left their Beds the ſame day, and I think this is the third day ſince; but *Peuceſtas* and *Neoptolemus* lie by it ſtill, and are not yet ſo near their Cures: Neither did the two firſt ſtay for theirs, but out of impatience to ſee the Princeſſes whom they lov'd, would needs go abroad, contrary to the will of their Phyſicians. What reſpect ſoever *Perdiccas*

diccas meant to pay *Roxana*, in his firſt viſit he follow'd his own Inclinations, and with one Arm in a Scarf, went to the Houſe and Lodging of Queen *Statira*: I learn'd the Diſcourſe he had with her from one of his Servants, with whom I have a particular Friendſhip, and by that means am able to tell you ſomething of it. He found that beauteous Queen a little leſs ſad than ordinary; whether it were by reaſon of the happy ſucceſs of your Forces, or of the Order that had been given to ſettle her Houſhold; and taking an occaſion from thence to entertain her, after the firſt Civilities; Madam, (*ſaid he*) I ſhould think you rejoiced at our late Loſs, if I were not acquainted with the excellence of your Nature, that cannot with pleaſure look upon the death of ſo many thouſand Perſons; and if I did not alſo believe you begin to know, that among thoſe whom you account your Friends, there are none more affectionate to you, than thoſe to whom you give the title of your Enemies. If the Paſſion I have for you hath carried me on to any action, from which you have receiv'd diſcontent; and if my fear of loſing you, forc'd me to keep you in a condition very different from that in which you ought to be, I will make amends for what is paſt, by a manner of life, wherein without doubt you will find leſs cauſe of complaint: hitherto the apprehenſion I have been in for your Life, hath oblig'd me to conceal you from Queen *Roxana*, whom her Intereſts have made your Enemy: but ſince her inclinations are chang'd, ſince ſhe repents of what ſhe once attempted againſt you; and ſince you are here with all the ſafety I can deſire, you ſhall be better attended than you have been till now; and in your Houſe you ſhall find all the marks of your former Dignity: only, Madam, be not offended, I beſeech you, if I cannot diſpoſe my ſelf to loſe you, and if I do all I poſſibly can, to ſhun a death which I cannot avoid by reſtoring you to my Enemies; if I could live in giving you that ſatisfaction, the Gods are my Witneſſes, I would content you to my own prejudice: But ſince in letting you go, I ſhould utterly extinguiſh all my hopes; and ſince I have a Rival at our Gates, whoſe Advantages would eſtabliſh themſelves

upon my Ruin, think it not ſtrange if I defend you againſt him, and if by all manner of Reaſons I endeavour to make you underſtand the difference there is between a barbarous Prince, and the chief of *Alexander*'s Succeſſors. *Perdiccas* held his peace at theſe words, and the Queen who had hearkned to him with impatience, replied very tartly: Think not, *Perdiccas*, that I find any change in my Condition, either by this new Order you have taken in ſettling my Houſe, or by that ſafety you promiſe me from *Roxana*; ſince my laſt Loſſes I have ſo little car'd for this ſtate you cauſe me to be ſerv'd with, or for this life you aſſure me of, that I can find but a very mean Conſolation in either; nor do I rejoice for the death of ſo many Men, whom you have made to loſe their lives in too unjuſt a quarrel: And tho I ſee the juſtice of the Gods in your ill ſucceſs, I could wiſh nevertheleſs they would be contented with a ſmaller reparation for your Faults, and that they would reſtore me the Liberty which you unworthily have robb'd me of, and which you unjuſtly refuſe me, by leſs cruel and leſs bloody means. That Affection you bear me, diſcovers it ſelf by very diſobliging Signs; and that *Barbarian* Prince whom you reproach me with, and who now fights my Quarrel, has expreſſed his to me, by effects very contrary to yours; and by Actions, which without doubt may equal him with any of *Alexander*'s Succeſſors: yet did I ſhun the ſight of him, both before and ſince the death of the King my Husband: And if by that ſacred Memory I have conquer'd the Inclination which I ſhall have for him while I live, and the remembrance of the Obligations I have to him, judge what you ought to hope for from me; you for whom I have no Inclination, and to whom I am not at all oblig'd. I hope (*reply'd* Perdiccas) that by my perſeverance in loving you, I ſhall overcome yours in hating me; and that by rendring you in all the teſtimonies of your Hatred, the ſame ſervices which that more happy Rival did in the proofs of your Affection, you will find the difference there is between his Paſſion and mine. It is a ſmall matter for a man belov'd, and for a man favour'd by Queen *Statira*, to continue conſtant in his love, and

to

to be for ever faithful to her; but in the diſdain, and in the ill uſage I receive from you, Fidelity is a great deal more conſiderable, than in a condition that were able to keep the moſt inſenſible Perſons firm to your Service: Perhaps if you had made ſuch a trial of this *Oroondates*, ſo worthy of your inclination, you would have loſt ſome part of it, and would ſoon have thought your ſelf diſengag'd of thoſe obligations that tie you to him, to the prejudice of the Paſſion I have to ſerve you. I know not (*anſwer'd the Queen, with a very ſerious Countenance*) who can have inſtructed you ſo well in my Affairs; but whatſoever hath been told you of the Affection I bore to *Oroondates*, it is too great a glory to me ever to diſown it while I live. I repent my ſelf of nothing (*continu'd the Queen with a ſigh*) but that I lov'd him not enough; that's all my Crime: And if I had not been deceiv'd by the cunning practices of her who hath given you this information, I was enough indebted to that great Prince, to have preferr'd my Grave before the honour I receiv'd to be the Wife of *Alexander* the Great. Yet *Oroondates*, as great, and as worthy to be lov'd as he is, hath not begot any deſign in me to give my ſelf again to a man, after having been married to the greateſt of all Men. In ſhort, the Widow of *Alexander* ſhall neither be for *Oroondates*, nor for *Perdiccas*; but if ſhe were to be for any body, it ſhould be for *Oroondates*, not only rather than *Perdiccas*, but rather than all the reſt of Mankind; tho the Gods ſhould raiſe up another, a thouſand times more great than *Alexander*. I hope (*added* Perdiccas *briskly*) that if you are not for me, you ſhall not be for *Oroondates*: I will defend you againſt him, with Forces that ſhall not be inferior to his; and if the Gods have ſo decreed that his Genius muſt be above mine, he ſhall never open his Paſſage to you, till he have laid me dead at the bottom of our Walls.

After this diſcourſe, *Perdiccas* had ſome talk with the Queen, while *Alcetas* entertain'd the Princeſs *Pariſatis* upon the ſame ſubject, and drew juſt as much ſatisfaction as his Brother had done; that brave ſpirited Princeſs uſed him always with ſo much ſharpneſs and diſdain, that

if he were not of a very mild and patient Nature, he would have faln into ſome expreſſions of Anger, and particularly that day: for when *Alcetas* reproached her, that for all the ſeveriry ſhe feign'd ſince *Hepheſtion*'s Death, ſhe had not been inſenſible of the Love of *Lyſimachus*; I for my juſtification (*reply'd the Princeſs*) may call all the earth to witneſs, what I have done in favour of *Lyſimachus*, both before and ſince the death of *Hepheſtion*; but if I had really given my Affection to the knowledg of his Virtue, and to the remembrance of his Services, I were as much excuſable, as I ſhould be little, if I ſhould caſt my Eyes upon *Alcetas*. I know not what *Alcetas* anſwer'd, becauſe *Perdiccas* went then out of the chamber; and he that gave me this account of their Converſation, went out with him. From thence *Perdiccas* went directly to viſit Queen *Roxana*, whom he found retir'd from all company, entertaining her ſelf in an Arbour of the Garden, with no body but *Heſione*; *Perdiccas* out of reſpect came in alone, and the Queen ſeeing him enter, roſe to meet him, and gave him the beſt reception he could wiſh. After the firſt terms of civility, *Perdiccas* began to thank her for the force ſhe had uſed in favour of him, upon her firſt Intentions, and for her complying with his Paſſion; and then he proteſted to her, that he deſir'd nothing ſo earneſtly, as ſome occaſion to let her ſee how ſenſible he was of thoſe laſt effects of her goodneſs. While he was making theſe Proteſtations, the Queen having pray'd him to ſit down by her, gave ear without interruption; and when he had done ſpeaking, ſhe, who during his diſcourſe had had time to confirm her ſelf in the reſolution ſhe had taken, looking upon him with an Action accompany'd with ſome ſhame, and ſome uncertainty: May I have a perfect confidence, *Perdiccas*, (*ſaid ſhe*) in the Proteſtations you make me? and may I upon that hope, make you a confeſſion, whereby I put both my quiet and reputation into your hands? You may, Madam, with all manner of ſecurity, anſwer'd *Perdiccas*; and then he confirm'd his promiſes by Oaths, which begot a full aſſurance in the Queen. I will make no difficulty then (*reply'd ſhe*) to truſt you abſolutely,

absolutely, and to own a thing to you, which I shall not be able to do without blushing: But *Perdiccas*, since you have weaknesses your self, which you have confess'd to me, why should not I confess mine to you? and why should I not hope for some indulgence from you toward them, and even for your assistance if it be necessary? In brief, *Perdiccas* (*said she, puting her hand before her Face*) if this declaration may be permitted from the Widow of *Alexander*, I love as well as you, I love with an Affection born many years ago, but with an Affection which never injur'd that which I ow'd to the King my Husband, and which reviv'd again since his death, but not without a violence, which I have not been able to resist; neither the multiplicity of my Affairs, nor the care of my Fortune have been able to banish a dear remembrance out of my heart, no more than you out of yours; and Queen *Statira* is not more deeply settled in your thoughts than Prince *Oroondates* is in mine. *Perdiccas* was surprized at this discovery, and looking upon the Queen with much astonishment: How, Madam (*said he*) do you love the Prince of *Scythia*? I love him (*answer'd* Roxana) with so strong an Affection, that it takes away my Repose, and perhaps will also take away my Life. Ah! Madam (*added* Perdiccas, *raising his voice*) cease to love *Oroondates*, he must die to secure me the possession of *Statira*. *Statira* must die then (*reply'd* Roxana) to secure me the possession of *Oroondates*. They both were mute at these first words, and look'd upon one another a good while without speaking; but the Queen breaking silence first, You have no more reason (*pursued she*) to demand the death of *Oroondates*, than I have to procure that of *Statira*; nay, I have more; for whereas *Oroondates* is only your Rival, *Statira* is both my Rival, and my Competitor in Empire; and I have no less cause than you to desire the ruin of the one, and the preservation of the other. If you can give me *Oroondates*, the obtaining of *Statira* will be much more easy for you than if he remain still constant to her; and if I can assist you toward the Conquest of *Statira*, that of *Oroondates* will not be so difficult as it now is, in the continuation of his hopes.

Instead of destroying one another, let us labour mutually to serve one another; and let us join the Interests of our Love, as we have already done those of our Fortune. *Perdiccas*, who had flown out at the beginning of the Queen's discourse, found so much reason in the rest of it, that he could not possibly disapprove it; and also considering how much easier it was for him to follow the way the Queen proposed, than to execute the resolution of killing *Oroondates*, he had nothing more to argue against her; and desiring to let her see how he was overcome, You are all-powerful, Madam, (*said he*) and they that could resist your will, were unworthy of the honour I receive from you: I will not say a word, to argue against that Passion you have imparted to me, but will only serve you in it with all the Fidelity you can desire from a man infinitely oblig'd, both by offers full of goodness, and by a trust which I have not deserv'd. Yes, Madam, I shall be but too proud to join my Interests with yours; and how much soever I hate *Oroondates* as the lover of *Statira*, he shall be considerable to me, as being belov'd of Queen *Roxana*. They had talk'd longer if they had not been interrupted by a man, whose sight struck them into a great deal of confusion. It was the amorous *Cassander*, who as he was seeking the Queen in the Garden, had come to the Arbor while they were deepest in the discourse; and thro the Boughs that grew about it, that jealous Lover had overheard the greatest part of their Conversation: altho some of the Queen's Servants who were waiting at a distance saw him stand hearkning in that manner, the Authority he had, and their knowledg of his humour, hinder'd them from troubling him; so that from *Roxana*'s own mouth he heard but too plainly for his Repose, how she was in love with Prince *Oroondates*. Never did the anger of a man rise to a greater extremity than that of *Cassander*'s after this cruel knowledg; it was so violent, that it made him lose all the discretion he had left, and the remembrance of the Authority of those two Persons was not able to make him dissemble it for a minute. He came into the Arbour with a very troubled action, and with so wild a look, that *Roxana* easily read the truth

truth of that adventure in it: He was so far transported, that he scarce bethought himself to pay the Queen any salute; but beholding her with Eyes sparkling with Anger, It was not the memory of *Alexander* then (*said he*) but the love of *Oroondates* that made you an Enemy to *Cassander*; and your feel that passion for a *Scythian*, and for a *Scythian* that disdains you; which you could not suffer for a Prince of *Macedon*. Was this that greatness of Courage, Madam, and that brave remembrance of an illustrious Husband, which made you receive the testimonies of my Affection as mortal injuries? And while the unfortunate *Cassander* sighs in vain for you, do your sigh for a *Scythian*, who is an Enemy to your Party, and your particular Enemy? The vehemence of his Anger hindered him from saying more, and *Roxana* was so abashed, that she had so discover'd her self, and given those advantages to him, for whom of all the Men in the World she had the least inclination, that she neither knew how to reply, nor with what countenance to look upon him: At last she recollected her Courage, and considering that in the condition of her Affairs, dissimulation was no longer seasonable, she look'd confidently upon him, and resolving to shew that her resentments were not less than his; Your indiscretion (*answer'd she*) hath been punish'd as it deserv'd to be; and if you had not been so bold as to hearken to my secret discourses, you had not learned this truth, at which you appear to be so angry; whether I love, or love not, you are he, who of all men living hath the least Interest in it: The *Scythian* you speak of with so much Contempt, is worthy the Affection of the greatest Princesses upon Earth, and you deserve the aversion of all the World: You cannot make any comparison with him, without doing him wrong; nor believe that tho I should cease to love him, I should also cease to hate and despise you. You will cease to love him (*reply'd furious* Cassander) when he shall cease to live; and the design you have now made in his favour, shall not hinder me from carrying death to him into the midst of all his Army. If you can but use Poison for that purpose, (*answer'd the Queen in the*

extremity of her Choler) I do not doubt but you may effect it; but I am ſure you never can revenge your ſelf of him by open War; and you are not ſo ignorant of his Force, as to dare to attempt it in the Field; there would need a whole Squadron of ſuch Men as you to kill Prince *Oroondates*; nor do I think that you have ſo much Courage, but that you tremble even at his very Name, tho you are within the ſhelter of our Walls. *Caſſander* was ſo tranſported at theſe offenſive words, that without doubt he was going to reply in terms that would have driven her to Extremities, if *Perdiccas* had not hinder'd him: Altho he diſapprov'd *Caſſander*'s Carriage, yet was he his Friend, he knew he was very much oblig'd to him; and moreover he conſider'd the credit his Brother and he had in *Macedonia* and in *Babylon*: Theſe reaſons kept him from declaring againſt him, and not being willing to ſuffer matters to paſs further between him and *Roxana*, You are too violent (*ſaid he*) *Caſſander*, and it is by ways quite contrary to theſe you practiſe, that you ought to gain the Queen's Affections. Come, let us withdraw from her preſence, (*continu'd he embracing him, and carrying him out of the Arbour, almoſt by force*) and conſider in another manner what you owe to the Wife of *Alexander*. With theſe words he pulled him away quite blinded with Rage; but he could not make him forbear as he went, to pour forth a thouſand Reproaches againſt the Queen, and a thouſand Threats againſt the Life of *Oroondates*. *Perdiccas* got him out of the Garden with much ado, and preſently after came back to the Queen, whom he found highly exaſperated, and infinitely confounded, for having imprudently diſcover'd the ſecret of her Love to *Oroondates*, which ſhe would not have confeſſed but to *Perdiccas*: Yet *Perdiccas* pacify'd her a little, by putting her in mind that ſhe could not hope for any ſatisfaction in that buſineſs, without giving further knowledg of it to the world; and that tho *Caſſander* had not learn'd it by that means, he could not have been much longer ignorant of it. He pray'd her alſo to pardon his raſhneſs, and the violence of his Paſſion; for tho both *Caſſander*'s Love, and his Perſon were odious to her, it was beſt

to

to diſſemble her indignation, and not to come to extremities againſt him, ſo long as ſhe had need of his aſſiſtance. The Queen promiſed him part of what he deſired; but ſhe would not give him any hope, that ſhe would ſhew any kind of favour to a man, whom ſhe with a great deal of appearance ſuſpected of the death of the King her Husband.

From this diſcourſe they fell into that of the Reſolutions they ſhould take in matters of the War; and after they had talk'd a while upon that ſubject, they determined to ſend one into your Army, to ſtay ſome days unknown amongſt your Men, and bring them intelligence of what paſs'd both in the Camp, and among the Princes. When they had ſpent ſome time in bethinking themſelves whom they ſhould employ, they caſt their eyes upon me; as well becauſe of my readineſs in ſpeaking ſeveral Languages, and of my being acquainted among moſt of thoſe Nations your Army is compoſed of; as out of a belief the Queen had that I would bring her ſome particular news of Prince *Oroondates*: yet was ſhe not ignorant of the hazard I ran, of being taken by ſome of his Men, to whom my face was known; but ſhe believ'd I had cunning enough to avoid their knowledg, or rather (as it is the Cuſtom of all great Perſons) ſhe little conſider'd the danger of a man, provided ſhe might draw any ſervice from it. I was preſently ſent for, and the Queen and *Perdiccas* having propos'd the buſineſs they deſir'd I ſhould ſerve them in, I offer'd readily enough to undertake it; they inſtructed me punctually in my Commiſſion, and the Queen commanded me very earneſtly to learn ſomething of *Oroondates* if it were poſſible.

Why ſhould I trouble you longer with a diſcourſe of ſmall importance? I came that very day out of the Town, the paſſages from thence being free, by reaſon the Outworks then were ours; and after I had made a little Circuit, I went into *Craterus*'s quarter, and lay that night among the *Cilicians* my Countrymen, with whom I quickly made acquaintance; and the next morning which was yeſterday, I walk'd about all the Camp, while part of your Men were buſy in aſſaulting

our Out-works: I obſerv'd the order of your Encamping, the number of your Forces, and the manner of your Guards: but by the loſs of our Out-works, I no more had free entrance into the City as before; yet did I not deſpair of getting in one way or other. But before I return'd, I was deſirous to do ſomething in diſcharge of the Queen's Command; and while I ſought means to ſee Prince *Oroondates*, without being ſeen by him, or any of his that could diſcover me, or at leaſt to learn ſomething concerning him that I might carry back to the Queen; my walking hereabout begot ſuſpicion in thoſe that took notice of it, and made me fall into this danger, wherein I ſhould certainly have periſhed for a puniſhment of many Crimes together, if my deſtiny had not depended upon the greateſt and moſt generous Prince that ever was.

Arbates made an end of his Relation thus, and caſting down his Eyes, expected the confirmation of that Pardon that had been granted him; but *Ptolomeus* not having learnt ſo much by his diſcourſe as he deſir'd, Tell us (*ſaid he*) the order of the City-Guards, and what number of Soldiers there is in the Town. Beſides the Inhabitants (*reply'd* Arbates) who moſt of them bear arms, there are yet fifteen or ſixteen thouſand Soldiers: *Alcetas* commands that Quarter that is oppoſite to *Craterus*'s poſt, where he makes two thouſand Men go upon the Guard every night, which are reliev'd every four and twenty hours: *Andiagoras* hath the ſame charge, over againſt that ſide where Prince *Oxyartes* lies, with the ſame order, and the ſame number of Men; and *Antigenes* defends thoſe parts towards *Artabaſus*: no more of the Town being beſieg'd but what ſtands on this ſide of the River, the greateſt force of the Gariſon is quarter'd there; and on the other ſide the Guards are very weak, but they intend to ſtrengthen them as ſoon as you go about to paſs the River. The Town is provided with Victual for four Months, and is in a condition to defend it ſelf till relief come, which they have ſent to demand on every ſide.

The

The Princes had ſome other Queſtions to ask *Arbates*; but *Oroondates*, who could not ſee him without feeling too ſenſible renewings of his grief, having till then endur'd his preſence and his diſcourſe pretty patiently: For God's ſake (*ſaid he to his Companions*) diſmiſs this Fellow, and never expect a true anſwer to your demands, from a man that hath ſo little Fidelity in him. Go, (*continu'd he, turning toward* Arbates) go back again to *Roxana*, *Perdiccas*, and *Caſſander*, thy illuſtrious Maſters, and my generous Enemies; and ſince I by thy mouth am inform'd of their Deſigns and Threats, let them alſo hear from the ſame mouth what effect that knowledg hath wrought upon me. Tell *Roxana* ſhe hath now too little virtue to make a man in love with her, who did not ſo much as value her when ſhe was more innocent; and that the remembrance of her old perfidiouſneſs, and that of her laſt cruelties, is too deeply engraven in my mind, to leave me other thoughts of her, than thoſe of horror and deteſtation. Tell *Perdiccas* that I neither can endure him as a Friend, nor fear him as an Enemy; that I equally regard his deſigns againſt the Life of his Rival, and his conſiderations of a Prince belov'd of *Roxana*; and that if he will deſerve *Caſſandra*, he muſt become more virtuous than he is, and diſpute her againſt me with more valor than he hath done hitherto. And tell *Caſſander*, that I willingly yield to him in his pretenſions to *Roxana*; and that I would do him ſervice if I could poſſibly in his deſign, upon a Perſon worthy of him; that I will not fight with him upon that quarrel, but in the intention I have to ſerve theſe Princes, who proſecute him as the poiſoner of his King, I will make him know, if I meet him in the Field, that to take away the Life of *Oroondates* is no eaſy enterprize for ſuch a man as *Caſſander*. I give thee no meſſage to my Princeſs, for I know thou wouldſt perform it with thy uſual Fidelity; but if thou haſt the honour, and haſt yet the face to appear in her preſence, I give thee leave to tell her and the Princeſs her Siſter alſo, that by the valor of the Prince their Brother, and

that

that of ſo many other gallant Princes as have united themſelves for their Intereſts, *Lyſimachus* and I hope to ſee them free e'er long from the perſecutions of their Enemies, and in a condition to puniſh thoſe cruel Perſons that have us'd them ſo unworthily. After theſe words, *Oroondates* could no longer ſuffer *Arbates* to ſtay in his Chamber, but commanded *Araxes* to cauſe him to be ſafely conducted back to the Gates of the City.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE

CASSANDRA.

THE Fifth and Laſt PART.

BOOK II.

AS ſoon as *Arbates* was gone, and the Prince of *Scythia* was reſettled from thoſe Troubles which the ſight of that Man had cauſed in him, all the Princes went together to ſee *Seleucus* and his Companions; *Ptolomeus* himſelf, who till then had been his particular Enemy, and who had had differences with him, which probably might have excus'd him from that viſit, had ſo much complaiſance for his Friends as to accompany them in it, and ſo much generoſity as to forget his old Quarrel, while *Seleucus* was not in caſe to decide it. *Seleucus*, whoſe heart was no leſs great than his, received that civility with a like magnanimity; and after having render'd what was due from him to the other Princes, chuſing out *Ptolomeus* amongſt them, and putting forth his hand to him, with a countenance that had nothing of an Enemy, You ſurprize me not (*ſaid he*) by this effect of your Virtue, for I never doubted

doubted but that you were as generous in shewing kindness to your Enemies when they are conquer'd, wounded, and prisoners, as I have known you valiant in fighting with them, while they were in a condition to resist you. The enmity that was between us (*replied* Ptolomeus) could not exempt me from what all the world owes to your Virtue; and what effects soever it hath produced between us for the time past, the consideration of it ought to yield to the knowledg I have of you. It shall yield it self (*answered* Seleucus) to this last effect of your generosity, and I hope you will cease to be my Enemy, since I neither can nor will be any longer yours. All the Princes, and particularly *Artaxerxes*, reaped a great satisfaction by *Seleucus*'s words; and *Ptolomeus*, who desired to receive them handsomly, said, I find too many advantages in our reconciliation to accept of it otherwise than as one of my happiest Fortunes; and will not only cease to be your Enemy, but in giving you my friendship entirely, beseech you to restore me all that you honoured me with heretofore. At these words he came close to him, and *Seleucus* welcoming him with a great deal of Joy, those two brave Men embraced one another often with much contentment to all that were present at their reconcilement. After this action, and some other discourses, the Princes went into the chamber of *Nearchus* and *Leonatus*, who would needs be together; they had a conversation with them full of civility, and having proposed the design of *Seleucus*, touching their exchange and that of all the Prisoners, for the Princesses, they found them very ready to employ all the credit they had with *Perdiccas* to that effect.

When they were return'd into *Seleucus*'s chamber, they began the discourse of that accommodation, altho they still excepted him from the number of Prisoners; and they not only offer'd him his Liberty, but with it all manner of Authority he could desire amongst them. *Seleucus*, who wished for their satisfaction much more than his own liberty, received their proposition with a great deal of Joy, and pray'd them to give him leave to send a Man that very day to *Perdiccas*, with a Letter from him and his Companions. The Princes took him at his word,

word, and calling *Araxes* to his bed-side to serve him for a Secretary, because he was not yet able to write with his own hand, *Seleucus* dictated these words, which he knew his Companions would approve of:

SELEUCUS, LEONATUS, and NEARCHUS, to PERDICCAS.

IT is no light effect of Friendship and Virtue, to conquer one's own most violent Passions for their sake, neither durst Friendship alone demand it of you, if Virtue did not join with her, or if we could consider you as our Friend, without looking upon you as virtuous. We are Prisoners to your Enemies, but they disguise our imprisonment so well by their noble usage of us, that we cannot know it but by your absence; nor desire Liberty, but to recover with it the occasion of doing you service. Your Enemies have been so generous as to offer it us, but it is from you alone that we will, or that we can handsomly receive it. If you love Seleucus, Nearchus, *and* Leonatus, *and if you make any account of the deliverance of eight thousand of your Men who are in your Enemy's power, you will make no difficulty of recovering them by the exchange of two Persons. In short,* Perdiccas, *it is* Queen Statira, *and the Princess her Sister, whom they demand of you for the ransom of your best Friends: we have ever held that rank, and give you to day the utmost proofs you can desire of it: We, to any other but* Perdiccas, *should represent the hazards to which we have exposed our Lives for his Interests, the Loss of our Men, and the Wounds where-with we still are kept in bed; but he is too grateful, and too generous to stand in need of being put in remembrance, or of being sollicited for an action, to which he is yet more powerfully obliged by his Virtue than by our consideration. Those illustrious Princesses whom you detain, are of too high a condition not to have Liberty at least, after those greatnesses they so justly have possessed, as you are too much indebted to the memory of* Alexander the Great, *to go about to obtain that of the Queen his Wife by violence, which he himself in so absolute an Authority as that he had, never sought for from her but by*

ways

ways of ſubmiſſion. We hope, Perdiccas, *that out of your love to them and to your ſelf, you will open your eyes to the counſel of your Friends, and pardon the freedom they take to give it you, much leſs for their conſideration than for your own.*

This Letter was approved of by the Princes, who thought it worthy of a frank and generous Spirit, like that of *Seleucus*; and after he had ſigned it, and had ſent it to his Companions to do the ſame, the Princes ſent for *Cleonimus*, upon whom they had caſt their eyes for that deputation: he had an underſtanding capable of all manner of Commiſſions, a great deal of eloquence to perſuade what he deſired, and much courage to overcome all the difficulties and dangers he might meet with in that Employment. They, in a few words, (for he was apprehenſive enough not to need any long diſcourſe) gave him all the inſtruction that was neceſſary. *Oroondates* and *Lyſimachus* could have been glad to have ſent Letters by him to their Princeſſes, but they eaſily judged that *Perdiccas* would not give him permiſſion to ſee them, and they intended not to ask him. *Cleonimus*, very well pleaſed that he had found an occaſion to ſerve thoſe gallant Princes, to whom he had ſo much devoted himſelf; after he had proteſted that he would faithfully perform the Commiſſion they had given him, took his leave of them, and getting on Horſeback, advanced toward the Gates of his native City; which the remembrance of former Times, and of the deplorable Death of his dear *Theander*, would not ſuffer him to behold without tears. In the interim, the Princes were gone out of *Seleucus*'s Tent, and were thinking to wait upon the Princeſs *Bernice*, when they heard that ſhe, with *Deidamia* and *Cleone*, was gone to viſit *Apamia* and *Arſinoe*, who were with Prince *Artabaſus* their Father. Altho his Quarter was a good way off, the Princes took that walk without unwillingneſs, and *Arſaces* thought all ways eaſy that led him to his Princeſs. They found very good company with that venerable old man, but it was increaſed preſently after by one of the moſt welcome additions it could have received. Scarce had they begun to

fall

fall into discourse, when there was seen coming toward the Tent, a Chariot drawn by ten white Horses, guarded by certain Horsemen, and followed by a good number of Servants. The Equipage shewing the Quality of the Person to whom it appertain'd, caused those that were most curious and least employ'd, as *Oroondates*, *Lysimachus*, and *Ptolomeus*, to break off their Conversation, and go toward the Door of the Tent; whither they were no sooner come but they saw the Chariot stop there, full of Ladies; and Prince *Oroondates* advancing first to help them to alight, and offering his hand to her that appear'd the Chief, knew her to be his good and generous Friend the fair Princess *Barsina*: but once in his whole Life had that Prince been touch'd with a more pleasing surprize, and hardly had he given greater testimonies of it, when from the mouth of *Perdiccas* he had heard, that his Princess was alive. Of all the persons in the world, only *Statira* and *Artaxerxes* had any advantage over *Barsina* in his Affection; and the Princess *Berenice* did but hardly possess an equal place to that of hers in his Friendship, neither could he see her without an extraordinary tenderness, nor without melting into tears, which his Affection, his Joy, and very moving Remembrances, drew from his eyes at that fortunate meeting. *Barsina*, to whom by a good-will, whereof the Virtue of them both had made the strongest engagements, that Prince was dearer than all the rest of Mankind, seem'd no less touch'd, nor less transported than he at that encounter; and when she saw her self in his Arms, she made no difficulty to press him between hers, and feared not to offend her modesty by giving him testimonies of an Affection not inferior to his. Honoured *Barsina* (*said the Prince*) my Protectress and my tutelary Deity, are you come to take away the remainder of my Afflictions by your presence, and to bring me a Fortune again, whereof your goodness hath ever made one of the chiefest parts? Ah! without doubt, (*continued he, beginning his endearments afresh, which she could not oppose*) without doubt this felicity was to fore-run the last I now can hope for; and the Gods, after having preserved my Princess, and re-given me my dear *Artaxerxes*, have

thought

thought it neceſſary to reſtore me *Barſina* alſo, without whom I could not reliſh any perfect Happineſs. He brought forth theſe words with interruption, and *Barſina*, after having awhile given place to their impetuouſneſs; Sir, (*ſaid ſhe at laſt*) the Gods bring me to you again, that I may ſhare in thoſe Bleſſings they have reſtored you, and in thoſe Felicities they are preparing for you; they know that I am too much intereſted in your Fortune to be ſeparated from it, and they ſhould do me an injuſtice if in thoſe good Succeſſes that wait for you, and in thoſe that have already befallen you, they ſhould not give me as great a part as I have had in your Afflictions. They had gone further into that diſcourſe, if the throng of thoſe who at the name of *Barſina* were run out of the Tent, had not taken them off, and if, as ardent as *Oroondates* was, he had not been conſtrain'd to yield her for a-while to thoſe other Friends: her two dear Siſters *Apamia* and *Arſione*, her two illuſtrious Brothers-in-law *Ptolomeus* and *Eumenes*, and even her Father himſelf, whoſe Affection had given him a nimbleneſs to go out to meet her, demanded to poſſeſs her in their turns; but all were fain to leave her to Prince *Artaxerxes*: and *Barſina* no ſooner ſaw him appear, but getting looſe from the Arms of all, ſhe ran to him with an action that made the Company know what Love and what Veneration ſhe bore to the remnants of the Blood of *Darius*. O, my Lord! (*ſaid ſhe, caſting her ſelf into his Arms, which he ſtretched forth to her*) O, my Lord! Is it poſſible that *Barſina* ſhould yet be ſo happy as to receive the favour of her revived Prince, and of a Prince to whoſe Death ſhe had given ſo many tears! *Artaxerxes*, who dearly loved and particularly eſteemed her, appeared ſenſible of her Affection by all the ſigns he could expreſs of his. I was alive, dear Couſin, (*anſwered he*) while you believed that I was dead, as peradventure I ought to have been; but if my Life has ſomething ſhameful in it, after the Death of my Friends, behold my excuſe, Couſin, and pardon my being alive by conſidering for whom I have lived. He ſaid the words, ſhewing her the Princeſs *Berenice*, whom *Oroondates* was bringing toward her, and

and who being inform'd of the Virtues of that Princeſs, and of the good offices ſhe had done her Brother, ran to her with a ſpirit of acknowledgment and eſteem. *Barſina*, who already had learn'd ſome part of the truth, knew her by many marks, but more than all the reſt, by that admirable Beauty which the whole World could hardly parallel; and advancing to her with an action full of aſtoniſhment and ſubmiſſion, would have kiſs'd her hands with great reſpect: but the Princeſs pulled them back to preſent her mouth, and to let her ſee that in the eſteem and affection ſhe already had conceived toward her, ſhe deſired a greater equality in their ſalutations.

After a familiarity very different from that of a firſt interview, *Barſina* looking ſtill upon *Berenice* with admiration, O moſt worthy Siſter (*ſaid ſhe*) of ſuch a Brother as *Oroondates*, and moſt worthy cauſe of the Life and Paſſions of Prince *Artaxerxes!* How eaſy are you to be known among whatſoever of great and beautiful our eyes can ſee! and how infinitely is *Barſina* ſatisfied, that ſhe now can pay her homage to the worthy Miſtreſs and worthy Siſter of the greateſt Prince in the World! The Princeſs out of countenance at ſo obliging a diſcourſe, replied with a great deal of modeſty, Madam, I ſhall be extremely glad, if to add to theſe happineſſes which I have not merited, I may alſo be worthy of your friendſhip; ſince beſides the deſire your ſight hath produced in me, the report of your goodneſs has already abſoluteiy gain'd me, and that among thoſe Perſons who are tied to *Oroondates* by blood or friendſhip, my Affection to you took birth before I had the honour to know you. After theſe firſt civilities, *Berenice* permitted *Barſina* to ſalute the Princeſs *Deidamia*, of whoſe quality ſhe preſently was inſtructed, and after her the faithful *Cleone*, whoſe ſight waken'd in her the remembrance of her Miſtreſs with a great ſenſe of her Misfortunes. Prince *Oxyartes*, who chanced alſo to be with *Artabaſus*, and Prince *Lyſimachus*, ſaluted her after the reſt; but in *Oxyartes*'s countenance *Oroondates* obſerved alterations that were not ordinary, and believed him either to be indiſpoſed, or elſe particularly intereſted in the arrival of that Princeſs.

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As ſoon as that fair Company was entered again into the Tent, ſome of the Perſons it was compoſed of, made their complaints to *Barſina* of her long abode at *Suſa*, and of the little care ſhe had taken to give them the contentment that was then occaſioned by her preſence. She was deſirous to juſtify her ſelf in that particular, and for that purpoſe, after ſhe had awhile given ear to their reproaches; I am not ſo faulty as you believe, (*anſwered ſhe*) and I hope you will pardon me a ſtay, which hath been a greater puniſhment to me than to any body elſe.

The ſickneſs Prince *Oroondates* had at my houſe, hindred me from waiting upon the Queens, as you certainly have heard; and I was oblig'd to render that great Prince, in my own houſe, a part of that which all the world owed to his Virtue and his Perſon. After his recovery and departure, I was preparing to leave *Suſa* within a few days; but ſcarce had I given order in ſome Affairs, which it was neceſſary I ſhould provide for before my Journey, when I received news of the King's Death, and of the Troubles that were ſprung up among his Succeſſors. Within a little after, I heard of the Death of our great Princeſſes, and of the good Queen *Syſigambis*; and without particularizing my lamentations, I will only tell you, that my Sorrow was like to have brought me to my Grave. When I was able to overcome that grief a little which had kept me many days in bed, I bethought my ſelf of taking a retreat, either with my Father or my Siſters, whom the Authority of their Husbands made conſiderable among the Succeſſors of *Alexander*; but I found great difficulties on every ſide. *Artabaſus* was in *Bactria*, and to go into that Province I had others to croſs thro, the paſſages whereof were very dangerous for a Woman; and my Siſters were at *Babylon*, where all matters were then in a ſtrange combuſtion, and where every thing tended to war, diſorder, and confuſion: ſo that believing I could not then find a more quiet abode than *Suſa*, I reſolved not to ſtir from thence till I had learn'd more particular news of my Siſters and their Husbands. This was it that ſtaid me there, notwithſtanding the impatience I had to ſee them again;

again; and afterwards, when I heard that all my Friends were met together in this Party, and that with a puiſſant Army they were fighting near *Babylon* for the revenge of the Princeſſes, my deſire to come hither to them, was retarded by a ſickneſs which kept me long in bed, and which would not ſuffer me to take the Journey till very few days ago. Before I departed from *Suſa*, I had heard the ſucceſs of your former Battel: the news of this laſt met me upon the way; and yeſter-night at *Laris*, where I lay, ſome perſons belonging to the Army told me how thoſe great Princeſſes, whom all the world had thought dead, were ſtill alive and in *Babylon*; how Prince *Oroondates* was amongſt you, with the Princeſs *Berenice* his Siſter; his Combats with *Arſaces*; and which ſurprized me moſt of all, how that valiant Warrior was known to be Prince *Artaxerxes*, whoſe loſs we had ſo much bewailed, and whom we had with ſo much appearance believed dead for many years. I tell you not the effect this news produced in me, I was almoſt out of my wits for Joy; and never was tranſported with ſo violent a deſire as that of ſeeing thoſe dear Perſons again who had made me ſhed ſo many tears.

Ah! my dear *Barſina*, (*ſaid Prince* Oroondates) how welcome would your ſight and your conſolation have been to me in the Miſeries I have endured ſince our ſeparation! and in how much more deplorable a condition ſhould you have ſeen me, than that which heretofore made me the Object of your compaſſion! I ſhould have ſuffer'd with you in it, (*replied* Barſina) as I have formerly done, and as I will do while I live, in whatſoever ſhall concern you; but I praiſe the Gods for ſeeing you now in a different ſtate from that which hath made me ſigh ſo often for your diſcontents: you have now neither Duty, nor Husband, nor Rival to fight againſt, which both in the Queen's opinion, and in truth, is not infinitely below you; and tho your Fortune be not yet complete, I ſee ſo happy a progreſs towards it, that your impatiency alone will henceforth be the greateſt of your Sufferings. From this diſcourſe the whole Company fell into a converſation which laſted

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commanded me to go out into the next room, and to ſtay for the Anſwer they meant to return to *Seleucus* and his Companions. I obey'd them, and after I walked an hour with thoſe that had guarded me thither, I ſaw them come with the Anſwer I waited for; and *Perdiccas* having given me the Letter himſelf, Go (*ſaid he*) and tell *Seleucus*, that I will reſtore him his Liberty by other ways than thoſe he propoſes to me; and that it is rather by killing his Enemies, than by doing them ſervice, that I muſt deliver him out of their hands. That is not the eaſieſt means to procure their Liberty, (*replied I*) and if they have no other way to obtain it, they are in danger to continue Priſoners a great while. I had ſaid more, by the right of Nations, which permitted me to ſpeak, if *Perdiccas* had not commanded I ſhould be carried back, without letting me ſtay any longer in the City. I came out in the ſame order as had been obſerved at my going in; and preſently, being returned to your Tents, and not having found you there, I went to that of *Seleucus*, where I had left you: I delivered him *Perdiccas's* Letter, and the account of my fruitleſs Negotiation. He flew out into Anger at that recital, and at the reading of the Letter; and after having inveighed againſt the ingratitude of *Perdiccas*, in terms very full of reſentment, he gave me back the Letter, and commanded me to bring it to you. *Cleonimus* then preſented it to the Princes, and *Arſaces* taking it, read theſe words aloud to his Companions.

PERDICCAS to SELEUCUS, LEONATUS, and NEARCHUS.

IT is not to prevent the Complaints you will make againſt me, that I complain firſt of your want of Friendſhip; and you will know by your own Conſciences, rather than by my words, that you ought to have ſought for your Liberty by ways that had been leſs fatal to me. If you were more ignorant of my Paſſion, and knew not that it is for it alone, I have ſuffered ſo many thouſand Men to periſh; and that, in fine, it is upon it, that all this War is grounded; you would be more excuſable for the Propoſition,

position you make to me: but after my having avowed it to Seleucus, *and after the bloody proofs of it your selves have received, you cannot desire the effect of your Demand, but that with inhumanity you must desire the Death of* Perdiccas. *I would it pleas'd the Gods, my cruel Friends, that you had ask'd the better part of my Blood, and that you had ask'd me all my Fortune, leaving me nothing but that Princess, for whom I quit you all the rest.* Alcetas *makes the same complaint of you; and in short, if you are Prisoners, you can no longer be ignorant but that we are so as well as you, and Prisoners to Enemies less compassionate than yours. If the counsel you give me does less consider your own interest, than what I owe to Honour and Virtue, in my want of Power to follow it, you will find my justification toward you; and will not think it strange, that I commit some fault against you, by that violence which makes me fail against Honour and Virtue. It is not (my credulous Friends) but that with my Death I also meet my Shame, in the Propositions you make to me; and consider that I cannot now, without baseness, do that which I should have done (if I had been able) before the Death of two hundred thousand Men, who have been slain for my Quarrel, and who would yet have been living, if to spare their blood, and to preserve their lives, I had done what you would have me do to free you out of an imprisonment, which by your own confession you find very easy and supportable. The good usage you receive, ought not to have banish'd a more antient Friendship out of your remembrance; and you might have acknowledg'd the civilities of our Enemies, without seeking their repose, and their advantage by the ruin, and by the destruction of your Friends. After having done so much for us, you should not have changed your inclinations in favour of them, and you should have demanded your Liberty of me, by the same ways that took it from you: I will also regain it you with the price of my Blood, and with a powerful relief which we expect; you shall quickly see me in the Field, carrying death for your ransom to your Enemies. This is all (that in the want of power, my Passion hath reduced me to) both you and they can now hope for from* Perdiccas.

I would it pleased the Gods! (*cried Prince* Oroondates *at the end of this Letter*) I would it pleased the Gods, *Perdiccas!* that the fear of thy threatnings were my most sensible affliction; and that these Enemies, to whom thou boastest of bringing Death into their Camp, had nothing else to apprehend but the effects of thy Courage. Ah! how little should I fear that Valour which I have tried already, if thou hadst not more potent Forces to combat against me; and if thou knewest not, cruel Enemy, and ingrateful Friend, that without drawing Sword, thou hast the better part of my Life within thy power. To these words, *Lysimachus* added others full of threats; but as neither of them had conceived any other than very faint hopes of that Proposal, they were the sooner comforted, and found ease in their discontents, by the hope they had to bring their Enemies quickly to more reasonable terms. The night already drawing on, they went all together from *Artabasus*'s Quarter; but *Oroondates*, who could not leave *Barsina*, and who found a wonderful consolation in her company, made the Princess *Berenice* entreat her so earnestly to lodge with her, that she knew not how to refuse it: and leaving her two Sisters with her wounded Brothers, whom she had been to see, and whose hurts were then pretty well recovered; she took Prince *Oroondates* by the hand, and went along with that good company.

Before they parted, they all together went to the Tent of *Seleucus* and his Companions, and the Princes were desirous to honour them with the visit of those great Princesses, who at their request consented to it very willingly. *Seleucus*, who at that time was mortally afflicted, dissembled part of his sadness, and of his resentments, to render to those Princesses what was due to their Persons and to their Civility; but after he had thanked them for it, with terms full of acknowledgment and respect, he turn'd toward the Princes, and being no longer able to contain his thoughts, If I had to do (*said he*) with Men less great and less generous than your selves, I should wonder at the continuation of your favours after the ill success of the Proposition I made to *Perdiccas*:

Perdiccas: my Companions and I ſhould have a great deal more reaſon to fear the effect of your juſt reſentments againſt our unkind Friend, than to expect this civility from you and theſe great Princeſſes. He would have gone on, when Prince *Oroondates* interrupting him firſt, as moſt concern'd; It is enough, (*ſaid he*) and you ſhould have wrong'd us all: if you had believed that *Perdiccas*'s ingratitude could have made us loſe the eſteem we have of you: if we hoped for any fruit of the deſign you had to our advantage, it was becauſe we believed that *Perdiccas* ought not to have refuſed any thing to ſuch a Friend as *Seleucus*; but tho by a baſe conſideration of his own intereſts, he makes himſelf unworthy of your Friendſhip, we will not fall from our firſt inclinations by the knowledg of his. I tell you not that you are free, ſince we never reckoned him as a Priſoner to whom we owe the Life of Prince *Artaxerxes*: but I aſſure my ſelf my Companions will agree to it, if I ſay, that notwithſtanding *Perdiccas*'s refuſal, you with your own Liberty may diſpoſe as you pleaſe of *Nearchus* and *Leonatus*: we will recover our Princeſſes by other means, if the Gods will favour the juſtice of our Swords; and perhaps this laſt ſatisfaction will be more entire to us than that we hoped for by your interceſſion. This Magnanimity you practiſe toward us (*replied* Seleucus) ſhall not perhaps be leſs diſadvantageous to *Perdiccas*, than the Ingratitude he hath ſhewed; and my Companions and I will not abuſe it ſo far as to make the Liberty you offer us, more prejudicial to you than our impriſonment. I will take thoſe reſolutions I ought to take, when once I ſhall be in a condition to execute them. And tho the ungrateſulneſs of my Friend cannot ſo ſuddenly make me paſs from an extreme Friendſhip to an extremity of Hatred, and to deſigns againſt him, I proteſt to you at leaſt, that I never more will fight for him againſt you.

The Princes teſtify'd their eſteem of *Seleucus*, by the Joy they ſhew'd at this declaration; and *Artaxerxes* taking him by the hand, and preſſing it with much Affection; The ingratitude of *Perdiccas* (*ſaid he*) will not be diſadvantageous to us, if it give us ſuch a Friend

as *Seleucus*; nor can our Enemy's Party be more weakned, than by the loſs of a Man whoſe Valour alone diſputed the Victory againſt us. After this diſcourſe, all the Company went into the Chamber of *Nearchus* and *Leonatus*, to whom they had ſent *Perdiccas*'s Letter, and to whom the Princes by very obliging words expreſſed, That the Carriage of their unkind Friend ſhould be no prejudice at all to them, nor ſhould be able to diſſuade them from the intent they had to offer them their Liberty. They return'd their Thanks in very different terms: *Nearchus*, who was grave and diſcreet, diſſembled part of his reſentment; but *Leonatus*, who was of a haſty impatient nature, could not keep himſelf from breaking out, and declaring all that lay in his heart. For my part (*ſaid he*) I will not only never be a Friend to *Perdiccas*, but will be his Enemy as long as I live: and if you will receive me amongſt you, I will not only ſerve you in my own Perſon, but alſo will make whatſoever is left of my Forces come out of *Babylon*, and ſollicite all my Friends to quit that ungrateful Party. We receive you gladly, (*replied* Ptolomeus *for himſelf and the other Princes*) and this is too obliging an offer to be accepted without a great deal of Joy.

After theſe, and ſome other diſcourſes, which kept them a-while longer in that Chamber, they went out, and retired all together to *Oroondates*'s Tent; there they ſupt, and ſpent part of the night in a moſt pleaſing Converſation; and there *Barſina* learnt of *Oroondates* all that had befaln him, and all he had ſuffer'd ſince their Separation, with ſome part of *Artaxerxes*'s Adventures. When the time of night obliged them to withdraw, *Berenice* took *Barſina* with her to her Chamber; and conſidering her as a near Kinſwoman of Prince *Artaxerxes*, and as the beſt Friend of the Prince her Brother, ſhe contracted a very ſtrong and a very particular Friendſhip with her. This Union was not hard to be made between two ſuch virtuous Ladies: and if *Berenice* had charms, againſt which they of her own Sex could not defend themſelves, *Barſina*'s were little different; for ſcarce was there in the World, a more lovely Perſon.

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The next day was ſpent in viſiting thoſe that were wounded, the greateſt part whereof were almoſt recovered: *Thaleſtris* had already left her bed, and *Demetrius* and his Father were almoſt well enough to leave their Chambers. They thought to have ſent the Priſoners, whoſe number was about ſeven or eight thouſand, to ſome neighbouring Towns, where they ſhould have been diſtributed, to be kept till the end of the War: but when they heard the little care *Perdiccas* had to free them, and the reſolution of *Leonatus* to take part with the Enemy, they offer'd to do the ſame; and after they had given the Princes to underſtand the purpoſe they had to ſerve on their ſide, and had been promiſed all manner of good uſage and protection, they put themſelves under *Leonatus*, and encreaſed the Army with a very conſiderable Recruit. It for ſome days lay idle, ſtaying till the Boats were ready that were in hand, and alſo for the finiſhing of thoſe Engines which were making, and which were neceſſary to ſtorm the Walls: they were ſo thick, that the force of Rams was utterly in vain againſt them, and ſo high, that without making great elevations on the out-ſide, they ſeem'd impoſſible to be ſcaled. All the moſt induſtrious Maſters of *Aſia* were employ'd in framing Engines, and moſt part of the Soldiers were ſet to work about them. That buſineſs required time, nor could it be hoped they would be fit for ſervice for many days; but the Boats were ready a great deal ſooner, and almoſt at the ſame time, when *Thaleſtris*, *Demetrius*, *Antigonus*, *Polyperchon*, and all the moſt conſiderable of thoſe that had been hurt, were in a condition to bear Arms again. *Thaleſtris* was cured of her outward Wounds, but her inward one was ſtill as bad as ever; and then the abſence of *Orontes*, whom ſhe could not hate, or rather whom ſhe could not ceaſe to love, drew the ſame ſighs from her breaſt which a few days before had been cauſed by animoſity and reſentment: the remembrance of that repentance he had ſhew'd at their laſt parting, had diſſipated the greater part of her Anger; and ſince then, the perſuaſions of *Oroondates*, who had employ'd himſelf very carefully in that buſineſs, and her own inclination, which had perſuaded her yet more

powerfully, had ſo mollify'd her, that if *Orontes* had come back to her again, ſhe would eaſily have been brought to pardon him.

The young *Demetrius*, cured alſo of the Wounds of his body, was in no better ſtate than ſhe, for that of his mind; and all that he had ſuffer'd for *Hermione* was light, in compariſon of what he felt for *Deidamia*. That fair Princeſs, ſince the declaration he had made to her, had been more reſerved toward him than before: and tho ſhe had viſited him afterward, while he kept his bed, ſhe had ever avoided the occaſions of being alone with him; and by all her actions and diſcourſes had taken away part of his confidence; yet did ſhe give him ſigns but of a moderate reſentment, without any ſhew of anger or averſion, and without being carried by the knowledg of his Love to any uncivil or diſreſpectful uſage: ſhe ſaw nothing in his Perſon that was not great and lovely, and ſhe would have had no repugnance to receive a ſecond affection for him, if the memory of *Agis* had left her liberty to do ſo; that alſo was the thing ſhe endeavoured to make him underſtand, and it was by the mildeſt ways ſhe could uſe, that ſhe ſtrove to divert him from an Affection which ſhe could not, and believed ſhe ought not to approve. *Demetrius*, in whom all Paſſions imprinted themſelves with violence, took all her actions to his diſadvantage; and tho he knew her Love was to be bought with greater and longer ſervices, than thoſe he yet had done her, he could not without trouble conſider the little progreſs he had made toward the gaining of her heart. This remembrance cauſed diſquiets in him which would not afford him any reſt, altered his looks, and deprived *Antigonus* and his Friends of all the conſolation which his forgetting *Hermione* had given them. After he had been able to leave his Chamber, he had ſhunned all other Company but *Deidamia*'s; and not being content to avoid the Society of his Friends during the day-time, he beſtowed part of the night upon his ſolitary walks. Many times, while all the Camp was faſt aſleep, flying a repoſe that fled from him, and not being willing vainly to ſeek thoſe ſlumbers in his bed, which nothing but wearineſs drew ſometimes

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into his watchful eyes, he with a slow pace walk'd along the River-side, and let his roving thoughts abroad, in a silence which gave them a fuller liberty. The passage to go out and return into the Camp, was free to him at all hours, among those that were upon the guard; and he made no difficulty to walk without the Line, and stray a great many furlongs off. The nights were fair and clear, and the Moon which was then in its perfectest form, imprinted its shining figure upon the Stream of *Euphrates*, and discover'd objects distinctly enough thro all the Plain. The young Prince fixing his eyes sometimes upon that fair Planet which gave light to his steps, sometimes upon the calm Waters of the River, which rested in their usual bed, without the disturbance of the least murmur, and sometimes upon a Wood, whose gloomy obscurity could not at such an hour present it self to the sight without a kind of horror, found in all manner of objects fresh matter for his passionate thoughts.

All Creatures (*said he*) both upon the Earth and in the Waters, do now enjoy a peaceable repose, while *Demetrius* alone watches with the Stars; his eyes are open to sources of tears, which never must be dried up; they are not to be closed by sleep; and he wages a more cruel War with his own disquietudes, than with the enemies of his Party. It is, in brief, the woful destiny of the unfortunate *Demetrius*, that all things should contribute to his ruin, and that as if the living were not sufficient for his destruction, even the dead themselves should take up Arms against him. It is not enough (*pursued he*) that Love should have tormented me, for what no longer hath a being; and that remorse should torture me, for having been the death of what I loved: but my hard Fortune must stir up Hell it self against me; and to revenge the Dead, raises the Dead against my happiness. If I had living Enemies to combat with me, I should make use of the little Valour the Gods have given me; but against *Agis*, who no longer is but in the memory of *Deidamia*, what Arms and what Forces can I possibly employ? Ah, fortunate *Agis!* (*added he*) how blessed is thy condition, and how glorious should I reckon mine,

if in the other World, like thee, I were daily wept for by the fair eyes of *Deidamia!* Ah, how infinitely is ſuch a Death as thine to be preferred before ſuch a Life as this of *Demetrius!* and how much more advantageous is it to be dead in all the reſt, and for all the reſt of the world, and to live in *Deidamia*'s remembrance, than to be living among Men, and not to be able to live within her thoughts! *Demetrius* entertain'd himſelf in this manner, and in theſe like employments paſſed away part of the night, declaring to inſenſible witneſſes, what his reſpect would not ſuffer him to declare with confidence to *Deidamia.*

Whilſt he led this kind of Life, he ſaw an occaſion offer'd of making himſelf remarkable, the Army preparing for an Action, which every body judged could not be perform'd without blood; and for that purpoſe, the Princes diſpoſed their Forces with all the orders that were neceſſary: it was the making of thoſe Bridges they intended to lay over the *Euphrates* on both ſides the Town; and altho peradventure they might have avoided fighting, by making them further from the City, the Princes who ſhunned not the occaſions of coming to blows with the Enemy, and who in this diſtance found more convenience than in a greater, choſe rather to hazard a few Men with them, than to let their Enemies believe that fear had diverted them from any of their reſolutions. The Boats were ready upon the Banks of the River; and beſides them that were neceſſary for the building of the two Bridges, there were a great number of others that were to be filled with Soldiers, to ſuſtain the Work-men, and to oppoſe the ſally which the Enemies might make upon the River.

That day the Army was commanded by *Artaxerxes*, and he for his Poſt took the Bridge that was to be made on the Weſt ſide, leaving that on the Eaſt to Prince *Oroondates.* The Forces deſtined to ſuſtain the Work-men, were drawn out equally, and with the ſame Orders on both ſides of the Town; and becauſe the Princes would not do that day, as they had done in ſtorming the Out-works, the glory whereof they had left wholly to *Ptolomeus* and *Lyſimachus*; *Oxyartes*, *Antigonus*,

gonus, Demetrius, Alexander and many others, went along with Prince *Artaxerxes*; and *Lyſimachus, Ptolomeus, Eumenes,* and the valiant *Amazon* Queen, follow'd Prince *Oroondates*; *Craterus* and *Artabaſus* ſtaid to defend the Camp, with the body of the Army; and *Polyperchon* advanced as near to the Moat, as he could lie from the Enemy's Arrows. The Battalions ſtood firm upon the Bank of the River, while the firſt Boats were placed, and the Work was begun on both ſides, continuing a good part of the day without any hindrance; but when they began to extend themſelves a great way upon the River, the other Bank became over-ſpread with many of the Enemy's Squadrons; and from within the Town, they ſaw come forth on either ſide a hundred Boats well mann'd, who thro the Stream advanced in good order toward thoſe that were at work. That being no more than the Princes had foreſeen, they were not at all affrighted at it; but preſently, according to the order that had been taken, they went into the Boats that ſtood ready by the ſhore, little different in number from thoſe of the Enemy.

Oroondates took one for himſelf with thirty Soldiers; *Lyſimachus, Thaleſtris, Ptolomeus,* and *Eumenes* did the ſame; and ſo every Boat had its Commander and its Soldiers, according as had been aſſign'd them by the Princes. The ſame order was obſerved on the other ſide, where Prince *Artaxerxes* was; and both prepared with a great deal of cheerfulneſs for that extraordinary kind of combat: *Alcetas* commanded the Sally againſt Prince *Artaxerxes,* and *Caſſander* that againſt *Oroondates.*

Theſe two little Fleets were ſeen to draw near one another, by the help of Oars; and thoſe of *Alcetas* and *Caſſander* were already within Bow-ſhot of the Workmen, and by thick ſhowers of Arrows, began to put an obſtacle to their deſign; when they were compelled to turn head toward thoſe of their Enemies, which cutting the Waves with an incredible ſwiftneſs, got the paſſage of them, and coming between, ſheltred their Men that were at work.

That Fight, tho like to be bloody, was for all that very gallant to look upon; and they, who from the Bank beheld what was done upon the River, if they could have conſidered it without intereſt, might have found a very pleaſing divertiſement. The Princes that day were but lighly armed, that they might be able to ſwim, in caſe they ſhould be put to that extremity; and moſt of them had nothing on their heads, but little Murrions. Thoſe of the Enemies, who then could look upon Prince *Oroondates* at the Prow of his little Veſſel, (one foot ſet forward upon the edge of it, his left arm covered with his Shield, and his right armed with that glittering Sword which had already ſhed ſo much of their blood) felt a chillneſs, which running over all their bodies took away part of their former boldneſs. The Boats of *Lyſimachus* and *Thaleſtris*, thro a generous emulation, were advanced by the ſide of his; and thoſe of *Ptolomeus* and *Eumenes*, came at the head of all the reſt.

Before they were able to join, many Soldiers of either Party fell by each others Shafts within their Boats, or into the River; but Prince *Oroondates* oppoſing his broad Shield againſt thoſe Arrows that were aimed at him, and commanding them that ſteered his Boat, to cloſe and grapple with thoſe of the Enemy's, to engage them to another kind of Fight, advanced thro the thickeſt of their Darts, with as much confidence as if his body had been of ſome impenetrable matter. At laſt his deſires were accompliſh'd, and his Enemies not avoiding the Combat, he quickly ſaw himſelf in their Front, and had means to let looſe part of his Valour, and part of his Fury againſt them: his generous Companions ſeconded him with a reſoluteneſs little inferior to his; and their Enemies received them like Men of courage, and like Men that were determined to fight ſtoutly. Thoſe who with *Caſſander* commanded the foremoſt Boats, were, *Iolas*'s Brother, *Ariſton* Head of the *Peonians*, who the day before was come into Town with a ſupply of ſix thouſand Men, a Captain, who was very conſiderable under *Alexander* for having ſlain *Stratopaces*, and done many gallant actions; *Evander*'s Brother, a valiant Man, and

and of a greater ſtrength of body than any one that fought at that time in *Perdiccas*'s Party; and *Andiagoras*, Prince of the *Parthians*, who tho he was a *Perſian*, conſidered not the memory of *Darius*, in the Perſon of the Prince his Son, nor in the Intereſt of the Princeſſes his Daughters.

Theſe warlike men withſtood the fury of our Princes, and ſtopt their impetuouſneſs for a long time, by their courageous reſiſtance: The Soldiers by the example of their Commanders, ſtuck undauntedly to the fight, and the Water of *Euphrates* began quickly to change colour by the Blood of each Party that was mingled with it. The ſervice was as hot on the other ſide with Prince *Artaxerxes* and his Companions, and he with *Alcetas* had encountered *Neoptolemus*, *Antigenes*, and *Teutamus*, and many other famous Warriors who receiv'd them, and aſſail'd them with a great deal of fierceneſs. *Arſaces* appear'd *Arſaces*, in the firſt blows he gave; *Antigonus* and *Oxyartes* did things worthy of their high Reputation; and young *Demetrius* made himſelf renown'd by a thouſand marvellous Actions. *Arſaces* cloſed preſently with *Alcetas*, but their Forces were unequal; and if he had not been ſpeedily ſuccour'd by his Men, that Prince's hand had put an end to his Paſſion for his Siſter. *Arſaces* ſeeing him ſav'd from his Reſentment, turn'd his Anger upon divers others, and many Lives were then cut off by his Sword. *Demetrius* was fighting with *Neoptolemus*, and *Antigonus* and *Oxyartes* with the two Commanders of the *Argyraſpides*; all the other Boats were mingled by the example of their Leaders, and the Combat was obſtinately diſputed in every place.

In the interim, on *Oroondates*'s ſide there paſs'd Actions that were very memorable; and that Prince having given death to all that preſented themſelves upon the edge of their Boats, was hook'd to that of *Caſſander*; and having known him by the means of many of his Men, who ſhew'd him to him, and by the Enemies cries, which often nam'd him, was kindled with an extraordinary fury at the ſight of that Man who had ſworn his death, and whom, beſides the ſuſpicion of his Crime,

e hated in a particular manner: he prais'd the Gods or that Encounter, and seeing *Cassander* upon the edge of his Boat, in the posture of a resolute Man; *Cassander*, (*cried he*) behold the *Scythian*, whom thou wouldst kill; and behold the innocent Rival who deprives thee of *Roxana's* Affection, whether he will or no: Effect thy threats against my Life, and try if thou hast chosen a trivial Enterprize in attempting the death of *Oroondates*.

Cassander, whom that Prince's Actions had terrify'd already, grew pale at these words; and if he could have found any handsom way to avoid the Combat, would willingly have been excused: but having so many witnesses of his Actions, he dissembled his fear, and holding forth his shield against the first blows of his Enemy, he arm'd himself with his despair, and with the assistance of those about him; they were both of them very necessary for his safety; and the furious Prince of *Scythia* laid at him so forcibly with his Sword, that he stagger'd, retiring amongst his Men, being ready to fall: and he no sooner had quitted the edge of his Boat, but *Oroondates* leap'd into it, and many of his Men got in after him; his aim being chiefly at *Cassander*, he clos'd with him in the midst of all the rest, and seizing upon him with a puissant arm, lifted him up with that force which was not to be parallel'd. Go thy ways (*said he*) cool those Flames that make thee so audacious: and with these words he plung'd him into the River; neither the resistance of all his Men, nor that he made by struggling in his Arms, being able to hinder him. *Cassander* sunk under the Water, but he presently came up again, and sought his safety by swimming among those of his Party: *Oroondates* could have oppos'd it if he had pleas'd, but he despis'd him; and turning his arms toward them that made head against him in the Boat, gave him the leisure to save himself in one of those that advanc'd to his relief. *Lysimachus* and *Ptolomeus*, who were engag'd with *Ariston* and *Iolas*, had overcome their first resistance with an admirable Valor; but when with a great deal of probability they were in hope of the Victory, they were assaulted

assaulted with two other Boats, which not only retarded their design, but also put them into a manifest danger.

Eumenes was fighting with *Andiagoras*, and by a happy beginning made him already fear the issue of the Combat; and strong *Evander* had assail'd the valiant *Amazon*: That man, the fiercest of all his Party, disputed the advantage long against the furious *Thalestris*, and leaning upon the side of his Boat, hinder'd her entrance with blows given by a very puissant hand; but the high-spirited Queen, whose Choler was rais'd to the extremity by that resistance, grew so terribly animated, that after having made *Evander*'s arms red with the blood she drew from him by two several wounds, she set her left foot upon the edge of his Boat; and her Enemy having striven in vain to stop her with his Sword, oppos'd her passage by the strength of his Arm. *Thalestris* coming to close with him, they fell to a very dangerous wrestling: *Evander*'s strength was not inferior to the Queen's, but his wounds had weakned him; and when he believ'd he could no longer dispute the Victory, he drew as near to the edge as possibly he could, and holding her fast embrac'd, let himself fall with her into the River: tho they were so firmly lock'd in falling, the Water made them soon let go their hold; and tho they sunk together, they came up again asunder, and at some distance from one another: *Evander* rais'd up his head as he swam, and had no sooner espy'd his Enemy, but he advanc'd toward her to finish the Combat: but in that the advantage was not equal, and *Evander* had it as much in the Water, as *Thalestris* could have had by Land: He was a very expert swimmer, and the Queen being ignorant of that skill, struggled with the Waves, in which she was like quickly to be overwhelm'd, tho she had no other Enemy to fight with; she already had swallowed a great deal of Water, when cruel *Evander* being got to her, by strength of arms plunged her over head and ears, and hasting to her again, as soon as he saw her come up, thrust her head under Water a second time, and without doubt had an intention to have drowned her: That poor Princess instead of being able to resist him, having lost all knowledg, and despairing

of any ſuccour from thoſe of her Boat, who in the mean time had been aſſaulted by two others, from which (notwithſtanding *Hippolita*'s lamentable cries) it could not poſſibly diſengage it ſelf; was at the extremity of her Life, and pitileſs *Evander* who ſaw the Water ſtain'd with his blood, was going to make an end of ſacrificing her to his revenge; when from one of the Boats a man threw himſelf into the Water, holding a dagger in his right hand; Stay cruel man, (*cry'd he to* Evander) ſtay: And in pronouncing theſe words, he ſwam toward him ſo ſwiftly, that he overtook him, before he was able to accompliſh his deſign; and ſcarce had he had the leiſure to turn about, when that Stranger being got up to him, ſeiz'd upon the creſt of his Cask with his left hand, and pulling him toward him with an exceeding great ſtrength, ſtruck the dagger with his right up to the very hilt in his Throat. *Evander* with that blow loſt his ſtrength, and ſinking into the Water which overwhelm'd him, vomited out his Blood and his Life together; his Conqueror thinking no more of him, turn'd his Eyes upon poor *Thaleſtris*, who would not have been in a condition to receive his help, if it had been deferr'd but a few minutes longer: ſhe was ſtriving yet faintly, with that little ſtrength ſhe had left; when the Stranger raiſing her up with a vigorous arm, laid her upon his ſhoulders, and with that burden ſwam thro with much ado toward his Boat; he had periſhed himſelf undoubtedly, if it had been much further off; But the Boat rowing that way at his cries, they that were in it, receiv'd the Princeſs from his Arms; and as ſoon as they had drawn her into the Boat, he got up after her. Preſently he commanded them to make off from the fight, and to gain the Bank by tugging hard at the Oar, to ſet the Queen on Land; and the conſideration every one had of that Princeſs having made him find a great deal of obedience among them, they put away to the Shore with all the haſte that was poſſible. In the mean while the Stranger having taken the Queen into his arms again, and lifting her up with her head downward, made her void moſt part of the Water ſhe had drunk, and gave her ſo much eaſe, that having

open'd

open'd her eyes within a little after, ſhe recover'd her ſenſes and underſtanding perfectly when ſhe was upon the Bank.

The danger ſhe had ran coming immediately into her mind, ſhe turned toward thoſe that were about her, and asked them by whom and in what manner ſhe had been ſav'd; they told her the truth in a few words, and let her know the Obligation ſhe had to that Stranger: And where is he (*ſaid ſhe, turning her eyes on every ſide*) where is he that hath defended my Life with ſo much Valour and Goodneſs? Madam (*anſwer'd they*) as ſoon as ever he ſaw you open your eyes, and begin to come to your ſelf, he went away; and praying us to have a care of you, ſince you no longer needed his ſuccor, he vaniſh'd from our eyes like lightning. Ah! (*cry'd the Queen at that reply*) without doubt he is the very ſame that ſav'd my Life in the laſt Battel; it is either my good Angel, or ſome Man ſent from the Gods for my preſervation: But the Gods forbid he ſhould ſo often eſcape the acknowledgment I owe him, and that I ſhould be longer ignorant to whom I am ſo often indebted for my Life: I will follow thee, my miraculous and flying Defender; and whether thou beeſt God or Man, I will do all that poſſibly I can, to render thee either the Sacrifices or the Thanks that are due to thy relief. With theſe words riſing from the place where ſhe ſat, after having learn'd that he could not be very far off, and having enquir'd which way he went, ſhe got upon the firſt Horſe ſhe met with, and gallop'd away, to ſeek him by that direction.

In this interim, the Victory declar'd it ſelf on both ſides in favour of our Princes; *Artaxerxes* on his entred *Alcetas*'s Boat, had thrown moſt part of the Soldiers over-board, and their Commander himſelf had not eſcaped death or impriſonment, if while his Men held that furious Conqueror in play, he had not got into *Neoptolemus*'s Boat, which paſs'd near his with a very few Soldiers in it; and which with much ado had ſav'd it ſelf by flight, from the valour of *Demetrius*. *Antigenes* and *Teutamus* at the ſame time fled before *Oxyartes*; and *Antigonus* and the other Boats by their example fought no longer; for

they that were left in them, ſeeking nothing but their ſafety, row'd as hard as ever they were able toward the City. *Oroondates* and his Companions had reduc'd their Enemies to the like condition: *Caſſander* having felt his fury, durſt not ſtand him any more; and after having from the Boat in which he had ſav'd himſelf continu'd for a while ſome kind of oppoſition, without coming near that dreadful Enemy, he had at laſt turn'd his Prow toward the Town, leaving his Party to the mercy of the Conquerors. *Oroondates* who ſaw him fly, at too great a diſtance to hope to overtake him, made him hear his Voice to redouble his Terror: Stay (*cry'd he*) ſtay *Caſſander*, return not to *Roxana*, without having executed at leaſt ſome part of thy Threats: Doſt thou leave *Oroondates* alive, thou that ſhouldſt have ſlain him in the midſt of a thouſand Swords? Doſt thou now ſhamefully fly before him? *Caſſander*, whom this voice ſtruck with a thouſand deadly fears, heard ſome of theſe words plainly enough; but he had not the confidence to reply, and contenting himſelf with ſaying, to thoſe that were with him, That Fortune was contrary to him at that preſent, and that at another time ſhe perhaps would be more favourable; he made them row ſo hard, that he ſaw himſelf quickly in a place of ſafety. *Lyſimachus* and *Ptolomeus* were then giving chaſe to *Andiagoras* and *Ariſton*, and *Iolas* had follow'd his Brother from the beginning of his flight. There was a great deal of blood ſhed in that defeat; and if the conquering Princes had not been merciful in their Victory, it would have been far more bloody than it was: Yet was it not ſo light, but that in both places there were ſlain above fifteen hundred of the Enemies; whoſe bodies were ſeen floating upon the River, and whoſe blood had alter'd the colour of the Water for many Furlongs.

The Conquerors attempted not to enter the Town after the Fugitives, knowing well that they could not poſſibly land, that the Cauſeys which border'd the River, and which were cover'd with Soldiers, were of height little different from that of the Walls; and that beſides, their number was too ſmall to go and engage themſelves among ſo many thouſand Men, wherewith the City was defended.

defended. They return'd out of Bow-ſhot, toward their Workmen, who had already done a great deal of work; and according to the notice the Princes gave each other of their ſucceſs, it was found that they had conquer'd both, almoſt at the ſame time, and with an event but little different; yet did the Victory coſt them five or ſix hundred of their Men: but of all the conſiderable Commanders there was none wounded, except *Antigonus* in the left Arm, and *Eumenes* in the Shoulder.

The Bridges were in a very good forwardneſs, but the reſt of the day was not ſufficient to finiſh them; and they were confident, that the Enemies Forces, who had ſtirr'd from the other Bank, would not ſuffer them to be made an end of without fighting: yet did not the Princes judge it neceſſary to ſtay longer upon the River; and ſo leaving certain Boats for a guard, between the Town and the Workmen, to keep them from being aſſaulted in the night, which they were to ſpend wholly in continuing their work, they went a-ſhoar to reſt themſelves after the labour they had undergone that painful day. *Berenice* receiv'd her Brother and her Lover with the tranſports of her ordinary Affection: *Deidamia*, *Barſina*, and her Siſters appear'd no leſs joyful than ſhe for that good ſucceſs; and all the Camp welcom'd the victorious Princes with Acclamations and Rejoicings: They gave order to have the bodies of the principal Men ſought for that had been ſlain in that ſervice, to give them another burial than that of Fiſhes bellies; they cauſed thoſe that were wounded to be dreſs'd, and by ſome Sacrifices return'd Thanks to the Gods for ſo favourable an Event. Then they commanded our Forces to make the deſcent when the Bridges ſhould be finiſhed, under the conduct of *Demetrius*, *Alexander*, and *Menelaus*, young Princes, who deſir'd that occaſion to make themſelves famous, and it was granted them; it not being thought neceſſary, that all the Princes ſhould return thither as they had done then, unleſs the iſſue ſhould oblige them to it: Only *Thaleſtris* was wanting in that brave Aſſembly; *Hippolita*, *Menalippa*, and the reſt of her Women enquir'd for her with great earneſtneſs, and great apprehenſions; and *Oroondates* and

Berenice

Berenice were no leſs troubled than they to know what was become of her; at laſt there were Soldiers found, who told them of her adventure, and having related all that paſs'd, and with what haſte ſhe run after the track of that Stranger, to whom ſhe was indebted for her Life, deliver'd them from their fears, and caus'd many to take Horſe to follow her.

In the mean while that fair Princeſs rode with great diſquiets in queſt of her gallant Defender; and asking news of him from all ſhe met, by the Tokens that had been given her, ſhe learnt as ſhe went out of the Camp, that he had been ſeen to get upon a Horſe, which a man held ready for him without the Line, and that he went croſs the Fields towards a Wood, that appear'd about thirty or forty Furlongs off on the left hand. The Queen obſerv'd ſome track of Horſes on that ſide that was ſhewn her, and reſolv'd to follow it, with ſome hope of ſucceſs in the ſearch ſhe went about. Muſt my ill Fortune (*ſaid ſhe*) make me owe my Life to a Man ſo often, without being able to teſtify ſome acknowledgment for my ſafety? But (*ſaid ſhe again*) perhaps it is not a Man whom I am oblig'd to for it: This ſuccor I have twice receiv'd in ſo great a neceſſity, hath ſomething in it that is miraculous; and I ought rather to believe that it is a God, that it is the protecting Angel of the *Amazons* come down from Heaven to ſave my Life in thoſe extremities. The ſuddenneſs of what he did in my favour, and the ſuddenneſs wherewith he twice hath vaniſhed from our eyes, marks out ſomething of Divinity; and if it had been a Man, he neither would have ſhunn'd my Thanks, nor the Praiſes due to him for ſuch gallant Actions. Altho ſhe ſpake theſe words, ſhe was not without ſome ſuſpicion it might be *Orontes*, and that was it rather than any other motive that made her ſo eager to find him out. But (*continu'd ſhe with a ſigh*) what if it ſhould be my cruel, my ingrateful, my injurious *Orontes*? And what if that repenting Prince for the expiation of his Crimes ſhould have ſought occaſion to ſatisfy me by ſervices, which he hath ſo uſually render'd me? What kind of Fortune would mine be? and what Reſolution ſhould I take? Should I pardon him, that

that cruel Man, who hath us'd me ſo unworthily and ſo outrageouſly? who after having had the poſſeſſion of my Heart, forſook me as a Perſon not worthy of his Affection? and who by his Letters and his Words hath indeavour'd to fix an everlaſting infamy upon my Reputation? But (*went ſhe on preſently after*) ſhould I not pardon my lovely *Orithia*, who gave me ſo brave and ſo dear aſſurances of her firſt Affection; who was faulty only by Error, who offended me only by an exceſs of Love, and who gave ſo great and ſo important reparations for her offence? She had ſome other diſcourſes with her ſelf full of irreſolution, when ſhe entred into the Wood that had been ſhewed her; and there upon the green ſwarth ſhe loſt that track ſhe had follow'd, and wandred about a great while among the Trees. That Wood had ſomething more wild and ſavage in it than others, and was more ſuitable than ordinary to a melancholy ſolitary humour: The Trees were of an exceſſive height, and with age were almoſt cover'd with Moſs and Ivy; their tufted Branches caſt a ſhade, which even at high noon defended a great part of the ground from the Sun's moſt piercing Beams. Among the Trees one might ſee many pieces of Rock over-grown alſo with Moſs, and for the moſt part dropping with clear Water, which moiſtened the Graſs round about them, and which with the help of certain little Springs turn'd inſenſibly into a little Rivulet: The place was rugged and unfit for walking, as well by reaſon of the Rocks, as of thick Briars and Buſhes that ſtopt the paſſage, and ſhew'd it was but very little frequented. The Princeſs rov'd about awhile, where it was paſſable, with leaſt inconveniency; and tho ſhe was almoſt out of hope, ſhe found ſome pleaſure (nevertheleſs) in viſiting a place ſo unfrequented, and ſo conformable to the penſive humour ſhe had long been in. The Wood was of a large extent, and ſhe ſpent ſome time in ſearching thro a good part of it; at laſt ſhe came to a little Brook, where her wearineſs and ſome inconvenience ſhe felt by the wetneſs of her Clothes, and the Water ſhe had ſwallow'd that day, conſtrain'd her to alight, and take a little reſt upon the Graſs: Her deep muſings kept her there ſo taken up, that ſhe

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ſpent almoſt an hour, e'er ſhe was aware; at laſt remembring the deſign that had brought her into that Wood, and looking on which ſide ſhe ſhould continue her ſearch, ſhe perceiv'd a thing ſhe had not taken notice of before; ſhe from the edge of the Brook, a good way into the Wood, on that ſide where ſhe had not been, obſerv'd that the Graſs was trampled down by the treading of Men and Horſes, which ſeem'd to have worn a kind of path; and thereby ſhe ſuſpected that place to be inhabited by ſome body, who for the uſe of that Rivulet, had beaten that little way, by having often gone in. She began to ſettle in that belief, when ſhe heard a noiſe, and looking round about, ſaw a Horſe come trotting down that path; he had a Saddle on his back, but was without either Bridle or Halter, and toſſing up his head, and neighing at ſight of the *Amazon*'s Horſe, he came to the Brook where he drunk quietly of the Water that roul'd along certain little Flints; and when his thirſt was quench'd, he took the ſame path again, as a way that was uſual to him. At this ſight the fair *Amazon* no longer doubted but that in that place ſhe might find what ſhe was ſeeking for; but ſhe felt beatings at her heart, and inward diſturbances that preſag'd ſome extraordinary Encounter. She was already upon her Legs, and when ſhe ſaw the Horſe go away, Ah! glorious Beaſt (*cry'd ſhe*) if it be true, that thou ſerveſt my valiant Deliverer, ſtay for me, and be my guide to bring me to thy Maſter. Saying theſe words, ſhe took her own, and getting haſtily upon him, paſs'd over the Rivulet, and rode along the path after the Horſe ſhe ſaw before her: She had the better conveniency to do ſo, becauſe that Horſe hearing hers to follow him, according to the nature of thoſe Creatures, ſtaid his coming up, and came ſo near the Queen as gave her means to obſerve his colour, ſtature, and the Saddle that was upon him; it was black as he himſelf was; his ſize was large and tall, but he was lean and very ill dreſs'd, and by the condition he was in, ſhew'd plainly enough that he ſerv'd a Maſter taken up with other care than that he ought to have had of him. The Queen having look'd on him a-while, after two or three ſighs forc'd from her Breaſts by certain

tain thoughts wherewith she was then assaulted; Could it be possible (*said she*) that thou shouldst belong to my ingrateful and my lovely *Orontes?* She durst say no more at that time, being uncertain what to wish; but putting on, she went after him in the way he led her, full of doubt, hope, fear and confusion. He never stray'd out of his little path, and the Queen having follow'd him two or three hundred paces, saw him stop at the foot of a Rock, hidden in the most gloomy and desart part of the Wood, and encompass'd with many Brambles and craggy Stones, which made the access to it very rough and difficult. The Princess having gone a little about it, perceiv'd thro certain Branches a hole at the foot of the Rock; and seeing that it was just there the path was lost, she doubted not but it was the retreat of him she sought, or at least that of the master of the Horse, which had guided her, and which having no further to go, fed there at liberty without wandering.

As soon as the Queen judg'd that so hideous a Place, and a Cave, which ought only to have been the Den of Beasts, was at that time the dwelling of a Man, she believ'd that either he must necessarily be in some strange misfortune, or dejected with some excessive grief; but when from that thought she pass'd to a belief, that that solitary man was her *Orontes*, she fell into a sense of pity that mollify'd her, and made her receive those first marks of his repentance for a full reparation. Ah! (*said she*) if it were true, that the remorse of his fault had reduc'd *Orontes* to this lamentable manner of Life, I should be harder than this Rock, under which he has chosen his abode, if by these effects of his repentance I should not be perfectly satisfy'd. She waver'd then a few moments in the resolution she should take; her resentment against *Orontes* made her fear to meet him in the person of him she sought for, and the remainders of her Love caus'd her to desire it: In the end, whether it were a motion of gratitude toward the Person to whom she was indebted for her Life, or a motion of Love and Pity toward *Orontes*, she resolv'd to clear her doubts of that Adventure, and to seek even into his Grot for him; who, either for some great misfortune, or peradventure

for the love of her, had choſen ſuch a diſmal retirement. She was afraid that he, who twice already had fled ſo ſuddenly from her preſence, ſhould get away a third time, unleſs ſhe could ſurprize him: And in this conceit, deſiring to make as little noiſe as poſſible, ſhe went to alight a good way off; and having ty'd her Horſe to certain Boughs, ſhe walk'd on foot toward the entrance of that Cave: there ſhe beheld the Graſs ſo trodden, that ſhe no longer doubted but it was inhabited; and after having yet diſputed with her ſelf awhile, ſhe entred full of fear into that ſad abode; ſhe was fain to ſtoop at the going in, but after ſhe had gone not many ſteps, ſhe found that the Vault enlarg'd it ſelf, and growing wider by little and little, made at laſt a reaſonable ſpacious hollowneſs. Thro the top of the Rock there was a Cliff, that gave light enough into the Cave, to diſcern all Objects; and by it the *Amazon* taking heart, and caſting her eyes on every ſide, ſaw that there was no body in it: but ſhe perceiv'd things that made her know it was inhabited; the firſt that preſented it ſelf to her ſight was a Suit of Arms hung upon a ſnag of the Rock; and having her hands upon them as ſoon as her eyes, ſhe took them down from the place where they were, to look upon them by a greater light; they were all black, except in certain places, where they were ſpotted with Blood, and the Plume of the Cask ſeem'd to have been lately wet. When the Queen ſaw that, ſhe doubted no more whether they were the Arms of her Defender; but after ſhe had ey'd them for ſome time, with very confus'd thoughts, ſhe put them in their place again, to viſit the other parts of that ſilent Grot, which might give her a more certain knowledg of what ſhe ſought. In one of the Corners ſhe ſaw two little Beds, which could not be thought very delicate, and which by their form and matter, made appear how little love they bore to themſelves who took their reſt in ſuch a Lodging; they were of Leaves and Turf, and the ſides were partly of Oſier, and partly of ſeveral Boughs interwoven in a careleſs faſhion. Upon a flat of the Rock there lay certain wild Fruits, which probably ſerv'd for the nouriſhment of the Inhabitants of that Cave; ſome of them

them one might ſee were lately gathered, and thereby the Queen conjectured, that they who brought them thither could not be far off: but when ſhe caſt her eyes once more upon thoſe fruits, and upon thoſe uneaſy beds, and imagined they were the Lodging and the Food of poor *Orontes*; it was impoſſible for her to with-hold her tears, which preſently forcing the reſiſtance ſhe made againſt them, bedew'd her cheeks with a plentiful ſhower. Ah! (*ſaid ſhe*) if for me *Orontes* hath choſen this abode, if he lie but upon ſuch a bed, if he live but on ſuch homely fare; and in ſhort, if for me he ſuffers all that theſe ſigns make me conjecture he does, I never ſhould be pardonable for having reduced him to ſo deplorable an extremity. But (*ſaid ſhe again*) I have undergone as conſiderable ſufferings for him; I have run thro *Europe* and *Aſia*; I have for him expoſed my ſelf to a thouſand dangers; and for him I have paſſed many as reſtleſs nights as his: But (*added ſhe*) that which my Hatred made me ſuffer for him, his Love makes him ſuffer now for me; and if I ſought him to take away his Life, he ſeeks me only that he might ſave mine, and flies me only for fear of offending me. Dear marks of the repentance and fidelity of poor *Orontes!* (*continued ſhe, turning towards thoſe objects that had ſoftned her*) if you be witneſſes of his conſtancy, and of his remorſe, you are ſo likewiſe of my grief, and of the reſolution I take before you, to reſtore him, with the pardon of his offence, the poſſeſſion of whatſoever he had loſt in my Affection. Scarce had ſhe ſaid theſe words, when ſhe was ſorry ſhe had engag'd her ſelf ſo far; but when ſhe was going to recal them, ſhe was croſſed by another thought that made her alter her diſcourſe. And who hath told me (*cried ſhe again*) that he I ſeek, and that he I think I have found, is *Orontes*? What aſſurance, and what teſtimony have I received of it? Is it becauſe he came twice to my relief? Is it becauſe he fled from me, by reaſon of my having forbidden him to ſee me any more? Is it becauſe by this ſad and auſtere manner of Life, he expreſſes the affliction of his heart? Ah! *Thaleſtris*, how light are theſe conjectures? Are there not other Men beſides *Orontes*, and even in thine own Party, generous enough to have ſuc-

coured

coured thee? modeſt enough to fly the glory of thoſe noble Actions? and perhaps afflicted enough to have choſen this retreat? If by thy firſt conjectures thou wert afraid to meet him, fear now, that thou wert afraid to no purpoſe; and believe, that thy ill Fortune will be but too careful to keep that from thee which thou thought'ſt had been too near. She ſpake on this manner, and began to be diſquieted by this laſt conceit, when ſhe heard two Men talking near the entrance of the Cave: ſhe ſtarted at that noiſe, but tho ſhe doubted not but they were the inhabiters of that ſorrowful place, ſhe was not willing to ſhew her ſelf till ſhe had obſerved them a little, if ſhe could poſſibly; and with that intent, caſting her eye toward the holloweſt part of the Rock, ſhe ſaw a cleft wide enough to receive her, in which, by reaſon of the darkneſs of the place, ſhe might ſtay ſome time without being diſcover'd: ſhe no ſooner had found it, but ſhe ſtept in, and had hardly taken her ſtation, when ſhe ſaw two Men enter, and the two Men, whom by the little light that obſcure Grot afforded, ſhe inſtantly knew to be really *Orontes* and his faithful *Laſcaris*. She ſhiver'd at that ſight, tho ſhe was almoſt prepared for it, and was not able to judge of a long time, whether ſhe ſhould be glad or ſorry for her Fortune: if ſhe had follow'd the motions of her Love, ſhe had run with open Arms to her dear *Orontes*, to aſſure him of pardon, before ſhe gave him time to ask it; and if ſhe had hearkned to her reſentments, ſhe had gone to him with reproaches. But ſhe then was miſtreſs of them both; and whether it were that her ſilence and unmoveableneſs was cauſed by her aſtoniſhment, or by the deſign of clearing her knowledg further, that ſhe might regulate her actions by the things ſhe ſhould ſee, ſhe kept her ſelf exactly without noiſe or motion.

In the interim, *Orontes* was no ſooner in his Cave, but he threw himſelf upon his bed; and *Laſcaris* being ſet down upon the ſide of his, after he had a-while beheld the action of his Maſter, who tumbled himſelf in his Leaves, with ſighs which ſufficiently teſtify'd his cruel diſquiet; Sir, (*ſaid he*) after having received thoſe Favours of the Gods, which they have done you, you cannot

cannot without incenſing them againſt you, perſevere in a life ſo different from that of Men; and the compliance I have ſhew'd to your commands, ought to ceaſe now, by the reaſons I have to alledge againſt them: ſo long as your offences were without reparation, and you had reaſon to believe the Queen was not ſatisfy'd, I adhered in all things to your will, tho it brought you to ſuch ſtrange extremities; and knowing the nature of your Love, I never wonder'd at the things you do after thoſe I have ſeen you do in former times; but now that by moſt particular, and as it were miraculous favours, the Heavens have permitted you twice to give that Princeſs her Life, whom you had offended only by your error, and that by ſo great and ſo important a reparation, you have undoubtedly appeaſed her; why do we not forſake this Life, which is unworthy of you, to go and receive a pardon, which you have ſo well deſerved, and which will eaſily be granted you? Do you think the Queen is leſs ſenſible of ſuch obligations than ſhe was of injuries? and that being prepoſſeſſed as ſhe is, with ſo powerful an inclination to you, ſhe can behold you, as him that offended her by an exceſs of jealouſy and love, without beholding you, as that *Orithia* that was ſo dear to her; as that *Orontes*, that hath done her ſo many ſervices; and as that *Orontes*, to whom, ſince his laſt misfortune, ſhe is doubly indebted for her Life? *Laſcaris* ſpake on this manner, and perhaps would have continued his diſcourſe, if his Maſter, after many ſighs, had not interrupted him. Ah! *Laſcaris* (*ſaid he*) how blind does thy Affection make thee in my Affairs, and how little doſt thou know the condition of my preſent Fortune? Thou art no leſs deceived than I have been, if thou believeſt that my crimes can be expiated by light reparations, and that I may hope for pardon from my Queen, becauſe I have done ſomething for her ſafety; my offences are above all ſatisfactions, and that which *Thaleſtris* owes to her honour unworthily defamed, ought never to ſuffer her to remember *Orontes*, but to hate and to deteſt him: ſome ſmaller fault might perhaps have been repair'd by the things I have done to ſerve her; but after the extremities I have flown into againſt

her, tho *Thaleſtris* would pardon me, I could never pardon my ſelf: my crimes were worthy of a thouſand deaths, and I ſhould certainly have ſought by death, to eaſe the torments of my Conſcience, if I had not thought that in the occaſions of War, in which my Princeſs hazards her ſelf every day, I might find ſome means to do her ſervice: I have been ſo happy as to effect what I deſired, by the favour the Gods have granted me, and by the care I had to tie my ſelf to her preſervation, the only thing for which I lived: now, that by theſe fortunate Encounters, I am a little more at quiet, I ſhall die with leſs affliction than if my crimes had been the lateſt actions of my life; it hath pleaſed Heaven, that theſe laſt days of it have not been uſeleſs to my Princeſs, and ſince ſhe hath drawn all the ſervice ſhe could hope for from it, I ſhall give it up now, without other trouble than that of having rendred it unworthy of the Fortune to which ſhe once had deſtined it. What, Sir, (*replied the ſorrowful* Laſcaris) after what you have done for *Thaleſtris*, will you not have the confidence to caſt your ſelf at her feet, to ask her a pardon which you have ſo well deſerved, and to let her know, that ſince you were criminal toward her, you have ſaved her Life both by Land and by Water? He made a ſtop at theſe words, as expecting an Anſwer; but ſeeing his Maſter, inſtead of replying, contented himſelf to teſtify by ſhaking his Head, that he was not in a condition to make uſe of his Advice: At leaſt, Sir, (*continued he*) if you want Courage on this occaſion, you that never wanted it in any other of the greateſt danger; if you have not boldneſs enough to preſent your ſelf before exaſperated *Thaleſtris*, and to labour in your own behalf for a reconciliation with her, give me commiſſion to do it; I may perhaps perform the buſineſs with more dexterity than you believe: I will addreſs my ſelf to *Hippolita*, who was ever very affectionate to you; I will addreſs my ſelf to Prince *Oroondates*, who hath promiſed you his aſſiſtance, and who is obliged by nearneſs of Alliance, and many other conſiderations, to give it you; and in fine, I will manage your intereſt in ſuch ſort, that your Fortune ſhall perhaps be better than ever it

was,

was, and you ſhall joyfully diſpoſe your ſelf to quit this diſmal habitation, where we ſeem to have laid aſide humanity, and live like ſavage beaſts. This ſtrange Life, and this ſtrange diet you feed upon, hath changed you ſo already, that you are hardly to be known: you have loſt all the freſhneſs of your colour, your healthful looks, and the better part of your ſtrength; and if in this laſt Combat, you had enough to execute the things you did there, it was from your Love you drew it, rather than from that lean and weakned Body, which falls away and decays every moment, and which tends moſt viſibly to the Grave. *Laſcaris* brought forth theſe words with tears, wherewith *Orontes* was touch'd; but it was not in the manner he deſired, as he quickly made appear by his diſcourſe. Thou canſt not, O *Laſcaris*, (*ſaid he*) tell me any news more pleaſing than that I have now received from thee, nor give me notice that I am near my Grave, without giving me a great deal of contentment: how great ſoever my crime hath been, it makes my deſtiny glorious, ſince in dying for its expiation, I have the glory to die alſo for *Thaleſtris*: that is the aim I ever propoſed to my ſelf, thro the whole courſe of my life, and in my utmoſt miſery I ſhall attain to that advantage, which I aſpired to in my greateſt fortune: my Soul is but too faſt united to this wretched Body, which it would fain abandon, and no longer ſuffers but with ſhame, the company of this accomplice of its crimes: it is true, that in this deſart, we lead a life exceeding different from other Men; but alſo I ought no longer to be counted amongſt Men, I who have made my ſelf unworthy of that name, and who no longer can without horror endure the light of the Sun, which they rejoice in: all that I find moſt ſtrange and moſt troubleſom to me in my condition, is, that I have thee for a companion in my Afflictions, and that I make thee bear thy part of my puniſhment; thee, who hadſt no part at all in my offence, and who haſt been faulty in nothing but in having too obſtinately tied thy ſelf to the Fortune of a miſerable Man, and of a Man that is hated of the Gods: but *Laſcaris*, thou knoweſt that nothing but thine own wilfulneſs hath reduced thee to this

misery, and that I have ſollicited thee a thouſand times to quit this hideous dwelling, and to retire thy ſelf where thou mightſt ſpend thy days more pleaſantly. That which comforts me for thee, in the ſad condition of our life, is, that thy ſufferings will not now laſt much longer: I have but few more days to linger out; and after thou haſt cloſed mine eyes, and cover'd my body with a little earth, thou mayſt go home with a perfect ſatisfaction, and with a perfect glory, for having ſerved thy Maſter to the end with an inviolable fidelity. Yet does there remain one ſervice for thee to do me, after my death, and then it is that I conſent, nay, and deſire, thou ſhouldſt preſent thy ſelf to *Thaleſtris*, and that thou ſhouldſt endeavour to obtain that pardon from her, which then I may handſomly demand; ſhe then will hearken to thee by the interceſſion of *Hippolita*, and by that of Prince *Oroondates*, and perhaps will not be ſo obdurate, but that the recital of my death may make her caſt away ſome part of her juſt reſentments. *Orontes* brought forth theſe words in ſo doleful a manner, that a heart of Adamant would have been touch'd with compaſſion; and that of *Thaleſtris* was ſo mollify'd, that after having permitted her tears to overflow with violence, her conſtancy was utterly at an end: and coming haſtily out of her dark ſtation, You ſhall not die, (*cried ſhe*) you ſhall not die, my dear *Orithia*: *Thaleſtris* pardons you without dying, and *Thaleſtris* will not have your death for the reparation of your faults. *Orontes*, quite beſides himſelf at theſe words, at the tone of the voice, and at the ſight of his Princeſs, ſtarted ſuddenly from his bed; and at ſo unexpected an Adventure, fell into ſo ſtrange an aſtoniſhment, that his Soul loſt the greateſt part of its functions, and for a long time he was not in a condition to know what he ſhould believe, or what reſolution he ſhould take; yet did he look unmovedly upon *Thaleſtris*, and finding in her face thoſe lineaments which were deeply graven within his heart, his ſurprize and his amazement made him abſolutely uncapable of doing any thing. At laſt he threw himſelf down before her, while ſhe ſtrove to ſtop a torrent of tears, that had deprived her of the uſe of ſpeech; and lying

lying proſtrate at her very feet, without daring to lift his eyes up to her face; If you be ſome God (*ſaid he*) whom my ſorrowful fortune hath drawn from Heaven into this diſmal habitation, your pity is unworthily beſtow'd upon the moſt criminal of all Men living; and if you are the divine *Thaleſtris*, to whom I offer'd my adorations while I was leſs guilty, I now am altogether unworthy to behold you. The Queen, who had recover'd her ſelf a little by the violence ſhe had uſed, and who no longer waver'd in the reſolution ſhe was to take, put forth her hands to have helped him up; and looking upon him with a countenance quite appeaſed; I am *Thaleſtris*, (*ſaid ſhe*) but *Thaleſtris*, who was leſs ſenſible of the wrongs you did me, than I am of your laſt ſervices, and of the marks of your repentance: if I ſought you heretofore, to give you a Death, which in my opinion you had merited, I ſeek you now to give you a Life, which you have gain'd to your ſelf by having preſerved it: I live by your aſſiſtance, and you ſhall live by my deſire, ſince your death would now be mine, and that you have but too much ſatisfy'd me without dying. Theſe words penetrated ſo far into *Orontes*, and produced ſuch ſudden and ſuch powerful effects in him, that in a happineſs ſo little expected, his Joy was like to have done that in a moment, which his Grief had not been able to do in many days. He with all his force reſiſted the vehemence of thoſe motions that tranſported him beyond himſelf; and embracing the knees of that fair Queen with raptures which ſhe eaſily underſtood; Ah! (*ſaid he*) you are my divine *Thaleſtris*, I know you now by theſe miraculous marks, and no body but *Thaleſtris* could have made me paſs in an inſtant from the Grave to this ſupreme Felicity: ungrateful *Orontes* does now ſufficiently underſtand the exceſs of his ingratitude, and that of your celeſtial goodneſs; but ſince without horror you can endure this Monſter, ſuch as he is, and that compaſſion is ſtronger in your heart than juſtice, what puniſhment will you ordain this guilty Man, to ſettle him again in that ſtate from which his crimes have thrown him? Where will you find Torments, that can expiate a part of them? In ſhort, as full of goodneſs

as you are, where will you find enough to blot out their remembrance? *Orontes* brought forth theſe words, keeping ſtill upon his knees, whatſoever power the Queen could uſe to make him riſe. But in fine, being reſolved to draw him out of that woful condition, and to take all matters of affliction away from him; I command you (*ſaid ſhe*) to forget your faults, ſince I have loſt the memory of them, and that you have made amends for them but too fully by your laſt actions: I command you to leave this abode, unworthy of you, to ſeek a more delightful company among the Princes who eſteem you: And finally, I command you to take that place again which you heretofore poſſeſſed in my Affection, and with it all thoſe hopes which you had loſt. As ſhe ended theſe words, ſhe conſtrain'd him to riſe, and fortunate *Orontes* taking then the liberty to kiſs one of her fair hands! How unjuſt are you (*ſaid he*) to ſhew ſuch favour to ſo guilty a Perſon! and how ought my ſufferings to be envied, ſince they end in ſo glorious a confuſion! Such was the reconciliation of theſe two Lovers, whom too violent reſentments had ſeparated for ſo many years; and this re-union was ſo ſweet to them, that it ſeem'd as if Heaven had conſented to that breach, for no other end, but that after ſuch ſenſible afflictions, their happineſs might be the more perfect and entire. *Orontes*, who ſaw his fortune ſo different from what it had been a few moments before, had much ado to comprehend that admirable change: *Thaleſtris*, who ſaw her ſelf deliver'd from thoſe torturing diſquiets, which had ſo long made War againſt her, and who found in her dear *Orontes* as great a Fidelity as ſhe could wiſh, was in an extaſy of Joy little inferior to his; and even *Laſcaris*, who with his Maſter's condition, ſaw his own ſo advantageouſly changed, could not contain the exceſs of his gladneſs; and having caſt himſelf at the Queen's feet, as ſoon as his Maſter allow'd him to do ſo, received from her the acknowledgments that were due to ſo faithful a Servant.

The Queen would not ſuffer *Orontes* to tarry longer in that melancholy Cave, but commanding *Laſcaris* to go and make ready Horſes, ſhe would needs have *Orontes* put

put on his Arms immediately in her presence. Never had *Lascaris* received any command more joyfully than that, nor ever did Captive that had languish'd ten years in Irons, receive the news of his Liberty with a more perfect contentment. *Orontes* was arm'd, and the Horses ready in a little time; and the fair Queen, leading that solitary Lover by the hand out of his gloomy Cave, appeared in that Action not much different from *Hercules*, when he drew his dearest *Theseus* out of the black and horrid dungeons of Hell. Altho *Orontes* left his Grot without unwillingness, yet could he not go away without looking back upon it with some affection: If it were in my power (*said he*) favourable Cave, I would consecrate thee to the Goddess of Love, as the place where the most passionate of all Lovers hath received the greatest and the most glorious of all Fortunes: may it please the Gods, thou never serve for a Den of Lions and Tygers; and mayst thou never be polluted nor profaned, after having been the Temple of those Adorations which I have paid to my divine *Thalestris*. The Queen accused *Orontes* of impiety for these last words, but she pardon'd all, in regard of his Passion; and at the same time getting on horseback, they crossed thro the Wood, by a way well known to *Orontes*, and rode toward the Camp, when the Sun was upon the point of setting; but before they were out of the Wood, *Thalestris*, who knew not in what manner, and in what Country *Orontes* had passed his life since his departure out of *Cappadocia*, being desirous to learn something of it; It is not just (*said she*) that I should be ignorant in what fashion you have lived since you forsook us; let me entreat you therefore to give me some account of it, during the way we have to go. Madam, (*answered* Orontes) since you are pleased to desire it, and that you have already pardoned my faults, I will refresh the memory of them by a brief recital of my life, which I shall give you in a few words, as well because there hath befaln me nothing of great importance, as because in so short a way, we have but little time to spend in it: but since I shall have the happiness to be near you, I will recount the particulars of it more at large, whenever you shall be pleased to command me.

The History of ORONTES.

I Was in *Cappadocia*, where I had the honour to command your Army, under the name and habit of *Orithia*, and where by ſome fortunate Succeſſes, I had already ſecured the tranquillity of your Frontier, when *Arethuſa*, one of the principal among thoſe Woman that had command in the Army, and one of thoſe whom you moſt eſteem'd, being one day come into my Chamber, with more haſte than ordinary; Madam, (*ſaid ſhe*) I mean to be the firſt that ſhall tell you pleaſing news, unleſs perhaps ſome body have prevented me. I open'd my ears at theſe firſt words, and natural curioſity having moved me to preſs her, that I might hear the buſineſs; We have hitherto been ignorant (*purſued ſhe*) for what deſign our Queen was gone from *Themiſcira*, in ſo gallant an equipage; but I come now from learning the truth of it, and you ſhall know, that being obliged by our Laws to give us a Queen, that may ſucceed after her death, and not being willing to bring into the world a Daughter that ſhould be unworthy of her, ſhe diſdain'd all her Neighbours, to caſt her thoughts upon the greateſt Man in the world. And hearing that *Alexander*, the Conqueror of all the Earth, was come near to *Hyrcania*, ſhe is gone to meet him there to demand an Inheritrix, who according to the greatneſs of both Father and Mother, cannot chuſe but be a marvellous Perſon. Altho I ought not to have given credit ſo lightly to that report, yet was I ſo touch'd with it, that my face became exceeding pale, and *Arethuſa* perceiving it, ask'd me preſently the reaſon; I find my ſelf a little ill (*ſaid I, endeavouring to diſſemble my thoughts as well as poſſibly I could*) but that need not hinder you from telling me from whom you had this news, and what certainty you have of it. Two Friends of mine (*replied* Arethuſa) that are come into the Camp, not above two hours ago, aſſured

assured me of it; and it is a thing so fully confirm'd in *Themiscira*, that no body any longer doubts of such a truth. It is enough, (*answer'd I*) I bear as great a share in your contentment as it is possible for me; but I pray you give me leave to take a little rest. *Arethusa* astonish'd that I received a news so coldly which did so rejoice all her Companions, went out of my Chamber, and only *Lascaris* continued with me. You may judge, Madam, if you please, to what a state I was reduced by that cruel opinion; and since that Memory is an enemy to me, you will be pleased to dispense with me, for repeating the discourses my Jealousy made me utter; neither should I be able to do it without awaking your just indignation, nor without giving you new causes to condemn my ingratitude.

I passed the rest of that day in a mortal disquiet; the night that succeeded it, was not spent in the repose of a mind that no longer was capable of any; yet methought your Temper, according to the knowledg I had of it, and the promises you had given me, agreed but little with that horrible change, and that was it that kept me in the beginning from lending faith to that report: but within a-while after I considered, that you were a Woman, that you were young, and that you might possibly be persuaded by the counsel of those about you, and flattered by the reputation of *Alexander*. These reflections made me in the end incline to that belief, which I resisted as much as possibly I could; but not being willing to settle it upon the bare report of *Arethusa*, I commanded *Lascaris* to enquire more particularly among the other *Amazons:* he did it but too much for my repose; every one he spoke with confirm'd that cruel news; and to compleat my ruin, there arrived certain Women from *Themiscira*, within a few days after, who redoubled that belief by their testimony, and who told us, that at their departure they had left all their Country, in the expectation of their Queen, who was to come back within a few days, and had sent word by some of her Women, who were come before, that she return'd very well satisfy'd with the happy success of her Journey, and that she had obtain'd of *Alexander* whatsoever she had desired.

dreſſed my ſelf to none but ſuch as were ill inſtructed; and vulgar people, who being ignorant of what paſſes near the perſons of Kings, make judgment upon groſs appearances, according to the reach of their underſtanding: I therefore received from them the moſt cruel confirmations I could expect, and with them a heavy addition to my deſpair. From *Hyrcania* I went into *Parthia*; and like an *Oreſtes*, driven about by Furies, not being able to find any reſt in all the places I viſited, flying my own Country, and all others where I might meet perſons of my acquaintance, I reſolved to go into the *Indies*, and to ſeek to the utmoſt parts of the World for remedy againſt the rage that tormented me, and for ſome ſanctuary againſt that evil Spirit that perſecuted me in every place. As ſoon as I had reſolved it, I put it in execution. After a long and painful Journey I entred into the Kingdom of good King *Taxiles*, with whom *Alexander* contracted a near friendſhip afterward; and I confeſs, that if my Soul had been capable of any tranquillity, I might have found it in the Court of that Prince, whoſe Virtues are admirable, and whoſe politick Government might ſerve for a rule to that of all other Monarchs; but my Tormentor never forſook me, and whitherſoever I turn'd, my furious Paſſion rack'd me with a pitileſs War. I did all that I poſſibly could, to baniſh you out of my mind, and a thouſand times a-day repreſented to my ſelf the injury I believed I had received from you, with all the blackeſt colours wherein it could be painted, to find by that remembrance the means either to forget you, or to hate you: But in what faſhion ſoever you then appeared to me, you were ſtill *Thaleſtris*; and my moſt violent reſentments could not raze out that deep-graven character of Love, you had made within my heart. How defiled ſoever you appear'd to me with *Alexander*'s embraces, you ſtill came into my mind with an Empire which I could not overthrow: and tho among the thoughts of Love, thoſe of Hatred crept in ſometimes, indifferency could never find a room there; and whether ſleeping or waking, you ſtill were preſent with me: it was to little purpoſe I chang'd Climates, for I never chang'd my condition; and as

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a wounded Hind carries the deadly Arrow along with her, I in the midſt of my heart carried that poiſoned Shaft, which made me find what I fled from in all thoſe places where I ſought for refuge. Alas! how often, not being able to reſiſt that implacable Enemy, did I offer it a more abſolute Victory, by demanding death: And how often when I thought to have given it to my ſelf, was my hand withheld by the Prayers and Tears of *Laſcaris*, whoſe Fidelity having made him conſiderable to me, had gain'd him a great Authority over my inclination? When I left the Kingdom of *Taxiles*, I paſs'd thro a great many barbarous Provinces, and at laſt came into that of the *Phaſiaces*, which obey'd the great King *Porus*; he, who afterwards diſputed the glory againſt *Alexander* with ſo much Valor, and who in his defeat acquir'd ſo brave a Reputation: Certainly all that hath been ſaid to the advantage of that Prince and publiſhed of him, is with a great deal of Juſtice; and if he had but as much politeneſs in manner of living, as he hath greatneſs of Courage, he might well be reckoned one of the worthieſt Perſons of our Age. I ſerv'd him two or three months in a War he then had againſt his Neighbours; and having made my ſelf remarkable, fortunately enough in ſome Encounters, I receiv'd favours from him that were infinitely above my ſervices: and if I could have been ſtaid there by his urgent entreaties, he would have ſhew'd the nobleſt uſage I could have hop'd for from a magnanimous King. There are few Languages in which I have not an imperfect knowledge, and that gave me the greater facility in ſo long a Journey. From the ſervice of *Porus*, which I quitted as ſoon as he forſook the War, and a little before the arrival of *Alexander*, I went on toward the *Bactriaces* and the *Seres*, and proſecuted my Courſe as far as the *Caſpian* Ports. I croſſed thro Deſarts full of Serpents and dreadful Monſters, amongſt which I ſhould have met with death a thouſand times if I had not deſir'd it; but amongſt all the felleſt Monſters, I found nothing ſo cruel as the memory of *Thaleſtris*. I overrun all the *Indies* that lie on this ſide of the *Ganges*; that River bounded my wanderings

derings that way, and not finding the paſſage eaſy, becauſe of its exceſſive breadth, which is of two and thirty Furlongs, and becauſe of the little Communication the *Indians* on this ſide have with thoſe on that, I was fain to take my way along the Banks of it, to return into theſe Provinces: I ſaw the Country of the *Sacans*, where I heard of the fortune of *Roxana*, and of the progreſs *Alexander* made already in thoſe Countrys out of which I was come; the advantage I thought he had obtain'd to my deſtruction, having made me hate him, I was ſorry I had left the *Indies* and the ſervice of *Porus*, againſt whom he then was making War. Coming from the *Sacans*, I ſaw the *Naura*, the *Xanippa*, and the Country *Maracanda*. You will be content, Madam, that I ſpeak of my Wandrings but curſorily for the preſent, intending to entertain you more at large, when your Curioſity ſhall move you to demand the particularities of them; I will therefore tell you nothing elſe, but that after my return from the *Indies* I wandred above a Year in *Aſia*, without any other deſign than that of lingring out my miſerable Life, till I ſhould be ſo happy as to meet the end of it. Never had I any deſire of returning into my Country, tho *Laſcaris* ſollicited me perpetually; but as I avoided nothing ſo much as perſons of my acquaintance, and thoſe that might oblige me to change that ſolitarineſs into a more ſociable Life, I never would give ear to his entreaties: True it is, that what he ſuffer'd by my occaſion, touch'd me ſometimes very ſenſibly, and that I did all that was poſſible to perſuade him to forſake me, and to go and take a Retreat, which I offer'd him amongſt my Friends, and which I could have procur'd him by Letters I would have given him; but as I rejected his Counſels, he rejected my Offers, and I could never win him to do what I deſir'd. If you ask me how you then ſtood in my thoughts, I will tell you that you were as a Monſter, to which a tyrannical Power kept me in Slavery; and as the thing which in all the world I endeavour'd moſt to hate, nay, which I did hate, and yet for all my hatred could not hinder my ſelf from loving it a thouſand times more dearly than my ſelf: Hatred,

Grief,

Grief, Anger, and Jealousy, those imperious Passions tore my heart like *Promethean* Vultures, and that was it that then caus'd me to take that device of the Heart torn by Vultures, under which I found you, and under which I lifted my sacrilegious arms against you. I was come to *Susa*, when I heard the news of *Alexander*'s death, and I had been gone from thence but a little while, when I heard speak of Contestations among his Successors, and preparations that were making for a War: My grief had not extinguish'd the inclinations I had ever had to Arms; and as I sought for death, I thought I could not meet with it more honourably than in the occasions Fortune offer'd me: I therefore took my journey toward *Babylon*, and arriv'd there, as you may have heard, the day your Army made a general Muster; but before I came within a day's riding of this place, in a Town belonging to your Party, I learnt the names of those Persons that were most interested in this War. I was told that *Craterus*, *Lysimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, and *Antigonus* were of the one Party; and on the other, *Perdiccas*, *Cassander*, *Seleucus*, and many more that were nam'd to me. I then call'd to mind the friendship I had formerly had with *Cassander* and his Brother *Iolas*, when I had serv'd *Antipater* in the War against the valiant *Agis*, King of the *Lacedemonians*: it had not been so light, but that the remembrance of it was still very dear to me; and since I was necessarily oblig'd to take one Party, the justice of both being unknown to me, I had reason to prefer that of my antient Friends before the other, of such as were mere Strangers. I was travelling toward *Babylon* with this design, when I was stopt by some Horsemen of your Army, and when upon the Bank of the River *Euphrates* I ran some Careers with reasonable good success against a great many gallant Men: You know what the issue of them was, and how by the frank Civility of those worthy Persons, I was conducted to the Gates of the City; and you shall learn, that as soon as I had made my self known to *Cassander*, and that I had told him how desirous I was to serve him, he receiv'd me with Acclamations of Joy and Transport, and gave the most affectionate welcome

I could expect from my moſt paſſionate Friend: He preſented me to *Roxana*, *Perdiccas*, *Seleucus*, and other the moſt conſiderable Men of their Party; and at his recommendation I was receiv'd by them all, with Civilities which I had not merited. *Caſſander* made an abſolute confidence with me, and would needs have me ſhare the Command with him in all places; that was a thing that render'd me moſt perfectly criminal, by giving me occaſion to draw my Sword againſt my Princeſs; in the firſt Encounter that paſs'd, you know that our Combat, after having been obſtinately diſputed, was interrupted by *Caſſander*, who judging that againſt ſo terrible an Enemy I ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance, came ruſhing upon you behind with his Horſe. I have a great deal of cauſe (*ſaid the Queen, interrupting* Orontes) to remember that Encounter, ſince by an action full of generoſity you teſtify'd the greatneſs of your Courage, in oppoſing the fury of *Caſſander*, who but for you, would have made me end my Life under his Horſe's feet, I render'd you what was due to your Valor, (*reply'd* Orontes) but by that action of *Caſſander's*, I loſt part of the eſteem and friendſhip I had born him; it was much diminiſhed a few days after, by the Accuſation that was publiſh'd againſt him, of having poiſon'd his King; whereof he did not clear himſelf ſo well, but that I entred into great ſuſpicions of it; and if afterward I ſhar'd in command with him at the Battel, it was rather by the engagement of my Honour, than by that of the Affection I ſtill had left to him. About that time I had a deſire to ſee the great *Arſaces*; and tho he ſhew'd himſelf to very few, and avoided Society out of a ſad melancholy humour, like that of mine, he was pleas'd not to diſdain my viſit; and when he had learn'd who I was, he made very much of me, and gave me marks of a particular Affection: yet could he not hear my name without teſtifying by ſome alteration that appear'd in his Face, that he was concern'd in it ſome way or other. The cauſe was ſtill unknown to me, but by the kindneſſes I receiv'd from that great Man, and by the inclination which his high Virtue, and the admirable qualities of his Perſon bred in me, I was

ſo firmly tied to him, that from thence forward it was his conſideration more than that of *Caſſander* that kept me in the Party I had choſen: I happen'd to be with him when a Trumpet came to ſpeak with him from *Lyſimachus*; and then remembring that I had begun a Combat againſt that Prince upon the Banks of *Euphrates*, I was glad to take that occaſion to ſee him again, as he had a Companion with him, and that I might thereupon take the pretence to wait upon *Arſaces* likewiſe. He oppos'd not the intention I had to do ſo, and it was in that interview, my fair Queen, when I came to know you, that you alſo knew me; that I ſaw marks of your juſt diſpleaſure, and that you ſaw the effects of that ingratitude my Error had cauſed. O Gods! What were my thoughts when I had eſcaped your lawful indignation? And in what manner did I receive that blow of Fortune, which by ſo unlook'd for an Encounter made me find that Perſon, whoſe very memory I had fled from to the utmoſt parts of all the World? I fell into a confuſion which all the words in the World are not able to expreſs, and I continu'd the reſt of that day almoſt quite depriv'd of reaſon and underſtanding. As ſoon as I began to open my Eyes upon that defect of my Deſtiny, I fell into Diſcourſes as ſtrange as that adventure ſeem'd to be. After I had long complain'd of my ill Fortune, which yet preſented me that cruel Enemy, whoſe ſight I thought I had eſcap'd for all the remainder of my days; I reflected upon the anger you had ſhew'd, which had made you attempt that againſt me, which in probability I ſhould have attempted againſt you, if the reſpect of your Sex, and the remnants of my Paſſion had not oppos'd it. How is it poſſible, (*ſaid I*) that being ſo guilty, ſhe ſhould make as if ſhe were ſo much offended? Can one ſingle Letter (for it is only from that Letter her Choler can proceed) have kindled ſo exceſſive a fury in her, who by ſo black an infidelity had given me ſo great cauſe to write it? Could I take a more gentle revenge upon ſuch a Perfidiouſneſs as hers? And in baniſhing my ſelf for ever from her ſight, did I not do a good office to a Perſon, who in her laſt Affections had reſerv'd nothing but hatred or indifferency for me?

By

By what Actions then have I provok'd her to these extremities of Rage against me? Ah! without doubt (*said I again*) she would give me my death, to dispatch out of the World this witness of her Infidelity; she will not suffer him to continue amongst Men, who before the eyes of all Men can blast her with so many black Reproaches; and since the bloody injury she hath done him, hath not been sufficient to drive him to his Grave, she resolves to send him thither with her own hands: Let us give her then this satisfaction, and let us glut her with this blood, whereof she appears to be so thirsty. Let us offer to the point of her sharp Sword this mean-spirited Heart, which as unworthy as she is, hath still preserv'd her Image: Let us make her kill this *Thalestris*, which we keep there whether we will or no; and let us by her own Arms destroy this unworthy remembrance, which so legitimate resentments have not been able to extinguish. But why? (*added I a little after*) why should I give such a contentment to my mortal Enemy? By what right can I owe it, either to her, or to some new Lover that hath taken up my place in her Affection? Ah! let us be satisfy'd with having suffer'd without revenge the horrid usage we have receiv'd; and if we cannot resolve to oppose our Arms against her violence, let us dispose our self to fly from her afresh, and to fly from her as far as there is day. This was my resolution, and I should instantly have put it in execution, if I had not seen a Battel so near, which I could not go away from without Infamy; I was at it therefore, as you know I saw you there; I fled before you and sav'd my Life from your fury, as I had done at the first Encounter: but this last confirm'd me in the purpose of getting away, fearing on the occasions in which I might happen to be every day against you, not to die by your hand, but perchance to wound you with mine, without knowing you, which would have been the utmost effect of my ill fortune.

With this intention I left the Camp of your Enemies, not taking leave of any body; and it was the day you found me by the side of that Fountain where I was fain asleep, and where I staid for *Lascaris* whom I had left behind,

behind, to diſpatch ſome little buſineſs that concern'd our Journey; there it was, Madam, that your goodneſs and my crime were made manifeſt; there it was that you ſpar'd me a Life which I ought to have loſt a thouſand times; there it was that I ceas'd to be innocent, by coming to know that you were ſo; and there it was, in fine, that my reſentments vaniſh'd, to give way to my repentance. The teſtimony of that Prince whereby you were but too fully juſtify'd, added to the means he gave me of clearing my doubts with your very Enemies; that fainting wherewith you were ſeiz'd out of an exceſs of grief for the bloody and injurious Reproach I us'd againſt you; and that coldneſs into which by a great tranquillity of Conſcience you paſs'd within a minute after, open'd my eyes ſufficiently to make me know, That I alone was criminal, and that I was unworthy of this Life which you had left me merely out of Contempt; and I had taken it away with my own hands, if by an Oath inviolable among the *Scythians*, Prince *Oroondates* had not engag'd me to live. Scarce was I gone from him five or ſix hundred paces, when I met *Laſcaris*; he found a diſturbance in my face, and as I lov'd him dearly, I made him acquainted with the Cauſe, and gave him a true relation of all that Adventure. After he had conſider'd that Event, inſtead of being afflicted for my Crimes, he found matter of Conſolation for me in it, and would needs perſuade me that my Fortune was a great deal better in my Princeſs's innocence than in mine own: He argu'd, that ſince nothing but the opinion I had had to your diſadvantage had been the cauſe of all my miſeries, I by loſing that, loſt alſo the occaſion I had had to account my ſelf miſerable; and that if by an error grounded upon appearances that were great enough, I had offended you, I might hope for your Pardon by the aſſiſtance Prince *Oroondates* had promiſed me, and by the ſervices I might render you. I found ſome reaſon in his diſcourſe, and could not without a marvellous comfort imagine that my Queen was innocent of that infidelity whereof I had accuſed her: But that ſatisfaction was quickly counterballanc'd by my remorſe, and I was no more gently handled by it, than I had been before by my

Anger

Anger and Jealouſy. My Love being return'd with all its Powers, repreſented my Crime ſo horrible, that I could not look upon my ſelf but as a Monſter unworthy of the Light, nor could I longer endure it but with grief; and from that moment I began to fly it, and ſeek out darkneſs, as more agreeable to the condition of my Soul. That Wood from whence you now have drawn me, preſenting it ſelf to my ſight, I turn'd my ſteps that way; and ſeeking the moſt remote and gloomy parts of it, I found that place ſo ſuitable to my humour, that I ſpent the reſt of the day there, and the whole night, *Laſcaris* not being able to draw me out of it: the next morning I accidentally lit upon that Cave, where I ſince have made my abode; and having with my Sword cut away ſome Branches that ſtopt the entrance of it, I no ſooner had ſet foot within it, but I found it very proper for my habitation; all things were conformable to the horror that ſettled it ſelf in my Soul, and that place was ſo deſart, and ſo out of the way of human Society, that I believ'd the Gods had miraculouſly guided me thither: yet was it not that reaſon alone that ſtay'd me there, for what commodiouſneſs ſoever I found in that Retreat, I ſhould without doubt have fled further from you, if I had not been retain'd by another conſideration. I thought that on the occaſions you hazarded your ſelf in every day, you might fall into danger of your Life; and I believ'd that being near you, I might watch an opportunity to preſerve it, for an expiation of ſome part of my Offences, and that peradventure the Gods would afford me means of doing ſomething profitably for your ſervice. *Laſcaris* did not diſapprove that thought, and from that time having ſaluted that favourable Cave as the place of my future dwelling, I began to take poſſeſſion of it; *Laſcaris* behind it made a kind of a Hovel for our Horſes, and we fell to work together to make Beds, upon which ſince we have lain. The ſecond day I ſent *Laſcaris* to a little Town not far off, to get the device of my Shield wip'd out, and the colour of my Arms changed, by which I might have been known: he alſo brought back ſome Proviſions; but I made little uſe of them, and have liv'd for the moſt part on wild Fruits,

Fruits, which we gather'd in the Wood. There paſs'd but few days in which I ſent not *Laſcaris* to your Camp, to learn if there were any likelihood of your engaging in action; and it was by the intelligence he gave me that I came to the Battel, and that keeping my ſelf conceal'd under Arms, in which I was not known, I had the means to be near you to fight for your defence, and to retire with the ſame facility: I did the ſame to day, by the news he brought me yeſterday of what was to be done in your Army; and in theſe two Encounters, the ardent Prayers I made to the Gods, won them to be ſo favourable to me, that they guided me miraculouſly for your deliverance. To tell you now in what faſhion I liv'd in my ſolitude, were but ſuperfluous, ſince you to day have ſeen enough to inform you of it, and that you may partly gueſs it by the alteration of my face. I have paſs'd days and nights there that were ſufficiently cruel to me, but yet too gentle for a reparation of ſo heinous Crimes, and for ſo glorious a Recompence. I fed almoſt altogether upon thoſe wild Fruits, tho *Laſcaris* ſometimes brought other Proviſions from the Camp: I often talk'd of you to inſenſible witneſſes; I ſigh'd and pour'd forth Tears, that were enough perhaps to have waſh'd away the guilt of any other fault but mine.

The End of the Second Book.

CASSANDRA.

THE Fifth and Laſt PART.

BOOK III.

Orontes had ſomething more to ſay for the concluſion of his diſcourſe, but they were then come to the entrance of the Camp, and he ſeem'd to have juſtly meaſured the length of his recital with that of the way: The Queen would alſo have reply'd many things upon his laſt words, if ſhe could have expreſſed her thoughts to him without a great number of witneſſes; ſhe therefore contented her ſelf with diſcovering part of them by glances that were full of ſweetneſs, and with giving him her hand once more in token of an eternal Reconciliation. They alighted at Prince *Oroondates*'s Tent when darkneſs began to overſpread the Earth; and there with the Princes of *Perſia* and *Scythia* they found *Lyſimachus*, *Ptolemeus*, *Oxyartes*, *Eumenes*, *Demetrius*, and *Polyperchon*; and with them the Princeſſes *Berenice*, *Deidamia*, *Barſina*, and *Cleone*. As ſoon as *Thaleſtris* appear'd, the Princes aroſe to meet her,

her, as well to pay her their Civilities, as to testify the disquiet her sudden Departure had caus'd in them; but when they saw *Orontes* whom she had led in by the hand, they lost some part of the attentiveness wherewith they look'd upon the Queen, to fix it particularly on that Prince. He was presently known by *Artaxerxes* and *Oroondates*; but they were so surpriz'd to see him with that fair Queen, who a few days before had shew'd so violent a hatred against him, that they knew not what they should conjecture of that Adventure, nor in what manner they should accost him. *Thalestris*, who perceiv'd their astonishment, having a mind to put them quickly out of it, and striving to overcome the bashfulness that broke forth in her blushes: This is not, said she, that injurious Enemy, against whom you have seen me animated with so vehement an indignation, but 'tis the defender of my Life; who in the last Battel, and in the Combat to day appear'd miraculously to succour me; I believ'd that these Obligations added to a repentance capable to wash out greater faults than his, might countervail the offences he had done me, and thereupon I forgot my own interests for yours, and have conquer'd my resentments to bring a Man into your Party, whose Valour is not to be despised. There was no need of saying more to the Princes, to make them know the truth of that adventure; and the Queen had hardly ended these words, when Prince *Oroondates* running to *Orontes* with open Arms; Cousin, said he, I praise the Gods for your return, and rejoice at your happy success as much as if it were my own. *Orontes* receiving those endearments with a great deal of respect, was going to reply, when Prince *Artaxerxes* prevented him, and pulling him out of *Oroondates*'s arms; That Friendship, said he, which was granted me among our Enemies, must not be refus'd me from the Kinsman of my Princess, and from him who so unworthily bears that first name under which I came acquainted with my dearest Brother. *Orontes*, who knew *Arsaces* to be *Artaxerxes*, and who during the abode he had made in his Grot had learnt the truth of his Story by the report of *Lascaris*, answer'd his kindnesses with much submission; but they were interrupted by

by *Lyſimachus*, who demanded his part as well as the reſt in the friendſhip of that valiant Man, whoſe Force he had already try'd, and whoſe Virtue he infinitely eſteem'd, as well by the recital he had heard of his Life, as by what he knew of it himſelf. *Ptolomeus*, *Demetrius*, *Eumenes*, *Oxyartes*, and *Polyperchon*, to whom that famous Stranger (who under the terrible enſign of the Vultures had done ſuch gallant Actions againſt them) was already very well known, came preſſing about him, to begin a more particular Acquaintance, and embrac'd him one after another with marks of a marvellous eſteem. The Princeſs *Berenice*, to whom the firſt years of their Lives, and their nearneſs of kindred gave particular inclinations of good Will, and who beſides was very affectionately concern'd in the affairs of Queen *Thaleſtris*, opening her ſelf a paſſage among the Princes; What, Couſin, ſaid ſhe, and ſhall not I have my ſhare in the common ſatisfaction? I who amongſt my neareſt Kinſmen have ever very eſpecially eſteem'd you, and who love you ſtill more for the Inclinations you have had, than for the Services you have done to this fair Queen, to whom I have given a part of my ſelf. By the example of *Berenice*, *Deidamia*, *Barſina*, and *Cleone* ſaluted *Orontes* very civilly; and when he was got free of thoſe firſt receptions, coming back to the Princes of *Scythia* and *Perſia*; Great Princes, ſaid he to them, I am unworthy of the honour you do me, and ſhould be confounded at it, if I did not know that this day to me is full of glorious Events, and that this ſame Fortune which draws me out of the Grave to reſtore me to Life again, and to re-give me my Princeſs, gives me alſo in the eſteem of ſuch eminent Perſons, a glory that may eſtabliſh my higheſt felicity. You ever deſerv'd it, (*reply'd* Oroondates) but you have render'd your ſelf more worthy of it by your laſt Actions, than by thoſe which made you be condemn'd of your beſt Friends; and that which makes you merit *Thaleſtris*, may juſtly make you merit the Affections of virtuous Perſons. For my part, dear Couſin, (proceeded he, embracing him) I confeſs I had very great reſentments againſt you; but that repentance which hath obtain'd the Pardon of this fair Queen,

Queen, and the obligation we have to you in what you have done for her ſafety, reſtore you my Affection intirely. The remorſe I have felt, anſwer'd *Orontes*, for the offences I had committed againſt my Queen, have been accompany'd with a ſorrow for having borne Arms againſt the Party of my Prince; but as I may excuſe my Error of the faults I did againſt my Love, my ignorance alſo was the cauſe of thoſe I did againſt my Duty: and from the very minute I was cur'd of both, I paſs'd from my Crime into a ſudden and ſevere Repentance. Let's talk no longer of your faults, added Prince *Artaxerxes*, ſince ſhe who therein has the principal Intereſt is willing to forget them; and ſince the noble Actions you have done in her favour, ought more juſtly and more worthily to poſſeſs your remembrance. *Orontes* never wants the power (*interrupted the fair Queen*) to ſave the Life of *Thaleſtris*, he has done but that twice or thrice in your preſence, which he had done before upon the Walls of *Phriney*, and in the Priſon of *Neobarzanes*. Alas! (*ſaid* Orontes, *not ſuffering her to proceed*) how happy am I in having done theſe petty Services for ſo good and ſo grateful a Princeſs? and how different would my deſtiny be from what it is, if you ſhould judge me with ſeverity?

They had enlarg'd themſelves further in this Converſation, if every body had not paſſionately deſir'd to hear the truth of that Encounter from the Queen, and if the Princeſs *Berenice*, ſeconded by her Brother, and by her Servant, had not preſſed her to it very earneſtly. *Thaleſtris* diſpos'd her ſelf to obey them; and tho ſhe could not do it without bluſhing, nor without diſcovering ſome inward diſturbance in many places of her diſcourſe, ſhe made them a full recital of that Adventure; and by relating the words of *Orontes*, the place of his Abode, and the condition ſhe had found him in, drew tears from the Eyes of the moſt hard-hearted. She was making an end of her diſcourſe, when *Araxes*, *Hippolita*, *Menalippa*, and ſome other *Amazons* who had been abroad to ſeek her, came into the Tent; if *Hippolita* was aſtoniſhed to meet *Orontes* there, *Menalippa* and her Companions were ſo a great deal more, when in his face they

ſaw all the features of *Orithia*, and when they found a Man in the Perſon of that valiant Lady, who had liv'd ſo long amongſt them: not but they had heard ſome rumour of it, both in their Country after their Queen's departure, and in the Camp ſince their arrival there; but they had found ſo little probability in that Adventure, that they ſtood in need of ſuch a Confirmation as this, to lend a perfect belief to that Report.

They knew not firſt how they ſhould receive ſuch a Metamorphoſis; but in the end, foraſmuch as they bore a great deal of Affection and Reſpect to their Queen, they ſubmitted to her Inclinations: and not judging that her love to *Orontes* reach'd to the deſtroying of their Laws and Cuſtoms, they approv'd it without diſcontent, not being able to condemn any thing in it if it were Platonick; and if it went beyond thoſe limits, they had as little cauſe to diſlike that ſhe ſhould give them a Queen to ſucceed her of the Blood of a Prince, whoſe Virtue was very well known, and whoſe Perſon had ever been very dear to them. Altho they conceal'd part of their thoughts before that illuſtrious Company, they declar'd the reſt by endearments full of Affection, which they gave to their antient Companion.

And *Orontes* knowing *Menalippa*, and with her ſome other Women, whom formerly ſhe had cheriſh'd and eſteem'd, embrac'd them with motions full of tenderneſs, and ſhew'd them great expreſſions of his firſt Affection. Valiant *Menalippa*, (*ſaid he*) to what will you condemn this deceitful *Orithia*, who under falſe appearances abus'd your Friendſhip? We will condemn her (*anſwer'd* Menalippa) to love us as ſhe has done heretofore; and that's all the puniſhment we can impoſe upon this generous Impoſtor, to whom we owe the ſafety of our Queen. *Hippolita* had her full ſhare in the kindneſſes of *Orontes*, and *Laſcaris* renew'd his Friendſhips and his Acquaintance among the *Amazons*. The arrival of *Orontes*, and the ſatisfaction of *Thaleſtris* being very conſiderable to that illuſtrious Company, made that whole Evening's entertainment; and after having ſpent it in a Converſation which afforded them matter enough, they all retir'd into their Chambers to take their uſual reſt.

reſt. *Orontes* was lodg'd in Prince *Croondates*'s Tents; *Artaxerxes* would have no other quarter, but as the Tents were very ſpacious, they had their Chambers apart with good conveniency: the Princeſſes lay near them within the ſame incloſure, tho their Lodgings were ſeparated, only *Apamia* and *Arſinoe* were retir'd to their Husbands; and even *Thaleſtris* leaving *Menalippa* to command in the *Amazons* Quarter, would not forſake *Berenice*, *Deidamia*, and *Barſina*, with whom ſhe laid aſide her warlike humour, to live in a Society more conformable to their Sex.

During that night and the beginning of the next day, the Workmen who were preparing the Bridges, haſten'd their buſineſs with ſuch diligence, that two hours before Noon they drew near the other Bank, and only ſtaid for the Forces that were to ſuſtain them, and that were to land, to place the laſt Boats, and to finiſh the work. *Demetrius*, who remember'd the Employment he was to have that day, had begun it in the duty of a Captain experienc'd above his age; and uſing the clear light of his underſtanding, had begun to put that in practice which afterward he executed with ſo much Reputation; he took a careful review of thoſe Forces that had been aſſign'd him, and having drawn them up in Battalia upon the bank of the River, he divided thoſe that were to paſs over to the other ſide in Boats, from thoſe that were to go upon the Bridge, at the head of which he meant to fight (himſelf) againſt thoſe that ſhould oppoſe his deſcent. *Alexander* and *Menelaus*, to whom the other Bridge was aſſign'd, labour'd on their ſide with the ſame care; but when *Demetrius* had taken ſuch order as was neceſſary upon the Bank, he reſolv'd to beſtow the time he had left, before there was matter to employ him in viſiting *Deidamia*; the remembrance of that fair Princeſs never forſook him for a moment, and conſidering that the chance of War might make him fall in the peril to which he was going to expoſe himſelf, he demanded of his Love a little more Courage than ordinary, that he might be able to make proteſtations to his Princeſs, which peradventure were to be the laſt of his Life: in this Reſolution, compleatly arm'd, he

turn'd his steps towards the Tent where she was, but not without being much more afraid of that occasion than of the other to which he was destined. As no reason had oblig'd him to conceal his Passion, it was then unknown to very few; every body approv'd of it, all the Princes and Princesses favour'd him in it; and *Antigonus*, who with much joy had seen the memory of *Hermione* die in his thoughts, had not oppos'd the birth of a more lawful Affection, and condemn'd nothing but the violences that troubled his Repose, and were prejudicial to his health. When *Demetrius* came into *Deidamia*'s Chamber, *Barsina* and *Ptolomeus* were with her, and were witnesses of their salutation, and of their first words; but as they were two very discreet Persons, and who knew *Demetrius*'s Passion, they quickly took a pretence to withdraw, and left him alone with the Princess and her Maids, who out of respect kept at the further end of the Room. *Demetrius* had then all manner of liberty to entertain her, if his profound respect, and the fear of displeasing her had not taken away some part of his Confidence; yet as he had broken thro the first difficulties, and knew the goodness of that Princess, which made him judg she had no aversion against him, and that nothing but the remembrance of *Agis* forbad him access to her heart, he recollected a little boldness, and looking upon her with Eyes in which his thoughts were painted; Madam, (*said he*) I were unworthy of the employment that has been given me for this day, if to discharge it I should not seek all that may contribute to the advantage of my Party; and to make me conquer, 'tis not enough for me to command valiant Men, to be inspir'd with glorious Examples, and to have my self some little Courage and Valour; all this may be amongst our Enemies, and by the same advantages they may dispute the Victory against me: But how valiant soever they are, they will but vainly oppose our Forces, if on this occasion I be avow'd by *Deidamia*, and if I may march on to the Encounter with some belief, that in favour of me you will take some interest in the success of it. Give me (*my adored Princess*) a Victory that depends on you; and suffer me to make

my Companions hope, that if *Demetrius* be yours by your owning him, he'll hew them out a paſſage to day, both to the other ſide of *Euphrates*, and even into the Gates of *Babylon*; I am conſtrain'd, Madam, to touch you by the conſideration of our whole Party, becauſe by my own alone I cannot lawfully hope for theſe effects of your goodneſs. The Princeſs hearkened with trouble to this diſcourſe of *Demetrius*, and if ſhe had not been prepoſſeſſed with a great deal of eſteem, nay and even with a great deal of good-will toward him, ſhe had not lent him ſo quiet an attention; ſhe ſigh'd as ſoon as he had made an end of ſpeaking, and beholding him with an eye in which thro ſome reſentment he obſerv'd a great deal of gentleneſs: How cruel are you (*ſaid he*) to perſiſt in the deſign of afflicting me! and what an unjuſt violence you uſe upon me, in conſtraining me to complain of a Prince whoſe Perſon I infinitely eſteem, and whoſe Compaſſion was moſt obliging to me, while it appear'd to be without intereſt; that gift you make me of your ſelf, would be a very conſiderable one to me, if I were in a condition to receive it; and you ought not to demand that of me by the conſideration of your Party, which your own alone might make you worthily to hope for from a heart leſs prepoſſeſs'd than mine. Content your ſelf, my Lord *Demetrius*, with this Declaration, and that I only ſtyle that in you an unjuſt Perſeverance, which from any other Man but your ſelf I ſhould receive as a cruel Perſecution; you have no need of my favour to overcome your Enemies, it would be fatal to you in the Combat; and Fortune, my cruel Enemy, would undoubtedly make you periſh, if you were own'd by *Deidamia*. That glory (reply'd *Demetrius*) would be more advantageous to me than Victory; and I account *Agis* more glorious, and more fortunate in his death, than he was in the whole courſe of his life. Alas! (*continu'd he with a ſigh*) how much reaſon has he to be pleas'd in the lower ſhades with that perſeverance, which perchance with more juſtice than you, I might call more unjuſt than mine, if I were not with-held by my reſpect, and by my ſubmiſſion to all your thoughts; 'tis by that ſtrange prepoſſeſſion that my

Fortune is the more deplorable; and my Deſtiny would be much more ſupportable, if that Affection you oppoſe me with, had a reaſonable Foundation, if it had a true and real Object, an Object that could take it up, and an Object that could make uſe of the Advantages which are refus'd me. You complain unjuſtly, anſwer'd *Deidamia*, of a thing wherein you ought to find your Conſolation; and your Fortune (if you confine it to the thoughts I have of you) would be a great deal worſe than it is, if that precedency which I only give to what is now no more, were granted to living Perſons: you have at leaſt this ſatisfaction, that there is no Man in the World more favour'd nor more eſteem'd by me than Prince *Demetrius*; and you will yet have a more perfect one, when I ſhall tell you that there is none before whom I would not prefer you, if the Gods had left me in a condition to have ſtill the liberty of making a choice, and of giving a Precedence: the little Power I have to deal more favourably with you, obliges me to make you this confeſſion freely, which perhaps does injure Decency and Modeſty; but you may be pleaſed to content your ſelf with it, and never to deſire any thing more from her, of whom, without mortally afflicting her, you can ask nothing further. I will deſire death then, reply'd the amorous Prince; and in this Combat I am going to, I'll ſeek for death by the example of happy *Agis*, inſtead of that Victory I had demanded of you: you alone had interrupted the purpoſe I had to die for *Hermione*, and I never reſolv'd to live, till I reſolv'd to live for you; but ſince you abandon that Life to deſpair, which I had reſcu'd from the arms of death to offer you, I'll go and give it to that Perſeverance you oppoſe againſt me, and make a ſacrifice of it to happy *Agis*, that I may compleat the glory of his Deſtiny. 'Tis with that intention alone I now go from you, and in giving you the laſt farewel, I proteſt to you, that this day ſhall be the laſt wherein you ſhall ſee your ſelf expos'd to my cruel Perſecutions.

Demetrius utter'd theſe words with ſo ſorrowful a Countenance, and accompany'd them with an Action ſo little common, that *Deidamia* was troubled at them; and remem-

remembring the woful adieu she had receiv'd from the unfortunate *Agis*, which according to his promise had really prov'd the last, she found so much conformity in the action, and in the words of those two Princes, that she was afraid for *Demetrius* of the same Success, and of the same effects of despair which had depriv'd her of the other, and which had made her weep away so many tedious days. In this apprehension, being mollified even to the shedding some tears at that fatal remembrance, she staid *Demetrius* who was already going from her, and eying him with a look something more concern'd than ordinary; Whether you feign, said she, or speak really, I will not have you die; and I have causes of grief already, without your giving me new ones by your death. I without doubt say something more than I should; but to compleat my fault, if it be true that I have any power over you, I employ it all in commanding you to live, that you may give me the Assistances you have promised me. The sorrow which before was painted in *Demetrius*'s face, was partly dissipated by these words; and 'twas not with a light alteration, he found by the discourse and by the countenance of his Princess, that his Life was not indifferent to her. He shew'd many signs of that sudden effect of his hopes; and bowing to the Princess in a very submissive manner, My Life, reply'd he, is not worth one of your Tears, and by so rich a price it would be too highly paid for; but tho I were not oblig'd to obedience by the Authority you have over me, certainly I owe to these marks of your good nature, the preservation of a Life, from which by an excess of goodness you are pleas'd to draw some Service. I will live then, Madam, if the Gods will have it so, since you command me; but it shall be no longer than I can do it without troubling, and without displeasing you. After these words he took his leave of her; and having again observ'd that she was not without fear for his safety, he went out of the Chamber with some kind of hopes, wherewith he suffered himself to be pleasingly flattered. He was going to the place where he was expected by his Men, when he met the Prince of the *Massagetes*, who remembring with trou-

ble, that he had done nothing but harm to a Party for which he believ'd all he could be able to do was less than he was oblig'd to, had from the Princes and from Queen *Thalestris* obtain'd permission to fight that day in company with *Demetrius*. That Prince receiv'd him with an exceeding great Joy; and tho he consider'd perhaps with some emulation, that the presence of so valiant a Man would eclipse part of his glory, yet did he give him no knowledge of it that was not very obliging, These two brave Warriors plac'd themselves at the head of those Soldiers that were to follow them; *Alexander* and *Menelaus* did the same on their side, and all the Princes being come upon the bank of the River, set the Forces in a readiness to second them, and without stirring from the Shore, saw them partly upon the Bridge, and part in Boats, draw near to the other, which was guarded by their Enemies.

The too great number of our Combats will not permit an account of the Circumstances of this, the particulars whereof after so many such like Narrations would perchance be of a tedious length; it will suffice to say that *Orontes* and *Demetrius* being come near to the other Bank without any hindrance, found it overspread with Enemies who disputed the descent with a stout opposition: but since they were valiant among the valianteſt, that Love made them act with extraordinary vigor, and that they were generously seconded; they open'd their passage at last by the death of a great many Men, and made it clear for the Soldiers, wherewith the shore was quickly cover'd. As soon as they could fight against their Enemies with more equality than before, they broke into them with a marvellous Vigor, and scatter'd so many dead bodies about the Field, that *Peucestas* who commanded on that side as he had done the day before, seeing that Fortune was contrary, and believing that if he should stay the arrival of all those Forces which were coming against him, and under which the Bridge seem'd to groan in every place, he should not have a free return to the Town, made his Retreat as well as he could possibly, and leaving a good part of his Men either kill'd or taken Prisoners, got to the

the Gates of *Babylon* with reasonable haste. The two conquering Princes not being satisfy'd with that brave success, advanced within sight of the Walls toward the other side, where *Alexander* and *Menelaus* fought; and marching round that part of the City which stood beyond the River, they prepared to go and fall upon the Rear of them that disputed the Victory against their Companions. That relief came to them very seasonably; for they had found so stiff a resistance on their side, that they were in doubt, with reason, of the success of the day, altho they had done a thousand valiant actions: but *Ariston*, who commanded their Enemies, had no sooner seen *Demetrius*'s Van appear, than fearing to be charged on both sides, he quitted the Field, and leaving them a free descent, retired toward the City as *Peucestas* had done.

In that rout many of his Men lost their Lives, either fighting or flying; and the victorious Princes pursued the run-aways to the very Gates of *Babylon*. As soon as the passage was clear, the Forces destined to encamp on that side passed over quietly, and before Sun-set the Army was equally divided on both Banks; that part that had crossed the River, took three several posts, opposite to those on the other side, and observed the very same order. *Antigonus* commanded that toward the East, over-against *Craterus*; *Eumenes* that toward the North, over-against *Oxyartes*; and *Polyperchon* toward the West, within sight of that of *Artabasus*.

All the other Princes remained in their former Quarters; but having free passage over the Bridges, they visited one another every day, and went to each several Post, according as their presence was necessary. The young *Demetrius*, and the valiant Prince of the *Massagetes* received the praises that were due to them from the whole Army; and if *Thalestris* openly took interest in the reputation of *Orontes*, *Deidamia* could not chuse but be secretly concerned in that of *Demetrius*. The Princesses were lodged together, and tho they had their Chambers a-part, their whole Quarter was encompassed with a Wall of Canvas; and that little Enclosure was defended by a very strong Guard, which kept watch continually

for their safety. There was the usual Rendezvous of the Princes, and there it was they passed the greatest part of those days they had free from action. *Arsaces* at *Berenice*'s feet enjoy'd the felicity that had been interrupted by his absence, and by his jealousy; *Orontes* at those of *Thalestris* endeavoured to repair his former faults, and his former sufferings; *Demetrius* with very great assiduity combated against the fatal thoughts of *Deidamia*; and *Barsina*, who in appearance was in a different condition from those of her Companions, fail'd not among so great a number of Princes to find illustrious Adorers. That Beauty attended with all the graces that could set it off, had been but a little while among persons capable of sense and understanding, without producing its ordinary effects; and many of those gallant Men were already touch'd for her with a pain, the expression whereof, Respect made them leave to their looks and sighs. Amongst them all Prince *Oroondates*, who was no less interested in *Barsina*'s Affairs than in his own, took particular notice of Prince *Oxyartes*; and observing part of what he had done in his presence since *Barsina*'s arrival, discovered that his inclinations to that Princess were far from indifferency: he neither came near her, nor spake to her without changing colour; but that effect had been so sudden, that it was easy to judge this last sight had rather revived his ancient flames, than kindled new ones in him.

This imagination made the Prince of *Scythia* call old remembrances to mind, and by little and little brought into his memory the discourses he had heard before *Barsina*'s Marriage, concerning *Oxyartes*'s affection to her; but since in those days he took no particular interest in her fortune, he had been ignorant of those passages, or had heard them but very lightly. He therefore had then a desire to inform himself more fully of that business, and he believed he had credit enough with *Barsina*, to demand some trust in what concerned her, and to oblige her to tell him freely all he had a mind to know. Prince *Oxyartes*, for all he was *Darius*'s Brother, was but ten years older than his Nephew Prince *Artaxerxes*;

xerxes; he was then hardly above six and thirty; there were few Men in the world that were of a fairer stature, of a more pleasing countenance, or of a braver and more majestick fashion; in his garb, and in all his actions, there appear'd something extremely suitable to the greatness of his Birth; and that shew of Royal Dignity that was to be observed in his Person, extended it self into his Manners, and might easily be discover'd in all the actions of his life; his Valour had made it self known sufficiently, to hearken without envy to the recital of that of his Companions, and would have been more famous without doubt, if it had not been obscured, partly by the fortune of *Alexander*, and partly by the destiny of the House of *Persia*. If *Oxyartes* were valiant, he was also liberal, generous, and without self-interest; and by all these noble qualities had gain'd the affection and respect of all those Princes that shared in the Command with him. *Oroondates*, to whom for his Virtue, and for many other reasons, he was more considerable than to the rest, look'd upon him also with a stricter eye; and he no sooner believed him to be in love with *Barsina*, but he entertain'd the desire of doing him service if it were possible in a design, which could not chuse but be extremely honourable to his good Friends. The more he settled in that thought, the more he re-called into his mind the remembrance of those old rumours which time and the importance of his affairs had blotted out of it; but desiring a more particular assurance from *Barsina*'s own mouth, he sought an occasion to discourse with her of it particularly: it was not hard for him to find one, and the next morning, being gone betimes to the Princess *Berenice*'s chamber, he met *Barsina* at the door, who earlier than the custom of her Sex, was coming to give her the good-morrow.

Berenice was in bed, and her chamber, which respect forbad *Arsaces* as well as other Men to enter at that time of the day, was open to the Prince her Brother, and to *Barsina*. As soon as they had given and return'd their mutual salutations, and ask'd each other the first questions that Affection put into their mouths,

Oroon-

Oroondates pray'd his Sister to lie a little longer too, thereby to hinder the Visits that might disturb their conversation; and afterward being set down by her bedside with *Barsina*, he took that Princess's hands between his, and looking upon her with a smile, If you had known (*said he*) the design I have to persecute you to day, perhaps you would have avoided meeting me more carefully than you have done; but if I be indiscreet in that Enterprize, you without doubt have forced me to this indiscretion, by the little trust, and the little friendship you have shew'd me. I will ever trust you (*replied* Barsina, *with an action like his*) with whatsoever is most secret, and most important to me; nor do I think I have reserved any thing from you, that you desired I should make you acquainted with. You persist (*answer'd* Oroondates) in a dissimulation, for which you shall suffer punishment before we part; and since you have judg'd me unworthy to be your Confident, which I should value more than I do my Life, I will introduce my self into that honour, and to drive my indiscretion to the utmost, I'll make my Sister partaker in it, as well to punish your reservations, as to oblige you to give her proofs of the Friendship which you have promised her. But what do you accuse me of, (*interrupted* Barsina) and what is it you would have of me? I would have your mouth (*added the Prince*) confirm that to us, which Prince *Oxyartes*'s actions have already declared; I was too much versed in matters of that nature, to behold the actions of a Prince in Love, with as much ignorance as others; and that which may deceive them, cannot escape the knowledg of a Man too well instructed, and too much interested in what concerns *Barsina*: that *Oxyartes* loves you, and that he has loved you, is a thing in which I find nothing to surprize me; but that I should be more ignorant in it than other Men, and that you should have concealed it from him, who would open his heart to you with his own hands, if there were any thought in it that would hide it self from you, that's it which I will never pardon you without a great reparation. Ah! Brother (*added the Princess* Berenice) I protest to you, you have prevented me, and that

I from Prince *Oxyartes*'s Actions had drawn a knowledge like that of yours; I was not yet familiar enough with this fair Princeſs, to tell her what I thought; but if for your ſake I may be receiv'd into this confidence which you demand, I promiſe her that I will never abuſe it while I live. *Barſina* had not been able to hear *Oroondates*'s words without bluſhing, nor ſee her ſelf expos'd to his Reproaches, without ſome alteration of Countenance: but ſhe quickly ſettled it, and breaking her ſilence with a moſt pleaſing ſmile; I ſhall never be angry (*ſaid ſhe to the Prince*) at any knowledg you ſhall have in my Affairs, in which nothing but your goodneſs makes you take an intereſt; and if I never entertain'd you with what paſſed between Prince *Oxyartes* and me before I had the honour to know you, 'twas becauſe you never asked me of it, and that the occaſion never offer'd it ſelf. I know not (*continued ſhe with the ſame action*) whether theſe miſerable remains of Beauty have been able to rekindle an Affection which I thought had been extinguiſh'd ten whole years: But however it be, I have no intention to make a ſecret of it to you, nor to refuſe the puniſhment you will enjoin me. It is eaſy for you to gueſs it, ſaid the Prince, and you well may judge we deſire nothing elſe of you now, but the recital of what we have been ignorant of, and of both the old and new Paſſions of Prince *Oxyartes*. I will hearken to you with a more than ordinary attention, and ſhall not be leſs touch'd with the diſcourſe of your Adventures, than with thoſe of *Statira* and *Oroondates*. You are going, reply'd *Barſina*, to waken remembrances by your Curioſity, of which I am extremely ſenſible; but what can I refuſe to two ſo dear and conſiderable Perſons? *Barſina* made a ſtop at theſe words, and fixing her eyes upon the ground, kept ſilence a-while, which ſhe broke at laſt in theſe terms.

The Hiſtory of BARSINA.

I Will not entertain you with the firſt years of my Life, nor with the firſt teſtimonies I received of the Love of my dear *Memnon*; Prince *Oroondates* has learnt part of them formerly, and the divertiſement the Princeſs his Siſter would find in them, could not equal the weariſomneſs ſhe would receive by the length of my narration. I will content my ſelf with telling you, Madam, that *Memnon* was conſiderable by the greatneſs of his Birth, which made him hold one of the firſt ranks in *Perſia*, by the lovely qualities of his Perſon, and by that high reputation which in very early years he had acquired in Arms, having made himſelf famous above the other *Perſians* in a thouſand glorious Encounters: he alſo was raiſed to the higheſt military Charges, in an Age when others do but begin to make themſelves be taken notice of; and before he was three and twenty, he had commanded the King's Armies in perſon. This high renown making all *Aſia* ſet their eyes upon him, and rendring him dear to Prince *Artabaſus* my Father, and to all thoſe perſons that had any power over me, was the cauſe that he found great facilities in his deſign of ſerving me; but if by publick Virtues he had merited the general eſteem, he in particular had qualities that wrought a greater effect upon me, than the glorious ſucceſs of his Arms, or his high Reputation in War; and to ſay the truth, he never fought with ſo much dexterity againſt his Enemies, as he ſhew'd in making himſelf maſter of my Heart; and all that the moſt expert, and the moſt paſſionate Perſons ever uſed to make themſelves be loved, was put in practice ſo gracefully by that Prince, that perhaps a more obdurate Heart than mine would have been won by his addreſſes. I'll make no difficulty to confeſs that I yielded to them, nor is this confeſſion ſhameful to me, ſince that Affection which a due acknowledgment made me

me give, was authorized by the will of all my Friends, and by that of the King himſelf, who was pleaſed to intereſt himſelf particularly in the Affairs of our Houſe, as being neareſt to the Crown, and that which then held the firſt Rank in all *Perſia*. *Memnon* having gain'd the affections of the whole Court, the King upheld him in it openly, and Prince *Oxyartes* himſelf before he was blinded by this indifferent Beauty, did him very good offices in the beginning; he was one of the forwardeſt in recommending his Perſon to me by the recital of his gallant Actions, and in that deſign he had in favour of him, found better ſucceſs than he would afterward have wiſhed: I know not why the Gods would have that Prince to caſt his eyes upon me, among ſo great a number of Perſons much more lovely; but whatever it were, he began to love me when I was no longer in a condition to require his Affection, and when by the will of my Friends, and by my own inclination, *Memnon* was already maſter of the place he aſſaulted. Had it not been for that pre-engagement, Prince *Oxyartes* without doubt had qualities capable to make him be conſider'd by the greateſt Princeſſes of the Earth; and beſides the greatneſs of his Birth, and the merit of his Valour which had made it ſelf known through all *Aſia*, there could no excellent part be wiſh'd, either for the Mind or Body, wherewith he was not very abundantly ſtored. I ſhould ſay more if you had not a perfect knowledg of him; this Prince when he began to love me, or at leaſt to let me ſee it, was about five or ſix and twenty: I was ten years younger, and came into the world the ſame year, and almoſt the ſame day with Prince *Artaxerxes*. *Oxyartes* continued ſome time without diſcovering his Affection to me, not being able to find a handſom way to deſtroy what he had built himſelf, nor to fall off fairly from what he had done in the behalf of *Memnon*: As he was virtuous, he could not but conſider the Virtue of his Rival, who at his Age had by force of Arms added Provinces to the *Perſian* Empire; and as he was prudent, he fear'd to croſs the King's intentions, who had declared himſelf in his favour. Theſe conſiderations with-held him a few months, and would perhaps have done

done so longer, if *Memnon*'s absence had not given him both opportunity and confidence to discover himself. *Memnon* was sent about that time with a flying Camp to *Susiana*, where certain Cities had bred some Jealousies of a Revolt; and I remain'd at *Persepolis* with a great deal of trouble for his departure. Prince *Oxyartes* began then to make his thoughts appear to me by many of his actions, if I had carefully observed them; and reflecting upon them since, I judg'd that if I had not been taken up with other cares, I might have guessed at part of his intentions, without putting him to the trouble of declaring them more plainly. He rendred me all petty services with a great deal of watchfulness, and took such care in all things that concern'd me, as nothing but Love alone could be the cause of: but I ascrib'd them to another motive, and received them as proceeding from that civility he had ever used, and from the good-will which the nearness wherewith I had the honour to be allied to him might breed in him toward me; or even from the esteem he had of *Memnon*, whom he loved and honour'd in my Person, while he was fighting for the service of the King his Brother. In brief, he was fain to explain himself openly to make me comprehend the truth; and a declaration from his own mouth was necessary, to give me an opinion which I was very far from having at that time.

I was one Evening by the Queen's side with the Princesses, and a good number of the Court Ladies, when the Prince seeing me at a Window a good distance from the rest, and with something of sadness in my countenance, came thither to me: and *Aspasia* and *Rhesaces*, with whom I was talking, having left him their place out of respect; when he saw he was neither overheard, nor observed by any body, Cousin, (*said he*) may I ask you if it be *Memnon*'s absence that makes you so sad, and solitary? Sir, answer'd I, I know not what sadness you can have observed in my face; but however it be, perhaps I should not be condemn'd by you, tho *Memnon*'s absence had been able to give me some discontent. In the terms I then stood with *Memnon*, by my Father's express command, I well might take the liberty

berty to speak in that manner, without fearing that my freedom would be blamed by *Oxyartes*, neither had it been so if he had not taken an interest in it. He looked upon me with an eye in which I perceived something extraordinary, and pressing one of my hands which he held between his; *Memnon* (*said he*) is worthy of a very good fortune, but that you have now rais'd him to is above all he could lawfully hope for. I should account my self most happy, (*answer'd I with my former innocence*) if I could contribute to the fortune of a Man whom the King, whom your self, and whom the whole Court judges worthy of affection and esteem. If you could contribute to it! (*replied the Prince*) Ah! Cousin, never doubt but that you may make the whole Fortune not only of *Memnon*, but of all Persons that see you; I say of all, and if I should except any, it must be none but those that are either blind or insensible. I thought this discourse very strange, from the mouth of a Prince who had been wont to entertain me in other terms: and when I was going to testify my astonishment; I see well (*pursued he*) that my last words have surprized you, I spoke them rather before I was aware, than with a set intention, and I should have continued to conceal that of my real thoughts which you wonder at, if I could have kept power enough over my self to do it; you would not understand the language whereby my eyes have long expressed themselves, and you have at last reduced me to the necessity of declaring to you with my mouth, that *Memnon* indeed is the most happy, and the most favour'd, but not the most zealous, and the most passionate of *Barsina*'s Servants. I confess to you, Madam, that in all my life, I had never heard words that were more unwelcome to me than these, and that they put me into a confusion, which my silence and my blushing made manifest to Prince *Oxyartes*; my being out of countenance made him partly so too, and for all his confidence he cast down his eyes by my example, and dispos'd himself to hear what I was going to reply. That was it that caus'd my greatest trouble; and tho perchance I should not have stood considering whether I should follow what my resentment would have inspired against

againſt another, I could not judge ſuddenly enough, which way I ſhould proceed with the Brother of my King, and with a Prince to whom our own Family bore very particular reſpects. I was in the diſquiets which this irreſolution gave me, when I was eaſed, or to ſay better, relieved by Prince *Artaxerxes* and the young Princeſs *Pariſatis*, who coming near us with a chearful action, broke off our converſation for that time. When I was retired into my Chamber, and was at liberty to reflect upon that Adventure, I found in it great cauſes of Affliction; and that which would have made ſome others glad of this new Conqueſt, was that which moved me to deteſt it. If *Oxyartes* had been leſs great and leſs potent in the Court, the Authority of *Memnon* and of my Friends might have maintained us againſt the power of a Rival; and our Fortune ſeem'd then to be croſſed by the ſole Perſon that could poſſibly croſs it. The beſt conſolation I found in this diſpleaſure, was in the belief I had, that peradventure the Prince had only a mind to divert himſelf; or that if he had let ſome diſcovery of his Affection to me, 'twas nothing but a ſlight Affection, and a complaiſance which I ſhould hear no more of. I remain'd ſome few days in this opinion; but within a-while after, I was conſtrain'd to loſe it, and Prince *Oxyartes* having conquer'd the firſt difficulties, was eaſily carried on to continue what he had begun. He came to viſit me one day in my Chamber, where he found me taken up in the reading of a Letter I had newly received from *Memnon*: his coming in was ſo ſudden, that I had not time to put it up, and when I would have done it he would not ſuffer me; but laying his hand upon it, pray'd me to give him leave to ſee it, in ſuch terms that I could not civilly refuſe a thing of ſo ſmall importance; eſpecially ſince I was not unwilling he ſhould be confirmed in the opinion he had that I loved *Memnon*, and ſince I believed that confirmation would ſerve to diſſuade him from the deſign I apprehended. He took the Letter then out of my hand, and caſting his eyes upon it, found theſe Words:

MEM-

MEMNON to the Princeſs BARSINA.

THE marks of your remembrance, my fair Princeſs, make my abſence too glorious to have any cauſe to complain of it; and all the pains it makes me ſuffer are too fully recompenſed by that goodneſs which lets fortunate Memnon *know you have not forgotten him: But yet theſe Happineſſes, tho they might ſatisfy a reaſonable ambition, cannot oppoſe the deſire I have to ſee you again; and this impatience would perhaps be prejudicial to the ſervice of the King my Maſter, if it were not fatal to his Enemies, and if it did not make me haſten their defeat, thereby to haſten my return. I will ſee you again, my adored Princeſs, with the hope you give me that my abſence ſhall not have changed my fortune, and that after the Combats I have fought, far from you, I ſhall have nothing to combat with when I am near you.*

I knew that *Oxyartes* read theſe words with diſcontent; and when he had ended them, he could not ſo well contain himſelf but that, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he cried out; O *Memnon!* muſt I in your good fortune find the ruin of *Oxyartes?* Theſe words troubled me very ſenſibly, but I was ſo a great deal more, when turning toward me, after he had given me my Letter, he ſaid; Couſin, *Memnon* has reaſon to be ſatisfied, and I know no reaſonable Man that would not with the better part of his blood buy a Felicity like his: I would it pleaſed the Gods (*added he*) that either *Memnon* had not prevented me in the deſign of ſerving *Barſina*, or that Death might prevent my fear of ſerving her unprofitably.

This diſcourſe ſtruck to the bottom of my heart, where it pierced me with mortal ſtings: and tho my confuſions made me ſilent for a time, a trouble which I was not miſtreſs of, made me break it, and looking upon *Oxyartes* with a reſenting eye; Sir, (*ſaid I*) your diſcourſe amazes me, and I had thought for divertiſements of this nature, you would have taken another object than *Barſina*. My divertiſements? (*replied* Oxyartes)

yartes) Ah! Madam, give another name to the moſt material employments of my Life: No, indeed, 'tis not *Barſina* that ought to be the object of my divertiſements; but 'tis *Barſina* who (but too much for my repoſe) is the object of all my thoughts, and of all my affections: this is a declaration that diſpleaſes you, but 'tis a declaration I am forced to by a moſt tyrannical Power. Sir, (*ſaid I interrupting him*) I am unworthy of the honour you do me; but tho I ſhould deſerve it, the good offices you did for *Memnon* are too freſh in your memory to have a thought ſo ſoon of deſtroying them.

I ſerved *Memnon* in his ſuit to you, (*anſwer'd the Prince*) as long as I could without deſtroying my ſelf; I would ſerve him yet with the hazard of my life, and you may thereby judge how great the violence of that Paſſion is, which makes me croſs the Fortune of a Man whom I have ſo dearly eſteem'd. I have often told you, and told you truly, that *Memnon* was very worthy of Love; but I never told you, neither did I ever believe, that his good qualities ſhould forbid all other acceſs to *Barſina*, unleſs they could take away their ſight and their judgment for the knowledg of Beauty: I will never contradict what I have ſaid to his advantage, but you will not think it ſtrange if I be as induſtrious for my ſelf as I have ſhewed my ſelf for a Friend: I will ſpeak to you more modeſtly of *Oxyartes* than I did of *Memnon*; and if I praiſed him to you for his Valour and his good qualities, it ſhall be by nothing but my Paſſion that I'll endeavour to recommend my ſelf. You are recommendable (*replied I*) both by your Birth and Virtue, and by many excellent Parts; and you ſhall ever be ſo to *Barſina*, both as the King's Brother, and as one of the Perſons whom in all the world I ought moſt to honour: if I muſt anſwer ſeriouſly to your words, you'll give me leave to ſay that your change aſtoniſhes and afflicts me both together, and that I cannot conſider theſe different proceedings without having reaſon to complain of one of them: in the former you conformed your ſelf to the King's intention, to that of my Friends; and if I dare ſay ſo, even to my own Inclination; and in the latter

you

you thwart all that you before had favoured. Hitherto (*ſaid he*) I have carried my ſelf either as a Man without Paſſion, or as a Man that was maſter of it; and now I do like a Man that is not only paſſionate, but like a Man that is a ſlave to his Paſſion: I for the reaſon you alledg, have reſiſted this Affection which diſpleaſeth you, as innocent and as full of reſpect as it is; but all my reſiſtance has ſerved for nothing elſe but to render it more violent, and more imperious. In ſhort, fair *Barſina*, it is no longer in my power to hinder my ſelf from loving you, tho to the conſideration of *Memnon*, you ſhould join all thoſe that ought to be ſtrongeſt in me: and if by them you make me comprehend that I have done amiſs, and make me know the greatneſs of my pain, yet can you neither cure me of it, nor make me to repent my fault. But, Sir, (*replied I infinitely perplex'd*) what can you hope for from a perſon whoſe ingagement is not unknown to you? and how great a glory ſoever it be to me to be loved by the Brother of my King, why do you reduce me to the neceſſity of being ungrateful to your Affection? I do not pretend (*anſwer'd he*) to be conſider'd by *Barſina* as the Brother of *Darius*, and ſhould be unworthy of the honour to ſerve her, if I thought to make uſe of other advantages than thoſe my Services can give me; my Birth has nothing that can exempt me from ſervitude; and I now proteſt before you, that I will never combat *Memnon's* felicity, but by the teſtimonies of my Paſſion. Give way to this deſign, ſince it cannot be help'd; and if I cannot be loved by you, ſuffer me at leaſt to love you, without making the effect of it to be your averſion. I muſt be fain to ſuffer all (*ſaid I*) from a perſon to whom I owe all; but I cannot without a very ſenſible grief, acknowledg the honour you do me, in a ſeaſon when I cannot receive it without being the moſt faithleſs Woman in the world. To theſe words I added many others to diſſuade him from his reſolution; but he ſtill continued firm, and by the reſt of our converſation made me ſufficiently underſtand that he would very hardly be withdrawn from it.

After

After that day he let slip no occasion of expressing his love to me, and entertained me with it every time he had opportunity; 'twas always with as much respect as I could have exacted from the meanest *Persian*, and with so good a grace, that a Person less pre-engaged would have found it very difficult to defend her self against him: but since I was really possessed with an Affection to *Memnon*, which he had extremely well deserved, and that besides that tie, I was many ways obliged by my honour, to keep the constancy I owed to him, I could not receive the proofs of Prince *Oxyartes*'s Love as other than causes of a very just affliction. I had liv'd some time in these discontents, when to bring me some consolation in them, *Memnon* return'd to *Persepolis*, after having done the King very good service in his Commission, and brought the Rebels of *Susiana* under a perfect obedience. The King received him with great demonstration of friendship, all the Court welcom'd him with a great deal of honour, and I did all that modesty and decency permitted me to testify that his absence had not altered my inclinations. He had determined in his return, to demand from my Father, and from the King himself, the last effects of their good-wills; but at his arrival he found the Court in preparations for the Expedition that was thought upon for *Scythia*, whither the King, exasperated by the loss of certain Troops that had been cut in pieces upon the Frontiers, resolved to go in Person, and to take all the Royal Family along with him. 'Twas partly for that reason that the King had made him hasten his return; and having discoursed with him in private touching his designs for that intended War, oblig'd him to defer that of his Marriage: the little desire I had to engage my self under that yoke so suddenly, made me approve of his considerations, nor did I think it strange that so warlike a Spirit should give it self wholly to an Expedition of such consequence. He forgot nothing in the mean while that could make appear the greatness of his Love, and expressed the troubles our separation had caused in him, in terms that made me think him yet more lovely than he had seemed to me before his departure.

parture. I would not entertain him so quickly with the Love of Prince *Oxyartes*, and believed he would know it but too soon, without my being hasty to tell him of a thing which he could not hear without discontent; neither was it needful I should take that care upon me, for the third day after his coming home, Prince *Oxyartes* himself saved me that labour; he was confident it could not be long e'er he would learn the truth, and therefore he resolved to declare it to him himself in a fashion something extraordinary.

Having found him at the King's rising in the Morning, he made much of him, as he had been accustomed to do, tho in his face a suspicious body might have discovered the alteration of his heart; and having intimated that he had a mind to talk with him in private, he led him out of the Chamber into a Gallery close by: there they took three or four turns, discoursing only of indifferent matters; but when Prince *Oxyartes* saw there was no company near, and believed he might speak without being overheard, after having look'd in *Memnon's* face with an action that was not ordinary, he began thus: You would be strucken, brave *Memnon*, at the discourse I have to make to you, if you had not a courage great enough to hear stranger Novelties without being daunted; and yet perchance, for all you are so accustomed to all manner of Events, you will not be able to hear the confession I am going to make without being surprized; I was willing it should be rather from my mouth than any other body's, that you should be informed of the offence I have done you, since in avowing it, I may represent my weakness to you better than another, and alledg the power that has made me faulty to you. In a word, valiant *Memnon*, I love *Barsina*; and 'tis only by the loss of my Liberty I have offended you. The Gods are my witnesses, that for your consideration I defended my self a long time; and that the remembrance of what I owed to you, to our friendship, and to the services you have done the *Persian* Empire, made me for a great while oppose the violence of a Passion, which is become too imperious to be resisted any longer: I love *Barsina*, and if without dying I could

keep

keep my ſelf from loving her, I would certainly do it for your ſake: but ſince 'tis an attempt I cannot hope for ever, my ſelf being ſo far engaged, ſuffer what my deſtiny has ordained in ſpite of me, and ſuffer me to be your Rival, who has ever been your Friend, and whoſe ancient Affection is not alienated by the birth of this new one. *Oxyartes* perhaps would have ſaid more, if the ſadneſs he obſerved in *Memnon*'s face at ſo unexpected a diſcourſe, had not hindred him from going on; in effect he was ſo ſurprized, and ſo afflicted together, that as he afterward confeſſed to me, he in all the accidents of his Life, had never been in ſo ſtrange a perplexity. He had always born a great reſpect, and even a great Affection to the perſon of Prince *Oxyartes*; but he had ſo great a zeal and ſo great a love to the King, to whom he believed he owed all that was poſſible, that he held whatſoever concern'd him in a moſt ſacred veneration; that was it that cauſed his moſt ſenſible diſcontent, and he made it ſufficiently known to the Prince by his ſilence, and by the alteration that appeared in his countenance: yet having a mighty courage, he ſtrove to receive it without dejection, and lifting up his eyes from the ground, where he long had kept them fix'd, to turn them upon *Oxyartes*'s face, he anſwer'd him in theſe terms; With what greatneſs of courage ſoever you are pleaſed to flatter me, you ought not to think it ſtrange, Sir, that in the confeſſion you have made me, I find much matter of grief and of aſtoniſhment; I am aſtoniſh'd that a Prince to whom I am indebted for a part of my happineſs, and whom by a zeal not inconſiderable, I thought I had obliged to my protection rather than to my ruin, ſhould have changed his inclinations for my deſtruction; and ſhould go about to take that from me with inhumanity, which I believed I held from the King, and from himſelf, rather than from the merit of my perſon, or that of my ſervices: and I am afflicted that Fortune having a will to raiſe me up a Rival, ſhould have raiſed me up the only Man that I could fear, and the only Man that could triumph over me by all manner of advantages. If among all the *Perſians*, or perhaps among all the inhabitants of

Aſia,

Asia, any other but Prince *Oxyartes*, should unjustly assault my Fortune, I would without doubt defend it, and defend it perhaps to his confusion; I would make use of those Arms which are daily employ'd for the service of your House; I would make use of a good number of generous Friends, and for my greatest advantage I would make use of that friendship wherewith you heretofore have honoured me: but being to dispute it against Prince *Oxyartes*, I can draw no manner of Assistance, neither from those Arms I wear to fight for him and his, nor from that friendship which his Passion has cruelly extinguish'd: I cannot, Sir, I cannot dispute any thing against you, and you may take *Barsina* from me, both by the greatness of your Birth and Authority, and by the merit of your Person: I know that I ought to yield to you in all things, yet can I not yield *Barsina* without giving my Life up to you with her; the respect I owe you has not that command upon my Love, but if my life be contrary to your satisfaction I know how to give it you with the same courage, that makes me hazard it every day for the service of all that has relation to you. *Oxyartes* was touch'd with these words, but they wrought no effect upon his Passion, and being willing to express his intentions to *Memnon*; I do not pretend (*said he*) that my Birth, and the rank I hold in *Persia*, should give me any advantages over you, and for the Conquest of *Barsina*, I'll make no use of that which I account to be below her, and below your Virtue; if you can fear me for a Rival, 'tis only as the Lover of *Barsina*, and not as the Brother of *Darius*, for I mean not to dispute her against you by the King's Authority, nor by that I may have my self in his Dominions, but only by my Services, and by the proofs of my Affection. You have yet an absolute advantage over me, and you see me undertake that with very little hope, which you have justly and happily obtain'd: the victory is yours when I do but begin to fight, and *Barsina's* heart which I assault with feeble forces is quite o'ercome already by the Merit, and by the Love of *Memnon*; 'tis in this point that my condition is as much to be deplored as yours is glorious, and that if you ought to look upon a Rival who ever

was your Friend, 'tis rather with compaſſion than with reſentment. *Memnon* was a little flatter'd with theſe words, but they were not able to ſatisfy him; and he was going to reply with a countenance diſcontented enough, when the King who was gotten ready while they were talking, broke off their converſation by coming into the Gallery with a great deal of company. *Memnon*, who was ſeized with an extraordinary ſadneſs, and who felt himſelf uncapable of any pleaſant entertainment, would not ſtay near the King in that humour; but finding means to ſlip away in the croud, went out of the Palace, and came into my Chamber juſt as I was dreſſed, to acquaint me with his trouble. I preſently ſaw it in his face, and gueſſed the cauſe, when he declared it to me himſelf in ſuch paſſionate terms, that he exceedingly redoubled my affliction by the knowledg of his; he at firſt made ſome complaints for my having concealed a thing of ſuch importance from him, but I contented him by ſaying, that my care of his quiet had obliged me to it, and that ſince it was an unwelcome news, I had deſired he ſhould hear it rather from the mouth of another, than from mine. He could not keep himſelf that day from going a little beyond the limits of that moderation which was very natural to him: and after having complain'd of his Fortune, and of Prince *Oxyartes*, who came to croſs him ſo unjuſtly; Madam, (*ſaid he*) if Prince *Oxyartes* will conteſt with me only by his Love and by his Services, ought I to fear he can deprive me by thoſe ways, of what I hold from your goodneſs alone? and ought I to fear that you will look upon the advantages he has over me, to my deſtruction? Ah! if this Fear be lawful, (as you deſire the favour of the Gods) give me ſome knowledg of it, and ſuffer me not to keep my Life a minute after the loſs of my hopes. At another ſeaſon (*replied I*) I would not have eaſily pardon'd this diſcourſe, nor do I think that by any of my actions I have given you any juſt cauſe to ſuſpect me of inconſtancy: I ſhall know how to render to Prince *Oxyartes* what I owe to the King's Brother, without forgetting that I owe all to *Memnon*; and tho with his Love and Services, he ſhould alſo employ his Authority,

rity, and that of the King his Brother, he ſhould not be able to deprive you of what you have ſo lawfully required. If it prove ſo, (*ſaid* Memnon, *better ſatisfy'd than before*) as without doubt it will, ſince my fair Princeſs promiſes it me, I will no more lament my deſtiny, but ſhall account Prince *Oxyartes*'s Love, rather an effect of *Barſina*'s merit, than of my ill fortune. He was comforted in this manner by the promiſes I reiterated, to prefer him while I lived, before all the perſons in the world. He was many times upon the point to haſten our Marriage, thereby to break *Oxyartes*'s pretenſions; but then he believed he could not do it handſomly, after he himſelf had declared to the King, that he would ſtay till his return from that Expedition, for which all the Court was making preparations: and he judg'd that by that precipitation, contrary to his former deſign, he ſhould exaſperate Prince *Oxyartes*, whom he infinitely conſidered, and incite him to go beyond the terms he had propoſed. Theſe reaſons retarded it, and in the mean time he ſuffered the Viſits Prince *Oxyartes* made me, by the aſſurances I gave him every day, that he could not draw any lawful cauſe of fear from them; they often met in my company, and I uſed *Oxyartes* ſtill with great reſpect, and *Memnon* as I had been wont to do before *Oxyartes* was concern'd. *Oxyartes* ſhew'd very much diſcontent at it, and expreſſed it in moſt paſſionate complaints, when he was alone with me; but his reſentments never made him fly out againſt *Memnon*, nor againſt me: he kept ſtill in the reſolution he had taken to employ nothing to his advantage, but his Love and his Services. In the interim he carried not his Paſſion ſo ſecretly, but that it was quickly taken notice of by the whole Court, and came alſo to the King's knowledg.

That great Prince who cheriſh'd *Memnon*, both thro a ſtrong inclination, and thro a juſt acknowledgment of his ſervices, who had particularly favour'd him in his deſign upon me, and who had moreover engaged himſelf to ſupport him in it to the utmoſt, heard this news with ſome diſpleaſure; and as ſoon as he ſaw Prince *Oxyartes*, teſtify'd to him by ſomewhat ſharp words,

that he had disobliged him, by crossing the Affections of a Person that was so dear and so considerable to him as *Memnon*. Prince *Oxyartes*, who had prepared himself for that event, hearkned to the King's reproof without interruption; and when he had done speaking, Sir, (*said he*) if my love to *Barsina* were an effect of my Will, I should be faulty in thwarting the intentions you have in favour of *Memnon*; but since it is by constraint I yield, you can only accuse *Barsina*'s Charms for their violence upon me: if I could cease to love her, I would do so to please you; but since that effect of the compliance I owe to your Majesty's desires can never be in my power, permit me, Sir, to suffer a pain for which I will use no remedy that *Memnon* himself can justly disapprove. You will thereby be better served than you were formerly; *Memnon*, to maintain himself in your affection and in your esteem, to the prejudice of *Oxyartes*, will second the first actions he hath done for your service, by others greater and of more importance; and Prince *Oxyartes*, whom the glory and fortune of *Memnon* have prick'd with emulation, will seek the occasions of making himself as considerable by his Valour, as he is by the honour of being Brother to *Darius*: we shall strive who shall be forwardest to fight for you in the War, to which we are going to march; and if *Barsina* can yet be disputed against *Memnon*, we shall both of us endeavour to purchase her with our Blood, and with that of your Majesty's Enemies. You have no need of that motive (*replied the King*) to actions of Valour which are ordinary to you, and the *Persians* consider you no less for your Virtue than for your Birth; but neither of them can dispense with me for what I owe to *Memnon*, and without ingratitude I cannot, for the Passion of my Brother, no nor for my own, lose the remembrance of his Services, nor that of the Promise I have made to favour him in his love to *Barsina*. If after this knowledg of my intentions, any other but my Brother should go about to cross them, I would oppose his with all my Authority, and would perhaps make him repent his little consideration of my Will: but since 'tis from a Brother, and from a Brother who is very dear to me, that I receive

ceive this disrespect, I will content my self with praying him, as his Brother, to lay aside so unjust a Passion, if he can possibly; and if he persist in it, not to hope for any support or assistance from me, to the prejudice of what I owe to *Memnon* and to my Word. No, Sir, (*answer'd the Prince*) I demand nothing of your Majesty, but the permission to serve *Barsina*; and I protest to you, that that Favour shall never produce any effect you can have cause to disapprove. I have already told you (*said the King*) that I would not use my Authority to force your Inclinations; but neither will you think it strange, that I leave *Barsina* in the liberty of hers, and that I grant *Memnon*, so long as he shall behave himself as he hath done hitherto, all the testimonies of my affection he can in reason demand. Such was the discourse between the King and the Prince his Brother, which *Oxyartes* was not overmuch satisfy'd with; but he dissembled his trouble the best he could, and that very day, being come to visit me, he told me part of that conversation.

While these things passed on this manner, there were great preparations for the *Scythian* Expedition, in which the King resolved to take the Royal Family with him; and by his example, the chief of those who accompany'd him, took their Wives and Daughters with them, to wait upon the Queens and Princesses, who, for all they were so young, were exposed to the hardship of that Journey. True it is, that the magnificence and commodiousness of their Tents, and of their Chariots, made it almost as easy as the abode in Towns; and the King believed it no small mark of his Greatness, to be able to remove, whithersoever he went, a Court as full of Pomp as that he had at *Persepolis*. My Mother, my Sisters, and my self, were of the number of those that went, and with us *Roxana*, *Ispatia*, the Daughter of *Mentor*, and many other of the fairest and most principal Ladies of *Persia*, whom you since have known. *Oxyartes* and *Memnon* expressed an equal satisfaction, when they knew they should go to the War without being parted from me, and that I should be in a manner present at the Actions they meant to do in emulation, to make themselves

worthy of my Affection. Thoſe were the terms they were pleaſed to uſe; and when the day of our ſetting forward was come, *Oxyartes* addreſſing himſelf to *Memnon* in my preſence: *Memnon*, (*ſaid he*) the time draws near when we ſhall diſpute for *Barſina* by the ways that are permitted me: you have acquired a brave and a juſt reputation, which flatters *Barſina* in your favour; and ſhe believes with a great deal of reaſon, that a Man leſs valiant, or at leaſt leſs famous than *Memnon*, is not worthy of her Affection: perhaps I paſs in her opinion for a Man of little Valour, but I hope Fortune will now give me the occaſions to make her know that I am not born without Courage. I know I have not undertaken an eaſy Enterprize, in propoſing to my ſelf to win a fame in this Expedition, equal to that of yours: but I muſt either die, or be accounted by *Barſina* to be as valiant as *Memnon*: we'll charge the Enemy together, we'll ſtrive who ſhall hazard himſelf furtheſt in ſeeking glory; and he that can make moſt *Scythians* periſh under his Sword ſhall be called moſt worthy of *Barſina*: ſo is it we ought to conteſt for her; and he that ſhall gain her by his Sword, may boaſt that he hath more gloriouſly acquired her, than if ſhe were his only by the King's Favour, or by the favour of *Artabaſus*. *Oxyartes* ſpake in this manner, and *Memnon* replied with a great deal of modeſty, Sir, I neither ought nor will diſpute any thing againſt you; and I reckon both my Valour and my Reputation much inferior to yours: it ſhall not be with an intention to equal you, that I'll aſſault the *Scythians* in your company; but ſince you are pleaſed I ſhould wait upon you, perchance I ſhall go on far enough to preſerve that glory Fortune has given me, and ſhall do it without other deſign than that of continuing to the King and your ſelf, thoſe ſervices whereby I had hoped for *Barſina* by his approbation and by yours. You are more modeſt than I, (*anſwer'd* Oxyartes) but you ſuffer your Actions to ſpeak when mine are ſilent; and the ſatisfaction of your Mind renders you free from thoſe fits of Paſſion which carry me, without doubt, beyond my ſelf; but be it how it may, I'll do my beſt, either to execute my propoſitions, or to deliver you quickly of a

Rival.

Rival. They had ſome other diſcourſes in my preſence, and within a little after took horſe with the whole Court, which departed that day from *Perſepolis*. I will not talk to you of the magnificence of our Troops, and of the King's Equipage, of the number of his Guards, and of his Chariots: you know, Sir, in what manner he was wont to march, and you ſince have heard that it was with a Pomp worthy of the greateſt King in the world, and with two hundred thouſand fighting Men, that we advanced toward the *Araxis*. It was in that Expedition that Prince *Artaxerxes* firſt bore Arms, and 'twas in the ſame Field that Prince *Oroondates* made his glorious Apprenticeſhip both in Love and War. We took long Marches toward the *Araxis*, where our Paſſage was prepared; and during all the Expedition, neither *Oxyartes* nor *Memnon* were ever from me, but at thoſe times they were forced to ſpend in their ſeveral Charges. *Oxyartes*, who had a deſire to make himſelf remarkable in emulation of *Memnon*, pray'd the King his Brother to give them equal Employments, to the end that with Forces and Commands alike, they might make their Valours known without advantage; and tho *Memnon* very modeſtly refuſed that equality with *Oxyartes*, yet did he accept of it at the deſire of that Prince; and peradventure, what reſpect ſoever he teſtify'd toward him, he had no great repugnance againſt it. The King divided all his Cavalry into two parts, each of which conſiſted of ſeven or eight and twenty thouſand Horſe, and ſet thoſe two valiant Commanders at the head of them with an equal Authority: *Mazeus* had the Command of all the Infantry, and Prince *Artabaſus*, my Father, was the King's Lieutenant-General of the whole Army. The little knowledg I have, even in the terms of War, hinders me from ſpeaking of the March of our Army, and of our firſt Succeſſes. After a great many days, we came to the Bank of the *Araxis*, and upon Bridges of Boats that were prepared, our Forces paſs'd that River, and encamp'd in the Territories that obey'd the King of *Scythia*. The King, and the chief Commanders, would have had the Ladies ſtay on this ſide the River; but they all together oppoſed that motion, and the

Queens proteſted, that ſince the King had brought them ſo far, they would follow him whitherſoever he went. You know, Sir, all that paſs'd of any conſequence at that time; and I will only tell you and the Princeſs your Siſter, who is much leſs inſtructed in them, thoſe matters wherein I have ſome intereſt. We hardly were beyond the River, when we heard that the King your Father, with all the Forces of *Scythia*, was coming to meet us; and the next day after, our Scouts diſcover'd your foremoſt Troops, who came to encamp within half a day's march of ours. You are not ignorant, Sir, of all the Skirmiſhes that happen'd in thoſe beginnings: and as you made your ſelf renown'd by a thouſand gallant Actions on your ſide; on ours, young *Artaxerxes* in thoſe firſt trials of his Arms, acquired a marvellous reputation: but *Oxyartes* and *Memnon*, prick'd with emulation, and engaged by the propoſitions they had made, ran on mutually to extraordinary Exploits, and by the report of thoſe that came off thoſe Services, did Actions that were altogether wonderful. Perhaps you may remember one Encounter, which was the moſt bloody of all that paſs'd beyond the *Araxis*, and which might deſerve the name of a Battel, tho the whole Armies fought not in it, ſince on both ſides there were above twenty thouſand Men left dead upon the place. I remember it very well, (*ſaid* Orontes, *interrupting* Barſina) it was to gain a riſing ground which was of advantage to each Party, that the Cavalry was inſenſibly engaged; we conteſted for it with a great deal of blood, and there it was I received my firſt Wound. The Troops (*proceeded* Barſina) were already mingled, and ſlaughter had brought diſorder amongſt them, when Prince *Oxyartes* ſeeing *Memnon*, who (bloody all over, hewed open his paſſage with his Sword amongſt your Men) came up to him with a loud cry, and placing himſelf by his ſide; *Memnon*, (*ſaid he*) do you ſee yonder red Standard, about which the greateſt force of the *Scythians* appears, and where without doubt their moſt conſiderable Captains fight in Perſon? *Memnon* having caſt his eye that way where *Oxyartes* pointed; I ſee it, (*anſwer'd he*) and if I be not deceived, 'tis the King of *Scythia*'s

Scythia's own Standard, since there are so great a number of Men that defend it. There it is (*replied* Oxyartes) that we must seek for *Barsina*, or for Death; we must either perish or bring off that glorious mark of Valour: let's on, *Memnon*, and see to which of us Fortune will give that advantage. Saying these words, he flew with his Sword in his hand into the midst of the *Scythians*; and *Memnon* excited with some resentment, for seeing himself prick'd with honour on such an occasion, instead of answering, ran whither Glory call'd him with an impetuousness like his: I have heard them say who where present at that Action, that never two Men fought more generously; that Emulation had like to have been fatal to both of them, and they rushed headlong into dangers, where in all probability they would have met with death: but Fortune was more favourable to them, and those that follow'd them were so animated by their example, that they broke the *Scythian* Squadron in that place; and the throng of those that environ'd the Standard, upon which they had set their aim, being open'd by their fury, they that defended it nearer, were either routed or cut in pieces, and he that bore it, was beaten down with two blows given him at the same time by *Memnon* and *Oxyartes*. They both seiz'd upon it at the same instant; but as soon as *Memnon* cast his eye upon *Oxyartes*, he pull'd back his hand which he had thrust forth, and being willing to yield him the glory of that Action; The Standard, Sir, (*said he*) is yours, and mine the honour of having seconded you. No, *Memnon*, (*replied* Oxyartes) I will not rob you of your part in a glory which is equal between us, and I am not ill satisfied to divide it with you. With these words he gave the Standard into the hands of those that follow'd them, and turning another way, carried new marks of his Valour thither. Here *Oroondates* interrupting *Barsina*; That which you tell me, (*said he*) is very true, 'twas indeed the King's Standard which we lost in that Encounter, and 'twas a Nephew of *Arsacomes* that carried it; but the King my Father was not in the Field that day, and he comforted himself for the

loſs of his Standard, by the gaining of that piece of ground, for which we had fought.

On all other occaſions (*purſued* Barſina) Prince *Oxyartes* did almoſt in the ſame manner; and he hardly ever ſaw any danger into which he invited not *Memnon*, and into which he did not precipitate himſelf with him. *Memnon* ſought not thoſe occaſions, but being ſtung to the quick, neither did he avoid them; and tho in his diſcourſe he yielded all to *Oxyartes*, yet he diſputed all with him by his actions. This manner of proceeding had like often to have been their deſtruction, and was the cauſe that they ſometimes committed faults in point of their Commands, by fixing themſelves too eagerly upon particular Actions. The King himſelf blamed them for it many times; but it was hard to convince *Oxyartes*, who had undertaken either to eclipſe the glory of *Memnon* by the luſtre of his own, or make him periſh in the dangers to which he expoſed him daily, or force him to quit his pretenſions to me by the difficulties he raiſed him up. In the mean while they both ſaw me every day; and Prince *Oxyartes* expreſs'd his Paſſion to me by ſuch obliging and ſuch pleaſing marks, that if indeed I had not been prepoſſeſſed, and prepoſſeſſed with a great deal of juſtice, I ſhould not have been inſenſible of it. He chanced to be one day alone with me, and taking his time to entertain me with more liberty than he did in company; Shall I never bend you? (*ſaid he to me*) and will you ſee me languiſh eternally at your feet, without teſtifying at leaſt that my pains are not unpleaſing to you? Any other body but your ſelf, if they were not ſenſible of Love, would be touch'd with compaſſion, and not let her ſelf be ſo far dazled with a firſt action, but that ſhe would ſtill have eyes to judge of thoſe that love and ſerve her: Is my Paſſion or my Perſon the more deſpicable, becauſe another loved you before me? And may I not repair for the time to come, what I loſt in time paſt, by having employ'd ſome years of my life on other occaſions than thoſe of your ſervice? Muſt *Memnon*'s Genius have ſo great advantages over that of *Oxyartes*? And finally, muſt I be born to be his Slave, and he to be my Conqueror and my Maſter?

You

You are born, Sir, (*answer'd I*) for greater matters than those in which you now employ your self; and I am born with all manner of inclinations to honour you as I ought to do: do not believe, Sir, that I am insensible of the proofs of your Affection, I receive them with much acknowledgment and respect; and the advantages I give to *Memnon*, proceed from an ancient and a lawful Engagement, and not a preferring of his passion before yours; if I were tied to you in the same manner, and that among Men there could one be found, who by Birth, or by the Qualities of his Person, might be accounted above you, I would undoubtedly disdain him, to keep my self exactly within the constancy I should owe to you; and perhaps I should not have those thoughts of acknowledgment and respect for him which I have for you. Ah! (*cried the Prince*) how cruel are those thoughts of respect to *Oxyartes!* And how little is it by them that his Love ought to be requited, in the condition to which it has now subjected him! Cast but your eyes upon that I bear to you, and do not kill those hopes to which my Life is fastned, by an unsensibleness which in vain you would disguise: I might be satisfy'd with the reasons you alledg, if I were upon other terms, and if I were wounded with a light affection; but in the state I am reduced to by the violence of mine, I can live by nothing but the hope of being loved by the Princess *Barsina*. As he ended these words, he took one of my hands, which was more than he used to do; and keeping it by force, put his mouth upon it, and held it there so long, that *Memnon* coming then into my Chamber, found him in that posture. Altho I believe that *Memnon* was confident enough of my Affection, to draw no Jealousy from that Action, yet was I so out of countenance, and so vext together, for having been surpriz'd in that condition, that I could not dissemble my astonishment, nor my trouble: the two Princes easily observed it by the colour that came into my face; but *Memnon*, stung to the quick at that unpleasing sight, and taking that colour to be an effect of shame for his coming in, could not so well contain himself, but that he shew'd some part of his resentment. Blush not, Madam,

(*said*

(*ſaid he to me*) Prince *Oxyartes* does well deſerve to have that granted in the beginning of his love, which is not due to *Memnon* after a ſervice of many years. Theſe words, in which I found a great deal of ſharpneſs, coming out of *Memnon*'s mouth, touch'd me very deeply, and being deſirous to let him know it was not with my conſent that *Oxyartes* had obtain'd that freedom; That which I grant not to *Memnon* (*replied I*) I grant to no body, and 'tis by other marks I would teſtify my reſpect to Prince *Oxyartes*, than by liberties he has taken againſt my will. *Memnon* found ſome ſatisfaction in theſe words; but *Oxyartes* was terribly nettled by them, and could not ſee the care I took to juſtify my ſelf to *Memnon* in his preſence, without a great deal of trouble: I ſaw his countenance alter; and after he had ſtay'd awhile, to make himſelf maſter of his reſentments; *Memnon* (*ſaid he*) is worthy of the empire he has over your Mind, and his fortune would not be great enough, if you were not ſo careful to make him ſee your innocence. Yes, *Memnon*, 'twas by force that indiſcreet *Oxyartes* kiſs'd *Barſina*'s hand, and to repair my fault I am oblig'd to endeavour her juſtification. With theſe words he went out of my Chamber, not ſtaying for any reply, and left me in a greater confuſion than I was before: altho I took no pains to hide from him my inclinations to *Memnon*, yet was I extremely troubled, that *Oxyartes* had taken my care to juſtify my ſelf as proceeding from my complacency for him; and indeed to take it ſo, that carriage had ſomething that was diſobliging to *Oxyartes*; but he took it ſo ill from me, that for many days he ſaw me not again, and by an effect of Anger and of Jealouſy, he began then to hate *Memnon*, with whom till that time he had ever kept in terms of eſteem, and in ſome remainder of good-will; by little and little he grew more cold to him, and in the end hardly ſpoke to him at all. This came to the knowledg of the King and of the whole Court, and the King uſed his utmoſt power to ſettle the mind of *Oxyartes*, but he was not able; and that jealous Prince could not without a violent indignation, behold a Rival that had ſo great advantage over him. His anger againſt me was quickly diſſipated,

and

and he pay'd me my visits again more constantly than ever: 'Twas about that time, Sir, that our Army was infected with a Disease which destroy'd a great part of it beyond the *Araxis*, and took away *Darius*'s hopes of the progress he thought to have made in *Scythia*; we thereupon repass'd that River, leaving your Fields cover'd with many thousand *Persians*, and return'd into our own Territories, whither you follow'd us presently after, and encamp'd within a little distance of our Army: There it was that many memorable Actions pass'd, there it was that you assaulted our Camp by night, and there it was that I began to be indebted to you, since I was one of the number of those Ladies that happen'd to be in the Queens Tent when both your Fortune and ours brought you thither to save us from the violence of the *Scythians*, and to make you fall your self into the power of our fair Princess. There it was that I first saw you in a condition, that could charm and terrify both together; and that among all those to whom your sight was so favourable; I perhaps was she who had the most grateful thoughts for so considerable a service: I will not say any thing more to you of that Encounter, nor of the effects it produc'd in us, since that's not the thing you desire from my discourse, and that I ought only to tie my self to my particular Adventures.

Oxyartes and *Memnon* strove who should spend most of the time with me, which they had free from employments of the War; but with a different success, for all that I saw really great, and really loved in the Person of Prince *Oxyartes*, was never capable to make me forget what I ow'd to my former Affection: yet I confess I was not insensible of that he bore to me, and that it was not without some discontent I saw him so ill satisfy'd, but could no more than pity him, and intreat him as much as possible to give over a design in which he could not persevere, if he had a good opinion of me. He would fly into a Passion at those Requests, instead of disposing himself to grant them; and in the mean time he was so exasperated against *Memnon*, that he could no longer suffer him but as an Enemy: yet would he never make use of those advantages his Birth afforded him;

and

and tho he met with me every day, his respect to me kept him still within his former Terms, and hindred him from shewing his alteration otherwise than by his coldness and his silence: but at Court, and in other places he took a greater Liberty, and gave *Memnon* causes of Complaint, which he never would have endured from any body but *Darius*'s Brother; he could not suffer his Valour to be spoken of with those Praises that were wont to be given it; and when occasions of that discourse happened in his presence, he lessened the worth of it as much as he could. The King was talking one day upon that subject with the Queens and a great many other Persons, and after that upon some Encounter which had pass'd a few days before, he had said all to *Memnon*'s advantage, that Truth, and the Affection wherewith he honoured him very especially, could put into his mouth, the Prince jealous and impatient, not being able to hear the continuation of that discourse, wherein he seem'd to be particularly concern'd; *Memnon* (*said he to the King*) is valiant, but there are a great many of your Subjects whose Valour is not inferior to his; if there be any service done, *Memnon* goes neither further nor more boldly on than we; but tho a good part of the danger be ours, the glory is intirely his, and perchance it would be sought for with more hazard, if it were distributed with more justice. The glory of *Memnon*, reply'd the King, does no injury to yours, and so long as you had no other Interest, you never went about to oppose it; 'tis nothing but your own change that makes you unjust to your self, while you accuse others of injustice, and that makes you commit a fault, which you would have judg'd unworthy of you when you had your reason undisturbed. *Oxyartes* blush'd at this answer of the King's, but respect hinder'd him from replying, as without doubt he would have done to any other body. This discourse was related to *Memnon*, who heard it without being mov'd, out of the respect and love he bore to the King's Person: and as often as they told him any such passages, or that he receiv'd any new proof of *Oxyartes*'s hatred, I am very unfortunate (would he say) to be hated by the Brother of my King; but tho

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Oxyartes ſhould kill me with his own hand, I will never hate the Brother of *Darius*. This Character of reſpect and love was graven ſo deeply in his Heart, that he ſcarce ſo much as murmured before me againſt his Perſecutor; and he was yet more ſtrongly confirm'd in that humour, by a very odd event which Fortune ſent him. He was abroad with five or ſix hundred Horſe upon ſome deſign he had, when he met a party of *Scythians* much greater than his; and having with leſs prudence than he was wont to ſhew in other Encounters, ingag'd himſelf in fight, while by his Valour he counterballanc'd the inequality of number, he was charg'd and ſurrounded by another Squadron of the Enemy, whereby the firſt was ſeconded: and tho for the Victory, or for his ſafety he did extraordinary Exploits, his Life had been in manifeſt danger if the Gods had not brought Prince *Oxyartes* thither, who was gone forth that morning with a thouſand Horſe. The Prince having a-while beheld that unequal Combat from a higher ground, preſently learn'd the truth from a Horſe-man that was running away to ſave himſelf; and when he knew that Fortune working to his advantage was going to free him of a Rival, in the defeat of a ſmall body of thoſe of his Party, he was at the ſame time aſſaulted with very different thoughts; that preſſing diſquiet put him inſtantly in a ſweat, and he by his action made thoſe that were about him ſee in how great a conflict he was. Let's ſtay (*ſaid he to himſelf*) till *Memnon* be killed, before we give our Party the relief we are bound to do; when my Rival is dead, I'll ſave thoſe that are left, and will do that for his revenge, which my Love forbids to do for his reſcue. This was his firſt ſuggeſtion, but his Virtue, and the urgent neceſſity would not ſuffer him to continue long in it. O Fortune, my Enemy! cried he, why didſt thou not guide me to ſome other place? and ſince I was to ſuccour my Rival, why didſt thou not make him periſh before he was in a condition to be the better for it? Saying theſe words, he commanded to ſound a Charge, and fell upon the *Scythians* with a fury which they were not able to ſuſtain; in ſhort, they were quickly routed, and after having loſt a great many of their Men, they

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left the Field and the Victory to Prince *Oxyartes*, and to *Memnon* his Life, and the means to know his Deliverer: It was not without grief that he saw himself indebted to his Rival for his Life; but having neither ingratitude nor pride, he was willing to appear sensible of that obligation as he was bound to be: and turning toward the Prince with an action accompany'd with all signs of acknowledgments; Sir, said he, my Life is yours, and I should say you had gain'd it by this last effect of your generosity, if by all manner of rights you were not in possession of it before; but in offering it I offer you nothing that was not yours already, and nothing which you and yours might not ever dispose of with a most absolute Command.

The Prince who had done an Action which he could not rejoice at, tho his Virtue forbad him to repent it, seem'd little sensible of *Memnon*'s acknowledgment, not so much as giving heed to his words: I have done nothing, said he, out of Generosity or out of Friendship to you, nor had I any other design than that of fighting with our Enemies and relieving our Party. Having spoke these words, he turn'd about from *Memnon*, and rode away without giving him leisure to entertain him longer. *Memnon* that very day made me the recital of that Adventure; and by that augmentation of esteem he gave me for *Oxyartes*, did but redouble my discontent to see him persist in a design whereby he was like to reap so little satisfaction. For *Memnon*, he was so nearly touch'd with that obligation, that if *Oxyartes* had desir'd any thing else of him but what he did, he would have given it up to him without reluctance: he praised his Action before the King, in terms that made the whole Court know how great a sense he had of that good turn; but *Oxyartes* was neither mov'd with his acknowledgment nor with his praises, and expressed to all the World that he accounted himself most unfortunate, in having been forc'd by his Duty to fight for the preservation of a Life, which was opposite to the repose and to the felicity of his; he dissembled not his thoughts to any body, and when I would have praised him for it as well as others, and have testify'd that I had some part in the

obligation, he receiv'd my diſcourſe with a great deal of coldneſs. I did not hope, ſaid he, to have Thanks from you, which are not advantageous to me, nor did I think to do you a ſervice worthy of theſe brave acknowledgments in expoſing the Life of *Oxyartes* for the defence of *Memnon's*: I had no other intention but that of fighting againſt the *Scythians* our Enemies, and if in the execution of that Deſign I have been ſo happy as to do you a good Office in the preſervation of my Rival, I wiſh with all my heart I had done it you to the full, in loſing for his greater ſecurity, and for his repoſe, that Life whereof you make ſo little reckoning. Ah Sir, reply'd I, loſe that opinion if you have it; and do not believe I can make little reckoning of your Life, nor of your Perſon: I conſider them both as I ought to do; and I have thoughts of you, which nothing but my ill Fortune hinders you from being contented with. I will content my ſelf, anſwer'd the Prince, when my Paſſion ſhall be the thing you conſider moſt in me, and when in *Barſina's* Heart, which can eſtabliſh all my Felicity, I ſhall ſee no body more happy nor more favour'd than my ſelf. If that could be, ſaid I, you ſhould have no cauſe of Complaint againſt a Perſon who is every way diſpos'd to honour you. That may be, added he with an extraordinary Tone, that may be perhaps by means we have not yet made trial of; and in the deſpair into which you caſt me, and the ſhame of ſeeing my Rival triumph over me ſo eaſily, I ſhall be capable of all things I can attempt, without exceeding the Terms I propos'd to my ſelf when I began to ſerve you. As he ended theſe words, he went out of my Chamber with an Action that had many ſigns of Anger in it, and was hardly got twenty or thirty paces from the Tent, when he chanced to meet with *Memnon*; he chang'd Colour at that Encounter, as *Memnon* told me afterward, but he quickly recover'd himſelf, and having return'd *Memnon's* ſalute, he put forth his hand to him, with a more open Countenance than for ſome time before he had been wont to ſhew him. Will you give me leave, ſaid he, to have a little diſcourſe with you, to aſk your Counſel and Aſſiſtance about a buſineſs I lately had

had notice of? *Memnon* was surpriz'd at this demand, but he dissembled his astonishment, and receiving the Prince's words with a chearful countenance; Could I be so happy, reply'd he, as to believe my Prince would employ for his Service this Life which I hold from him? and saying these words, he follow'd him that way he led: after having by *Oxyartes*'s example commanded his Attendants to leave him, they walk'd together a while without speaking, or if they spoke 'twas only of indifferent matters; but when they were a good way from their Servants, and that by the interposition of a little Hill they were out of sight of the Tents, Prince *Oxyartes* made a stand, and turning toward *Memnon*, after he had look't a while silently upon him; You shall know now (*said he*) the subject of the Discourse I desire to have with you, and shall learn to what use I reserv'd that Life for which I fought to the prejudice of my own; when I undertook to serve *Barsina* with you, or rather when I was forc'd to it by a Passion, which for your sake I had long resisted, I promis'd you I would never help my self against you by the Authority of the King my Brother, nor by that which my Rank might give me amongst the *Persians*, and that I would dispute *Barsina* with you only by my Services. I think I have kept my self exactly enough within these Limits, I have used no kind of Credit nor Power to hurt you; and in the Imployments we have had to make our selves worthy of her Esteem, I have ever fought for an inequality between us; I will continue to the end in this manner of Carriage toward you, and since I have lov'd *Barsina* unprofitably, and that by the Victory you bear away from me, my hopes are quite extinguished, as you triumph over my Repose, you must also triumph over my Life, or defend your own with Arms equal to mine: I fly not to this Resolution against you, but at the extremity wherein my Life has no other foundation but the loss of yours, and wherein the Repose of yours depends on nothing but my death alone; this is the last Action we will do for *Barsina*, she shall be the Prize of the Conqueror, and the Victory shall give that to the more valiant, or to the more fortunate, which during the Life of his

his Rival, his Services never could secure him of. In ending these words *Oxyartes* drew his Sword, and presented himself before *Memnon* in the posture of a Man ready to fight; but *Memnon* did not the same, but after having hearkned to his discourse, and beheld his action without shewing any sign of astonishment or being mov'd, he answer'd him with a settled countenance, and with an absolute coldness: You have reason, Sir, to go to take away a Life which I hold from you, and a Life hurtful to your pretensions; but I should not have reason if I went about to defend it against you who have acquir'd it by its preservation, and who are the Brother of my King; neither shall it be said, I drew my Sword against him to whom I owe my safety, or against the Brother of *Darius* to whom I owe all; and I would rather turn it against my own Breast, than against a Prince whom those two Considerations shall ever make me reverence; if my Life be odious to you, and if by the obstacle I have been to your pretensions I deserve to die by your hand, satisfy your desire, pierce this Heart, proud of *Barsina*'s image, and this Heart which draws your hatred by its ambition; but do not strive to blast me at my death with an ingratitude whereof I never can be capable. What? (*reply'd* Oxyartes) does *Memnon* see his mortal Enemy defy him to fight; and if he be that same *Memnon* who passes for valiant among the *Persians*, has he not the heart to defend his Life against him? I never wanted heart (*answer'd* Memnon) in dangers that perhaps were greater than this I have now before my eyes, and my Reputation is well enough established not to fear the fall of it by this Action; I should not have been prevented if Fortune had given me other Enemies, and I had already received Offences from you, which any other Man but Prince *Oxyartes*, and the Brother of *Darius*, should perhaps have washed away with his Blood. You are dispensed with for all these Considerations, (*said* Oxyartes, *interrupting him*) both by the Quality I resolv'd to keep with you in the birth of my Affection and by the declaration I make, that 'twas not with any design to oblige you, or to serve you, that I succour'd you against the *Scythians*; the King will not be displeased with

with you for this Action, when he ſhall know the truth of it; you owe more to your Honour, and to the defence of your Life than to your reſpect for him; and 'tis in ſhort by no other way that I can be repaid for the obligation you believe you have to me. Then I will be eternally in your debt, reply'd *Memnon*, and 'tis by my own Blood I acquit my ſelf, and not by a Blood which is ſacred to *Memnon*, and a Blood for the preſervation whereof I will ſhed my own to the very laſt drop. If neither the love of Life, added furious *Oxyartes*, nor that of honour touches you any longer, and if you fear not to die by my hands, or to live with infamy among the *Perſians*, at leaſt indeavour to defend *Barſina*, whom I am reſolv'd to take away from you, or diſpoſe your ſelf to yield her to me, if you dare not diſpute her againſt me. I yield you *Barſina*, ſaid *Memnon*, in yielding you my Life; but if my Life be left me, I'll never leave my Love, nor my pretenſions to *Barſina*.

O Gods! cry'd Prince *Oxyartes*, quite tranſported, with what an unworthy Rival and with what an unworthy Enemy do you oppoſe me? And doſt thou not fear, (*continued he, turning toward* Memnon) doſt thou not fear I ſhould diſhonour thee among the *Perſians*, whom thou haſt abuſ'd with a falſe gloſs of Valour? and that this Cowardiſe ſhould make thee loſe that Fame thou haſt unjuſtly got, and which thou holdeſt from Fortune rather than thy Courage? I ſhould fear it, anſwer'd patient *Memnon*, and I ſhould believe I were guilty of Cowardiſe if in the injuries you do me, I did not find (better than in all the Combats I have fought for him) an occaſion to teſtify my true reſpects to my King, and the true Affection I bear him; this is the higheſt proof of it he could ever deſire: and with what Cowardiſe ſoever you would blemiſh me, you know me well enough your ſelf, to think that the fear of a ſingle Man can never make me avoid the Combat; you often on as dangerous occaſions have ſeen me out-brave Death without terror, and give my blood liberally enough for you and yours; 'twas by that remembrance I had hop'd for an uſage from you very different from this you make

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me ſuffer, and that I had expected any thing from Prince *Oxyartes*, rather than theſe cruel Threatnings, in a Love whoſe beginnings he himſelf upheld; rather than bloody outrages againſt my Reputation, and rather than a cruel and violent deſign againſt a Life which was never ſpar'd for the intereſts of his Houſe. While *Memnon* ſpake on this manner, *Oxyartes* look'd upon him attentively, and in theſe laſt words found ſomething that ſoftned him, and made him repent his deſign; the more he reflected upon it, the more he found it violent, and in the end after having well examin'd it, he abſolutely condemned it; I have done too much perhaps, ſaid he to *Memnon*, but I have not been maſter of my Paſſions, and for the time to come I will endeavour to regulate them better if it be poſſible. As he brought forth theſe words he put up his Sword, and turning his back to *Memnon*, went from him and return'd to the Tents. *Memnon* agitated with cruel diſquiets retir'd to his, not meaning to viſit me in that condition, leſt I ſhould take notice of his ill humour. Yet had he ſo much diſcretion, and ſo much reſpect to *Oxyartes*, that he would not diſcover his proceedings to any body, for fear the King ſhould take it amiſs, and teſtify ſome diſpleaſure againſt him for it; he would not ſpeak of it ſo much as to me, doubting I might find ſome matter of Affliction in it, and I never heard any thing of it till a long while after. In the mean time Prince *Oxyartes* (whether it were by the anger wherewith he had been tranſported to ſee a Man preferr'd before him whoſe Birth was inferior to his, and who ſurpaſs'd him not in good parts, or by the love which he blindly bore to me) was no ſooner at his Tent but he was ſeiz'd with a violent Fever; and it increaſed with ſo much vehemence, that within three days the Phyſicians began to doubt of his Recovery. That Prince being infinitely eſteem'd by the whole Court, his ſickneſs caus'd a general Sorrow, and the King to whom his Virtue made him dearer than nearneſs of blood, fell into a ſenſible grief; I was particularly afflicted at it, and *Memnon* took it not ill that I expreſs'd my trouble to him. In the fits of his Fever he ſometimes fell into ravings, and while Reaſon was diſpoſſeſs'd of her Government,

who as I have told you, had the ſtrongeſt Love to him that ever Subject bore his Prince, and who beſides took notice of the admirable goodneſs he had towards him, in letting a Brother periſh whom he lov'd more dearly than himſelf, rather than ſeek his ſafety to his prejudice, fell into a Grief wherein he was like to have been overwhelmed: and conſidering that he ought no longer to ſuffer thoſe proofs of the King's Affection, without ſhewing the utmoſt he could hope from his, he reſolv'd rather to die, than to abuſe his goodneſs in an unhandſom manner, and finding him one day deeply buried in his ſadneſs; Sir, ſaid he to him, if I can contribute to the Life of Prince *Oxyartes*, be not in fear of recovery: 'Tis true, I love *Barſina*, but I love my King as I ought to do; and to preſerve him a Brother worthy of his Affection, I ſhall know how to overcome my Paſſion, and to yield that to Prince *Oxyartes*, which perhaps I have too much diſputed againſt him. The King lifted up his head at theſe words, and having a while look'd upon *Memnon* without ſpeaking, he caſt his arms of a ſudden about his neck, and imbracing him with an extraordinary tenderneſs; My dear *Memnon*, ſaid he, I ſhould have let *Oxyartes* die, and ſhould have died my ſelf, before I would have asked you what you offer me with ſo much generoſity; but if really you can contribute to my Brother's ſafety without hazarding your own, I ſhall be indebted to you for all my quiet, and ſhall never find any recompence worthy of you. *Memnon* o'ercharg'd with Grief made no reply, but only taking his leave of the King with a low obeyſance, went ſtrait to *Oxyartes*'s Chamber, and notwithſtanding all that they who were at the door could ſay to hinder him from ſeeing the Prince, he entred into the Chamber, and came to his Bed-ſide. As ſoon as the Prince knew him, he turn'd his head the other way, and by ſome ſighs which he could not retain, made appear that he was touch'd with his ſight, and that he hardly could endure it. *Memnon* meant to put him out of that ill humour, and drawing near to him with confidence; Sir, (*ſaid he*) for the love of the Gods, and for the love of *Barſina*, receive me no longer as an Enemy; I come not

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here to triumph over you by the advantages Fortune has blindly given me; but I come to deliver them up to you, to abandon all my pretensions, and in short, to yield you *Barsina*, of whom you are more worthy than I. *Oxyartes*'s resentment against *Memnon* was not so great, but that a good part of it was presently dissipated by these words, and he scarce had heard them, when turning towards him with more suddenness than his weak state could probably have suffer'd; What, cry'd he, *Memnon*, is it to give me *Barsina* that you come to visit me? Yes, Sir, reply'd *Memnon*, 'tis *Barsina* I resign to you, and you may recover upon the assurance that she shall no more be disputed with you. And what will *Memnon* do (*added the Prince*) if he lose *Barsina*? He'll die, (*answer'd* Memnon) and it is more just that he should die, than that the Life of Prince *Oxyartes* should be longer in danger. Ah! (*cry'd the Prince*) if one must die, I know how to die as well as you, and my Spirit will be no more daunted than yours with the image of Death; I fear it perhaps as little as you can do, and if you have no other remedy for my health, I account that worse than the disease you would save me from. If I had e'er a gentler, said *Memnon*, I would make use of it to content you, without amusing your self about Considerations that are too trivial to oppose the safety of such a Prince as *Oxyartes*; your death would draw the imprecations of all *Persia* upon me, and *Darius* would have just occasion to detest the ingratitude of a Man, who by the loss of a thousand Lives like his, cannot repay the smallest part of what he owes him. At these words, without staying for a reply, he went out of the room in so strange a condition, that he could hardly have been known by his most familiar Friends. As he had done that action without making me acquainted, and believ'd that I would find just cause of complaint against him, for seeing him so lightly quit pretensions, in comparison of which he a few days before would have despis'd the Empire of *Asia*; he had not the confidence to come into my presence, or perhaps fear'd he should want resolution in taking leave of me for the departure he had before determin'd: all that he

did to bid me farewel, was to get free of all Company, and ſhut himſelf up in his Chamber to write me a Letter, the words whereof I think were theſe:

MEMNON *to the Princeſs* BARSINA.

I Leave you, my dear Princeſs, ſince my cruel Deſtiny ordains it me, and I can no longer diſpute you againſt the Brother of Darius, *and the Brother of* Darius *dying for you; it is not perhaps that I want Courage to defend my Intereſts, but I can no longer defend them againſt the goodneſs of my King, who could, and peradventure would at laſt have taken that from me by Authority, which I give up to him by a too juſt acknowledgment. Yet do not believe I leave you, without alſo leaving my Life: I am going to die, but I will die far from you, that I may not trouble by my death the felicities I give to my Rival, and thoſe to which you are deſtined with a Prince worthy of you. I beſeech you to have but a moderate ſenſe of my Loſs, ſince my Fortune will be glorious if I can eſtabliſh yours; and never attribute that to any want of Love, which is a rigorous effect of Duty.*

Memnon gave this Letter to one of his Servants to bring it to me, as he got on Horſe-back to leave the Camp; but the night was near, and became preſently after ſo extremely dark, that having no light at all to ride that Evening, he could advance his Journey but a little way. You may eaſily judge of my ſorrow at the reading of that Letter, ſince it is very true that I lov'd *Memnon* as much as he ought to deſire, and ſince I never had been ſhaken in my firſt Affection by the advantages I might have hop'd for in Prince *Oxyartes*; my Grief was ſo exceeding violent, that it depriv'd me almoſt of all ſenſe and underſtanding, and I think I had ſunk under it, if I had not been well aſſiſted by the endeavours of thoſe about me: I pour'd forth my Tears with all manner of Liberty before all my Friends, who approv'd of my Affection, and I made them all ſo far concern'd in my Grief, that their faces ſeem'd little different from mine. As dark as the night was, *Hy-*

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daſpes and *Cophes* my Brothers, would needs take Horſe that very Evening, to ride in ſearch of *Memnon*; but tho I was little in a condition to do it, they by all means would have me write two or three Lines to him, believing that they would be more powerful to bring him back than all the perſuaſions they could uſe. I ſatisfied them, and with much ado wrote theſe few words, which I gave them for him.

BARSINA *to* MEMNON.

I Never will pardon you the injury you do me, if you repair it not by your Return; nor will I ever call that other than an effect of your ingratitude and forgetfulneſs, which Duty could never have exacted from you: Live, and come back again, if you will have me live; and ſtrive not ſo much to be faithful and acknowledging to Darius, *as thereby to become falſe and ingrateful to* Barſina.

I will not repeat the Complaints I made, the diſcourſe of them would without doubt be tedious to you; and therefore you ſhall only know that that night was the moſt cruel one to me of all that ever I had paſs'd in my whole Life: but if it was ſharp to me, it was favourable to the health of Prince *Oxyartes*, and he fell into a ſweat, at the end of which his Fever was almoſt quite gone. Before it was day they found ſo viſible an amendment in him, that they doubted no more of his Recovery; but as there was a change in the condition of his Body, there was alſo a very great one in that of his Mind, and that Prince after a great Conflict all that night, had obtain'd a gallant Victory over his Paſſions. The carriage of *Memnon*, who had ſo generouſly given up his own Life for the preſervation of his, had wrought ſo far upon him, that from that very moment he had reſolv'd to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to make himſelf Maſter of that Love, wherein he could hope for no ſatisfaction, but by the ruin of ſo generous a Man. He found it extremely difficult, as he confeſs'd to us afterward; but having a very great Courage, he did ſo effectually repreſent to himſelf what he believ'd

he ow'd to the Action, and to the Virtue of *Memnon*, that tho he could not diſpoſe his mind to forget me, he brought it to quit me to *Memnon*, and rather to ſuffer all things than to croſs his pretenſions any longer. I know very well, (*ſaid he to himſelf*) that 'twill be hard for me to loſe the Love I bear to *Barſina*; but I will oppoſe Virtue againſt its Power, and peradventure, Time, and a little Abſence may work my perfect Cure. Scarce had he taken this reſolution, when the King who that day roſe extraordinary early, came into his Chamber, and overjoy'd with the hopes that were given him of his Recovery, drew near to his Bed-ſide. As ſoon as the Prince had caſt his Eyes upon him; Sir, (*ſaid he*) I ſhall live, nay more, I'll live without *Barſina* if it pleaſe the Gods. *Memnon* had reſign'd her to me out of an exceſs of love and reſpect to you, but I am now in a condition not to abuſe his goodneſs.

The King was tranſported with contentment at theſe words, and embracing *Oxyartes* with a great deal of tenderneſs, Ah! Brother (*ſaid he*) if that which you tell me were poſſible, how much glory would you reap by that Action, and how infinitely ſhould I be indebted to you. It is poſſible, Sir, (*reply'd* Oxyartes) and you ſhall quickly ſee proofs of it. While they were ſpeaking on this manner, *Artabaſus* came in, who told them of *Memnon*'s departure, and ſhew'd them the Letter he had written to me. The King at the reading of it appear'd exceedingly afflicted, and the Prince having heard it; Ah! (*cried he*) let me rather die, than cauſe the death of noble *Memnon*. Sir, (*continu'd he, turning toward the King*) for God's ſake ſend after him inſtantly, and let them aſſure him that I renounce *Barſina*, and that I'll renounce her without dying. The King delay'd not a moment to execute what the Prince deſired, immediately he made a great many Men take Horſe; and to give them an Authority which *Memnon* ſhould not be able to diſobey, he would needs have Prince *Artaxerxes* go forth with them. That Prince full of goodneſs, was ſoon on Horſeback; and having inform'd himſelf and thoſe that follow'd him what way *Memnon* had taken, he ran to ſeek him with all poſſible ſpeed. Good

Artabasus came presently after into my Chamber, where he gave me account of all that had pass'd, and where by the relation he made me of *Oxyartes's* change, and of the order that was taken to fetch *Memnon* back, he gave me hopes that drew me partly out of that depth of Sorrow wherein I had been buried.

In the mean while *Memnon* was gone, but the night that came on presently after his departure, had prov'd so dark, that not being able to see his way, he had been constrained to alight and stay in a Wood, where he expected the morning with strange disquiets. I will not tell you what his thoughts were, tho he made me the recital of them, that discourse would draw out my narration to a troublesome length; and you know too well how extremely he lov'd me, to imagine that the action he had done, did not put him into a most sensible discontent, which tormented him so cruelly, that he saw day appear without having slept one moment. As soon as it was light enough to travel, he catcht his Horse again which had stray'd from him in the night, and getting out of the Wood rode toward a little River, which runs within a few furlongs of it; but when he was going to pass it at a Ford, he saw himself overtaken by my Brothers, whom the darkness of the night had staid at the side of the Wood, in which he had passed it. *Memnon*, who had resolv'd to get away from us as far as he could possibly, and to seek death in the Wars of some very remote Country, was surpriz'd and afflicted at that encounter; and if it had been possible for him to shun it, my Brothers would have employ'd their pains to very little purpose. As soon as *Hydaspes* came up to him, What *Memnon*, (*said he*) do you leave us on this fashion, and if you lov'd *Barsina*, could you be capable of so strange a change? It is but because I love her too well, (*answer'd* Memnon) that I forsake her; and if without dying I could see her in the arms of my Rival, I would not leave my native Country for ever, and Friends that are dearer to me than my self. You shall not leave us, (*replied* Hydaspes) or at least we'll follow you whithersoever you go, if my Sister's earnest entreaties added to ours cannot have power to get you

back. With theſe words he deliver'd him the Letter I had written, and *Memnon* having receiv'd it from his hands, read it, bedewing it with his Tears, and kiſſing it an hundred times.

O *Barſina!* cried he, how miſerable am I, in not being able to enjoy that Fortune to which you rais'd me by your goodneſs; and how much happier had my condition been, to have died in thoſe dangers to which *Oxyartes* expos'd me for the love of you, than to ſee my ſelf reduc'd to the cruel neceſſity of forſaking you without dying. Then turning toward my Brothers; I did not doubt, (purſued he) but that the Princeſs *Barſina* had a great deal of goodneſs, and that ſhe would make ſome attempt to recal me from the Grave, either by your ſollicitations, or out of her own generoſity; but in the terms I now ſtand, her pity is unprofitable to me, and tho I were not driven by my deſpair, the engagement of my word will never ſuffer me to ſee her more.

What, (*reply'd* Hydaſpes *impatiently*) will you then ſhew ſo little friendſhip to us, and ſo little conſideration of *Barſina*'s deſires? Alas! (*ſaid ſorrowful* Memnon,) there's the miſery of my condition, ſince having obey'd her all my Life in the moſt difficult matters, I am forc'd to diſobey her in thoſe that are moſt pleaſing to me, and moſt advantageous. *Memnon* was ſpeaking in this manner, and my Brothers were labouring but in vain to perſuade him, when Prince *Artaxerxes*, and thoſe that attended him came to their aſſiſtance. *Hydaſpes* glad of that rencounter, ran to meet the Prince; Ah! Sir, cry'd he, how neceſſary to us is your preſence and authority, with a Man who will no longer know us? I ſhall have more credit than you, (*anſwered the Prince*) and without doubt I ſhall perſuade him to return by the news I bring him. *Barſina* is yours, (*continued he, turning toward* Memnon) ſhe is no longer neceſſary for the ſafety of *Oxyartes*, to whom you generouſly had given her: After theſe words he told him what the Prince his Uncle had ſaid, and having acquainted him with the King's pleaſure, and the command he had to bring him back, he by the hopes he gave him, and by the marvellous

power

power he had over all hearts, prevailed with him to break his resolution, and return with him to the Camp. Yet did he not know what he ought to hope, having much ado to comprehend the truth of that Adventure.

Prince *Artaxerxes* sent a Man before to advertise the King of his good success; and Prince *Oxyartes* no sooner heard that *Memnon* was upon his way to come back, but he entreated the King to order it so, that I might be in his Tent with him: The King having sent such word to *Artabasus*, he would needs carry me thither himself; and we chanced to come to the door just as Prince *Artaxerxes* with *Memnon* and my Brothers alighted. As soon as the Prince saw me, Cousin, (*said he*) I bring you home this Fugitive; but 'tis upon condition you shall pardon him his flight for my sake, and that you shall tie him so fast as he may be able to get away from you no more. I was so confounded at that Encounter, that I had not the confidence to reply; but I held my peace, partly out of the respect I bore to my Father's presence, and partly out of some resentment I had against *Memnon*: we went into the Chamber, where we found the King with the Queen, and a great deal of other Company. *Oxyartes* could not see me and *Memnon* (who appeared at the same time) without sighing and changing Colour; many took notice of it, but the King taking me by the hand himself, led me to his bedside, and *Memnon* also came thither. *Oxyartes* used some violence upon his thoughts to express himself; but dissembling his constraint as well as possibly he could, he spake in this manner.

I have a great deal of reason to complain of you, *Memnon*, since in all your Actions you have sought my shame as much as your own Advantage, and that you have not been satisfy'd with having conquered me all manner of ways, unless you had also the glory to triumph over me. Your Generosity has without doubt gain'd an entire glory over my Ingratitude, over my obstinacy in crossing your pretensions, and over the cruel Designs I had against your happiness, and against your life; but I have also endeavour'd to repair my unworthy Actions by a force I have used upon my Passion; and

perhaps you fought not better when you conquer'd me, than I did when I overcame my ſelf: I will not tell you that *Barſina* is no longer in my Heart, it would have been very difficult to raze out ſuch deep Characters in one night; but I promiſe you, ſhe ſhall never be there to do you any prejudice; and that if by time and reaſon I am not able to baniſh her out of it, the place ſhe ſhall poſſeſs there, ſhall never give you any cauſe of Jealouſy or Complaint againſt me. Do not by an exceſs of generoſity oppoſe the reſolution I have ſettled; you would but vainly combat a deſign which nothing is capable to divert: and to take away all the ſcruples which compaſſion for a ſick Man might cauſe in you toward me, know that it ſhall be without dying. I'll quit all my pretenſions to you, and that *Barſina* is no longer neceſſary to ſave my Life.

Oxyartes ſpoke to this effect, and *Memnon* who had hearkened to him without interruption, anſwer'd him in theſe Terms:

I never doubted, Sir, but that you had Virtue enough to compaſs the moſt difficult Enterprizes, and the proof you give of it to day, confirms that belief moſt powerfully to the world. I know, Sir, that without being unworthy, I cannot abuſe the favour you do me; but alſo after your command to the contrary, I cannot without diſobedience oppoſe the will of my Prince, and of my Maſter: I will therefore ſhut my eyes, ſince you enjoin it me, againſt all the Reaſons that argue againſt my happineſs, and will blindly receive the Fortune you give me, ſince it comes from a hand from which I can refuſe nothing. *Memnon* held his peace after theſe words, and by this action made known to the Prince, that the fear of diſpleaſing him, rather than the conſideration of his own intereſt, oblig'd him to obey. Prince *Oxyartes* put forth his hand to him, and then turning toward me; Couſin, (ſaid he) pardon me the diſcontents I have made you ſuffer, and if I no more demand proofs of your affection to *Memnon*'s prejudice, will you not grant me thoſe which nearneſs of Alliance may yet give me leave to hope for from you? I then looked upon *Artabaſus*, and having by a nod receiv'd permiſſion from him

to

to reply; Sir, (ſaid I) while I live I will preſerve the remembrance of what I owe to your perſon, and to your goodneſs; nor will I ever ſwerve from the reſpect to which I am obliged both by birth, and by the affection wherewith you have honour'd me. *Oxyartes* appeared ſatisfied at theſe words, and then the King mingling himſelf in our converſation with a great deal of concern, teſtified an extraordinary joy to ſee us in ſo fair a way to our happineſs.

I ſhall not need to tell you more: ſuch were the end of the croſſes we had met in our affection; and from that day Prince *Oxyartes* kept the promiſe he had made to *Memnon* moſt exactly: true it is, that he ſought ſome part of his cure in abſence, and as ſoon as he was well enough to endure a Litter, he departed from the Camp, where by reaſon of his weakneſs he could not exerciſe his Valour for ſome time, and took his journey toward *Perſepolis*. Beſides, you know, Sir, that we returned thither within a little after; and that the incommodiouſneſs of the ſeaſon conſtrain'd the King to draw out of the field and retire. *Oxyartes* appeared not at the Court at our arrival, but ſtaid a while longer at one of his own houſes in the Country, to obtain by that abſence a forgetfulneſs which he judged neceſſary for his repoſe. He came thither again, when he believed he had brought his mind in part to what he demanded; and you arrived there, Sir, almoſt about the very ſame time. You know all that paſſed before my Marriage, and there is nothing memorable nor diverting enough to entertain the Princeſs your Siſter without wearying of her; it will ſuffice me to tell her that we received no more trouble in our Loves, that *Oxyartes* was one of the forwardeſt to ſollicite our Marriage, and that having been deferred only by reaſon of a ſickneſs that kept *Artabaſus* long in bed, it was accompliſhed preſently after his recovery, with a great deal of ſatisfaction to the King, and to the whole Court, that took an intereſt in *Memnon*'s contentment. *Oxyartes* never would reſolve to marry, but ſtill reſiſted the King's deſires, who would have matched him to one of the Daughters of King *Ochus* his predeceſſor; from that time he never

gave me any knowledg of the return of his paſſion; and *Memnon* never found any occaſion of complaint in any of his actions. This is all I have to tell you, and you will let me paſs over the great actions poor *Memnon* did afterward againſt *Alexander*, whereby in gaining an immortal reputation, he acquitted himſelf of what he owed to the goodneſs of his King. He died full of glory for his ſervice after having made all *Aſia* judge, with how much juſtice he merited his affections; and I remained in the world after him to be expoſed to thoſe long miſeries which the Gods ſent me for a puniſhment for having out-lived ſo amiable, and ſo illuſtrious a Husband. *Barſina* made a ſtop at theſe words, to wipe away the tears that ran from her eyes in great abundance: and when ſhe had ſettled her ſelf a little; You know the reſt of my life, (purſued ſhe) the abode I made at *Damaſcus* after *Memnon*'s death, where I was comforted by your preſence, and where I was taken priſoner with you; you know my long captivity with the Princeſſes, and all that befel me till your departure from *Suſa*, and till my arrival in this Camp: I will only add that ſince that time, whether it were by reaſon of my captivity, during which *Oxyartes* continued ever with the King his Brother, or of his being taken up with the employments *Alexander* put upon him afterward, which engaged him to long Journeys, or of the abode he made in thoſe Provinces, which he gave him at his return to *Suſa*, I have ſeen him but very little; and 'tis only ſince my arrival in this Camp, that I perceived the renewing of that affection he had born me in former times: he firſt gave me knowledg of it by his looks, and afterwards by words that ſhew neither an inſenſibility, or an indifference toward me.

Barſina thus ended her diſcourſe; and Prince *Oroondates* and *Berenice*, after having heard the concluſion of it, fell upon the praiſes of thoſe two generous Lovers: and after they had entertained themſelves a while upon that ſubject; You have told us things in order, (ſaid *Oroondates* to *Barſina*) which I had heard confuſedly long ago; nor had I loſt the remembrance of them, if at the time when I heard them ſpoken, I had intereſted my ſelf as much in your affairs as I have done ſince;

I now find a fair occaſion to employ my ſelf, and I muſt confeſs to you that if Prince *Oxyartes* will make uſe of me in his deſign, I joyfully embrace the opportunity of doing him good offices toward you; the eſteem I have of his Perſon, and the love and reſpect I bear to the whole Family whereof he is deſcended, will make me undertake the moſt difficult things that may be for his ſatisfaction; and I know that in doing him ſervice I ſhall not offend *Barſina*, they indeed are worthy of one another: and as among all Princeſſes *Oxyartes* can find nothing more lovely than *Barſina*, ſhe among all Princes cannot find one who deſerves better to ſerve her than *Oxyartes*, and with whom for the merit of his perſon, the greatneſs of his birth, and the remembrance of his ancient paſſion, ſhe can more worthily match her ſelf. *Barſina* bluſht at theſe words without replying, and the Prince judged by her action, that perhaps ſhe would have no very great repugnance to hearken to the propoſition he made her. They had a little diſcourſe upon that ſubject, after which *Oroondates* was willing to give his Siſter liberty to riſe; and to that end leaving *Barſina* with her, he went out of her Chamber to *Lyſimachus*'s Tent, where a good part of his Companions were already aſſembled.

The End of the Third Book.

CASSANDRA.

THE Fifth and Laſt PART.

BOOK IV.

THE Princes were met together in *Lyſimachus's* Tent, to deliberate what order they ſhould take about the aſſault for which the Army was preparing. The Engines they had ſtaid for, were now in a readineſs, and all the skill of the moſt induſtrious workmen of *Aſia* had been employed about them; but amongſt all thoſe that were moſt expert, *Demetrius* was he that had furniſhed the rareſt inventions. For all he was ſo young and amorous, he had beſtowed ſome hours in that ſtudy, and he there made his experiments in that Science, which afterwards gave him the name of *Polyorcetes*, or Taker of Cities. His Father and all his friends admired the effects of his inventive wit, and of the inclination he had to thoſe exerciſes, in which he gave directions, and inſtructed thoſe he ſet a work, rather like an old Maſter, than a young Prince prepoſſeſſed with an amorous paſſion, and fitter in appearance for

for any other employment. The Princesses themselves took pleasure to be sometimes present at his work, and *Deidamia*, who in all his actions found motives to recede from her severity in favour of him, did not hearken without some interest to the praises that were given to such hopeful beginnings. Amongst his many several inventions, he caused Engines to be made of a prodigious greatness, to oppose them against the height of the walls, which without that elevation were safe from any Scalado. These were certain Towers or kind of Houses, on the top of which one might place a good number of men; and the under-rooms were filled with Archers, who out at open places, made for that purpose, shot arrows securely against the Battlements, to favour the approaches of their companions: they were moved upon wheels, which by reason of the excessive weight of the bodies they carried, could be turned but very slowly; the Platform, where the soldiers stood that were commanded out for the scalado, was defended with a good Parapet, and in the middle of it Engines of battery were raised, which by the force of certain cables stretched and let slip again with violence, cast stones of above an hundred pound weight to the distance of above three hundred paces, and more than two hundred foot in height. Besides these Engines that were to be rolled into the Moat after having filled up those places with earth, or with brush-faggots, where they had meant to set them, they had made others more manageable to batter the gates; for they knew very well, that the strength of the Rams would have been but little considerable against such walls as those of *Babylon*. The Princes took great care to see them all in order, and intended to make trial of them before they employed them in good earnest. The result of the Council held in *Lysimachus* his Tent, was, that they ought no longer to defer the assault, since they were in a condition to give it, for fear the courage of the Soldiers should slacken by prolonging the siege, and lest by the arrival of some relief, which the enemies expected, their difficulties should grow greater than they were at that

preſent; and order was given that at the beginning of that very night they ſhould fall to work about filling up thoſe parts of the Moat, whither they purpoſed to roll their Engines, and by which they were to get to the wall.

For this end they had provided a great number of Ravins, and the Forces appointed for that ſervice had no ſooner received command, but they put themſelves in a readineſs to execute it. *Eumenes* and *Polyperchon* undertook the care of that ſervice, and as ſoon as night was come, they had their men upon the counterſcarp of the Moat, and ſet them about the buſineſs: they that were to work had furniſhed themſelves with all materials that were neceſſary; they got earth from the Counterſcarp which they threw down, and took Faggots from a great number of Carts which brought them after them. There being twenty ſeveral places in which they were to work, *Eumenes* and *Polyperchon*, who could not be preſent every where, left a Commander in each place, with certain Officers to overſee the workmen, and a thouſand ſoldiers upon the counterſcarp, to ſuſtain them againſt ſallies, and went up and down to all the reſt to provide all things needful. The darkneſs of the night favour'd their beginnings againſt the enemies arrows; but when it was half ſpent, they ſallied upon them in two ſeveral places, commanded on the one ſide by *Ariſton*, and on the other by *Andiageras*.

They preſently made a very great ſlaughter of the firſt that happened to be in their paſſage, and interrupted the work by the death of a great number of Pioneers and Soldiers; but *Eumenes* and *Polyperchon*, having rallied their Forces with a marvellous diligence, without calling for relief, or giving the alarm to the reſt of the Camp, ſtopt their fury in a little time, and preſſed them ſo vigorouſly afterward, that having left many of their men ſlain in the Moat, they were conſtrain'd to return into the Town. In the mean while the work was ſo diligently haſten'd, that before day the third part of it was done, the work-men lodged, and in ſome meaſure ſhel-

tred

tred from the arrows that were ſhot from the top of the walls.

Next morning the beſieged with ſorrow diſcovered the progreſs of their enemies, and how they had lodged themſelves, and would have tried to beat them away from thence, if they had not ſeen part of the Army upon the Counterſcarp in a poſture to withſtand their reſolution. The day paſſed without attempting any thing, and the Princes contented themſelves with making thoſe parts be kept which they had taken, without engaging their ſoldiers raſhly in too manifeſt dangers; but as ſoon as darkneſs had driven away the light, which had hindred their proceedings, they fell to work again, and continued it with ſuch ſpeed, that by break of day they had carried it within thirty foot of the wall, and needed but another night to bring it to perfection.

The next enſuing was not quite paſſed, when there was an alarm given to *Antigonus*'s quarter; ſome horſemen that had been ſent abroad to ſcour the ways, were beaten back by a ſtronger Party, and being return'd into the Camp, after having loſt ſome of their fellows, had brought intelligence, which made all the Princes riſe and go to *Antigonus*'s Tent. They ſaid they had met fifty or threeſcore horſe advancing ſecretly toward the Camp, and that having asked them the word, they had been ſo ſuddenly charged, that all they were able to do was to ſave themſelves by the ſwiftneſs of their horſes. The Princes doubted not by this report, but that thoſe horſemen were the fore-runners of a greater body that was advancing to relieve their enemies; and being deſirous to know the certainty, while they were ſetting the army in a readineſs to receive them, they preſently ſent forth two hundred Horſe, under the command of *Araxes* and *Cleonimus*, who guided by the Troopers that had given the alarm, departed from the Camp with order to bring in news of the enemy; but ſcarce were they without the line, when there appear'd upon the Town-walls a lighted Torch, which was held up, and ſhaken about for a certain time. *Antigonus*, who was one of the firſt that obſerv'd it, ſhew'd it to his companions, that were gather'd together with him before

his

his Tent. Let's doubt no longer (said he to them) but that relief is come to our enemies, behold the signal which they of the Town have given, and I am much deceived, if while these supplies strive to get into the City, the Besieged make not a salley to favour them, and facilitate their passage. All the Princes were of the same opinion, it being grounded upon very great probability; and with that belief they made the whole Camp stand to their arms, sent order to those on the other side of the river to bring over more Forces, and gave notice to *Eumenes* and *Polyperchon*, that they should keep in their Posts with theirs, and not quit the work they had begun, what noise, or what alarm soever they should hear, unless they received some new Order.

The valiant *Thalestris*, who was gotten up as well as the Princes, was entreated to stay with all her women, to guard those of her own Sex; and in case it should be necessary, to draw up all her Squadrons round their Tents to defend them. The Orders were hardly given, when *Cleonimus* returning with his men, brought three of the enemies, prisoners unto the Princes. He was presently encompassed with a great number of gallant men; and after that in a few words he had given them an account of the encounter, and of the skirmish he had newly had, Prince *Artaxerxes*, who was then in command, examined the prisoners; and having put them out of their fear, asked who they were, under what Leader, what number, in what order, and with what design they marched. We are led (answered one of the Prisoners) by *Nabarzanes*, who with 12000 horse drawn out of those Countries which *Alexander* left him, and out of those of his neighbours, means to endeavour to get into the Town; his Cavalry is well chosen, well arm'd, well mounted, and with the help of those within, hopes to break thro your Troops: but we should have had much more confidence of it, if we could have surpriz'd you, as we believed we might have done, if we had come some few hours sooner. This prisoner told other particulars to *Ptolomeus* and *Craterus*, who asked him

him many questions; but he had no sooner named *Nabarzanes*, but Prince *Artaxerxes*, *Oroondates*, and *Oxyartes*, grew pale and trembled with horrour, at the detested name of that abominable Parricide. *Artaxerxes* as most concern'd, appeared most stricken, and after having testified his astonishment by a few minutes silence; Is your Commander (said he to the prisoners) that execrable *Nabarzanes*, who with impious *Bessus* imbrued his cruel hands in the blood of his King? The prisoners having avowed it by their silence; O Gods! (continued the Prince of *Persia*) How perfect is your justice in bringing this Monster to punishment, and in giving *Darius*'s Ghost a satisfaction, which *Alexander* owed it, and which he refused to pay at the follicitation of a vile Eunuch? I was obliged to follow this Parricide over all the earth, and he comes now to deliver himself up to his destiny, without putting me to the trouble to go and seek him.

While *Artaxerxes* spake thus, *Oroondates* and *Oxyartes*, whose resentments came little short of his, could not withhold Tears, and rekindled their wrath against the Monster by the news of his arrival. They asked their Prisoners some other questions touching the order of their march, and the way their Troops were coming; and when they had inform'd themselves sufficiently, *Arsaces* drew twelve thousand Horse from amongst the best of theirs, and Prince *Oxyartes* took six thousand others with a design to fetch a greater compass, to surround the Enemy, and put them out of hope of flight.

When these were all on Horseback, and *Lysimachus*, *Orontes*, and *Demetrius* were also mounted with *Arsaces*, intending to go seek their Enemies without the Line, they heard a crying, Arm, Arm, towards the Gates of the City; and learn'd from one to another, that the besieg'd were sallying, and falling upon those that were next them with the better part of their Forces. This news did not at all dismay the Princes, nor did it interrupt *Arsaces*'s resolution; he march'd with his Men out of the Camp, and Prince *Oroondates*, *Ptolomeus*, *Craterus*, and *Antigonus*, with Battalions and Squadrons which were then drawn up in order, turn'd against *Perdiccas*.

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who follow'd by *Penceſtas*, and *Neoptolemus*, was come forth in perſon with eight thouſand of his Men to favour the paſſage of his Allies; while the fight was beginning and growing hot; and *Perditcas* by that firſt reſiſtance found it would be no light difficulty to open a way for the relief.

Arſaces gone out of the Camp advanc'd at a large trot towards his Enemies; but he was not far without the Line, when he heard the noiſe, and even the neighing of their Horſes, that were coming up with ſpeed at the ſignal which was ſhew'd them from the Walls a ſecond time. He ſent forth *Criton* with a party of Horſe to diſcover them; and *Nabarzanes*, who had heard the ſame noiſe *Arſaces* had done, did the ſame on his ſide, and made a halt, not knowing what reſolution he ſhould take. *Arſaces* and *Lyſimachus* with their Companions waver'd likewiſe in theirs, thinking it fit to ſtay till day, which was near at hand, for fear leſt the Enemies and *Nabarzanes*, whom they fought for more than all the reſt, ſhould eſcape him in the dark, eſpecially ſeeing by that delay they gave *Oxyartes* leave to inviron them. With this conceit they ſent ſpeedily after *Criton*, forbidding him to ingage, and commanding him only to keep a little before, and to obſerve the countenance of the Enemy, as much as night would ſuffer him, in caſe they ſhould advance any further. His deſign was executed as they had contriv'd; for *Nabarzanes*, who ſaw himſelf diſcover'd, durſt not go on, neither would he retire in diſorder, for fear of giving his Enemies greater advantage by his Retreat. While he was in this irreſolution, accompany'd with deadly apprehenſions, the darkneſs began to vaniſh, and inſenſibly the Troops of either Party perceiv'd and knew one another.

Then it was *Arſaces* commanded all his Trumpets to ſound a Charge, and march'd againſt his half-conquer'd Enemies as to a certain Victory, rather than to a Combat, whoſe ſucceſs could be diſputed with him: Yet *Nabarzanes*, who ſaw himſelf in a manifeſt danger, and who judg'd that nothing but his Sword could clear his paſſage or his return, receiv'd them very ſtoutly; and his Soldiers who were choſen Men quickly made it appear, that

that the advantage over them was not to be gotten without loſs of Blood. *Arſaces*, *Lyſimachus*, *Orontes*, *Demetrius*, *Alexander*, and the ſons of *Anabaſus* flew in amongſt them like ſo many hungry Lions; and the extraordinary fury that tranſported them at the remembrance of *Darius*, made them do things beyond the power of Men: at firſt it was not light enough to diſcern Objects diſtinctly, but when once it was clear day, theſe valiant Warriors fought their Enemies, and hew'd out their paſſage amongſt them with more facility than before. *Arſaces*, who in that firſt brunt had dy'd himſelf all over in blood, and who that day had ſacrific'd part of his merciful inclinations to the memory of the revenge he ow'd to his Father's Ghoſt, ſlaughter'd his Enemies with pleaſure; and ſeeking for *Nabarzanes* in all places, made his name reſound which way ſoever he turn'd, Where art thou *Nabarzanes* (*cry'd he*) where doſt thou hide thy ſelf, thou horrible murderer of thy King? behold the remnants of that blood which thou didſt ſo inhumanly and ſo perfidiouſly ſhed.

Uttering theſe words, he went about to every part of the field, where he believ'd he might meet him; and *Nabarzanes*, who at firſt had fought in the firſt ranks, not being then able to reſiſt his fear, and the remorſe of his guilty Conſcience, crouded into the midſt of his Men, and ſought for Sanctuary againſt the Sword of that threatning Warrior. *Arſaces* not knowing which way to get to him, let fall his anger upon the firſt that oppos'd his Paſſage; *Lyſimachus* gave blows little different from his, and on that occaſion ſhew'd gallant marks both of his uſual Valour, and of the intereſt he took in the revenge of *Pariſatis*'s Father; *Orontes* made himſelf remarkable by actions like thoſe which in the *Amazons* Country, and in all other places where he had drawn his ſword, had gained him ſo brave a Reputation; and young *Demetrius* prick'd with Emulation by the Actions of thoſe famous Men, did things that were miraculous to equal them; the other Princes that follow'd did break into the Enemies Ranks with a Courage like theirs, and in ſhort they were ſo vigorouſly ſeconded by their Men, that *Nabarzanes*'s Troops being no longer able to with-

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ſtand them, gave ground firſt, and within a little after plainly turn'd their backs.

As ſoon as *Artaxerxes* ſaw them in diſorder, he ruſh'd into the thickeſt with a fury which made him find room enough whereſoever he went; and opening a way to the very laſt Ranks, which were the firſt that fled, he ſought *Nabarzanes* ſo carefully there, that he no longer could eſcape his ſight, and being ſhew'd him by ſome of his own Men, whom fear of death had forc'd to do him that ill office, he ran to him with a cry, which for all his Arms froze him with a mortal Terror: Thou muſt die, *Nabarzanes* (*ſaid he*) but thou muſt die as *Beſſus* did. Saying theſe words he flew upon him with his Sword in his hand, and in deſpite of the reſiſtance of a great many of his Men that defended him, he charged him ſo impetuouſly, that with the firſt blow he gave, he made his Cask tumble amongſt the Horſes feet: the unarm'd head of that horrible Parricide appearing to the eyes of *Darius*'s Son, awaken'd his indignation with ſo much violence, that all the power of mankind would have been too weak to ſtop the effects of it.

Nabarzanes's friends ſeeing his head without defence, would have ſheltred him with their bodies: But the famous Prince of *Perſia* quickly made a way with his Sword, and ſending ſome of the moſt zealous of them to gnaw the earth, got up to *Nabarzanes* juſt as he was turning his back to run away; and not judging him worthy to die by his ſword, he let it hang by a chain, wherewith it was faſtened to his arm; and with his right hand, which was then free, ſeizing upon his hair that hung down upon his ſhoulders, he ſpurred on his horſe at the ſame inſtant, and with that puiſſant arm pulled the Traytor out of his ſaddle, and having dragged him a few paces in that manner, with an unparallel'd force he laid him croſs the bow of his own, ſtretched all at length; and maugre the oppoſition of all his men, carried him out of the throng in that condition. Wretched *Nabarzanes* ſtruggled in *Arſaces* his hand, like ſome weak bird in the Talons of an Eagle or Vulture: but all his ſtriving was to no purpoſe, for his furious Conquerour brought him off eaſily from among thoſe of his Party.

Party, and meeting *Criton*, who was busy with some other horsemen in pursuit of those that fled; Stay (cried he) and keep this murderer of my Father, whom I deliver into thy hands. With these words he gave him into his custody, and *Criton*, who took part in his Master's resentments, received him with a great deal of joy; and causing him to be mounted behind one of his Troopers, he made all the rest ride round about him, using all the caution that was necessary to hinder such a prisoner from escaping.

In this interim, *Lysimachus* and his Companions had utterly defeated their Enemies; and for their absolute destruction, their ill destiny made those that had gotten the advantage of the rest by flight, to fall into the Party led by Prince *Oxyartes*, who no less animated than his Nephew, by the memory of the King his Brother, put them almost every man to the sword. This defeat was exceeding bloody, and the Conquerors never gave over till they knew that *Nabarzanes* was taken, and that an exemplary justice would be done upon the Person of that Monster. After they had given quarter to some few that had escaped from their first fury, the Conquerors returned to the Camp with as entire a Victory as they could have wish'd. They found their valiant Companions victorious as well as they, over them that had sallied out of the Town; and heard that after a considerable loss on both sides, they had beaten back *Perdiccas* to his very Gates, the Work of those that were filling up the Moats having never been interrupted but by the approach of day, which had made them defer the end of it till the night following. *Oroondates* welcomed his dear Brother with acclamations of Victory; and the Princes who had accompanied him, received from the whole Army such honours and praises as were due to their Virtue: but when disloyal *Nabarzanes* appear'd before *Oroondates*, *Artabasus*, and those who did yet reverence the memory of *Darius*, his sight transported them in such manner, that their high Virtue could hardly furnish them with moderation enough to contain themselves, all cried out aloud, that he should be exposed to the most cruel Torments that Men were able to invent,

invent: and ſcarce was the Authority of the Prince ſufficient to reſcue him from the firſt fury of thoſe that were moſt paſſionate. *Oroendates* turn'd away his eyes from off his face, not being able to look upon it without horror, nor without tears, which that tragical remembrance made him ſhed; and *Arſaces* being unwilling to condemn him, and being unwilling alſo to acquit him for a crime which his Clemency could not mediate for without making it ſelf deteſtable, delivered him up to the judgment of *Craterus*, *Antigonus*, *Ptolomeus*, and *Polyperchon*: none of thoſe that were concern'd, would have to do in it; and thoſe valiant Captains, to be exempt from all blame in the puniſhments they ſhould ordain for a Man that ſeem'd to be a priſoner of War, would needs have *Seleucus*, who then began to leave his bed, and *Nearchus*, whoſe health was in the ſame condition, to be of the number of his Judges, and that they themſelves ſhould paſs ſentence upon a Man of their own Party. This conſideration was nothing favourable to *Nabarzanes*, for *Seleucus* was the firſt that, without having any reſpect to the deſign he had had to ſerve thoſe of his Party, judg'd him worthy of the moſt rigorous Torments that could be inflicted; *Nearchus* was of his opinion, and then all the reſt of them condemn'd him to the ſame kind of Death which *Beſſus* his horrible accomplice in that Fact had ſuffered.

This Decree, which was yet too gentle for his crime, was executed with great ſatisfaction to the *Perſians*, who found ſome comfort in that revenge of their King's death. Such was the end of the Murderers of much lamented *Darius*; and the Succeſſors of *Alexander* did, in ſome meaſure, repair the fault he had committed againſt the intereſt of all Kings, and againſt his uſual magnanimity, in ſparing that Monſter's Life at the interceſſion of *Bagoas*. Order was given to cauſe the dead of each Party to be buried or burned, and the remainder of that day was employ'd in preparations for the Aſſault which was intended for the next. Theſe laſt ſucceſſes had encreaſed their hopes, and tho their Enterprize was one of the greateſt that ever Men had undertaken, as well in re-

gard of the ſtrength and height of the Walls they were to ſtorm, as of the number and valour of the Men that defended them; they doubted not of a favourable iſſue, and made themſelves ready joyfully for any Action, the thought whereof might have ſtruck terror into the moſt reſolute hearts. All the Engines were carefully ſurvey'd, that they might be fit for ſervice; and as ſoon as it was night, *Eumenes* and *Polyperchon* ſet their Men to work again, and plyed them in ſuch a manner, that they had made an end an hour before day; the Moat without the Walls of *Babylon*, was filled up, and made level with the Counterſcarp in twenty ſeveral places, for the breadth of above threeſcore foot.

No ſooner did the Sun diſcover his earlieſt Beams, but thro the whole Camp was heard the noiſe of a thouſand warlike *inſtruments*, which excited the courage of the Soldiers for the important Action of that day; one might ſee them run on all ſides, and range themſelves under the Standards and Banners with a chearfulneſs full of reſolution; their valiant Commanders obſerved it with a great deal of Joy, and every one, amongſt his own, endeavour'd to confirm them in it by all the conſiderations of honour and of intereſt: the common Soldiers, in whom the hopes of Booty produce uſually as ſtrong effects as the deſire of Honour, could not think of the pillage of a City, proud with the Spoils of ſo many Kings, and enrich'd with the Treaſures of ſo many Provinces, without preparing themſelves for marvellous Exploits: and they, in whoſe Souls more noble conſiderations were wont to work, promiſed themſelves a more perfect Glory in this laſt effect of their Valour, than that they had acquired in their former Conqueſts. The Princes walked about thro all the Quarters, and incited all the Battalions, which being drawn up in very good order, were advancing already toward the Counterſcarp: one part of the Cavalry ſtood in Battalia in the Plain on both ſides of the River, and the other, by order from their Commanders, had changed their quality for that day, and made a body of Infantry to march on to the Aſſault, like the reſt of the Foot; thoſe famous Captains having judged, that to aſſault a Town like

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Babylon, defended with twenty thousand fighting Men, all their Forces were no more than necessary.

Oxyartes had the Command that day, and the renewing of his flame having added something to his natural ardor, he seem'd to be all fire in the Duties of his place, and prepared himself to let *Barsina* see, by the Actions of that day, that without offending the memory of *Memnon*, she well might cast her eyes upon so worthy a Successor. *Artaxerxes*, *Oroondates*, and *Orontes* (who had no Forces to which they were particularly engaged) took part in his cares to give him ease, and all the other Commanders kept themselves at the head of their Men, to fall on in the places that were assign'd them. It was no trivial Enterprize to attack that vast extent of Walls on every side; and for the execution of such a design, the Princes in probability stood in need of a far greater number of Men than that they had: but they likewise made a strong diversion of the Enemy's Forces, and all places were not a little weakned, which were guarded only by Men that had a Circuit of three hundred and sixty furlongs to defend. When they had implored the assistance of Heaven, by the Sacrifices that were offered thro the whole Camp, and all the Forces were in the readiness that had been ordain'd, they were made to advance at the sound of divers Instruments, which struck fear into the hearts of those that defended the Walls. *Perdiccas* nevertheless had forgot nothing that belonged to his Charge, and having found by the Enemy's working, that their design was to give a general Assault, he had prepared himself to sustain it; and not contented with the soldiery which he had to man the Town, he had caused the better part of the Inhabitants to take up Arms. Against *Craterus*'s approach he had opposed *Cassander*; *Peuceſtas* against that of *Oxyartes*; *Apdiagoras* against *Artabasus*; *Antigenes* against *Antigonus*; against that of *Eumenes*, his Enemy *Neoptolemus*; *Teutamus* against that of *Polyperchon*. Besides these six principal Posts, he had furnished all those places where his Enemies had filled the Moat, with a good number of Soldiers and Officers to command them, judging well that there they would employ the greatest force. All things were in good order upon

upon the Walls, when those dreadful Engines began to move, which were full of arm'd Men, and in which most part of the Princes had taken their places; they were drawn by Cables that were put round many pieces of Timber rammed into the earth on the farther side of the Moat, even at the very foot of the Wall: nor was it without astonishment that those moving Houses were seen to approach those lofty Walls at the mercy of a storm of Arrows, which poured upon them as they came on. The Parapet, wherewith the Platform was defended, and their large Shields, which the Soldiers held forth against them, diverted part of the danger; and the Archers that were placed in a lower story, and that shot under covert against the Battlements, favoured those who were above them, and who waited only for an opportunity to plant their scaling Ladders, wherewith the Platform was provided. They began also to make those Engines of *Demetrius*'s invention to play, which threw Stones of an extraordinary weight; and they that had the care of them managed their business with such dexterity, that they could scarce have aim'd them better with a Bow or Sling. That strange manner of fight made havock among them that defended the Curtain, and did somewhat terrify them at the first; but their Commanders heartned them, and telling them that the danger was not great enough to be fled from, especially seeing their flight would give their Enemys the Victory, and deprive them of all hope of safety, they made them stand firm in their places, and expect their destiny with patience. It would be hard for me to describe the particular Actions of so many famous Warriors, as made themselves remarkable that memorable Day: the number of valiant and considerable Men in that Army was too great for me to be able to relate the circumstances of their Exploits; and besides, we have enlarged our selves but too far already in discourses of this nature, the length of which would without doubt be tedious; therefore we will only say what cannot be omitted, without concealing the most important Events of this our History.

Craterus, Polyperchon, Antigonus, Oxyartes, Eumenes, and *Laomedon* ſtood upon the edge of the Moat, at the head of their Men, to lead them on to the Aſſault as ſoon as their Companions had maſter'd the firſt difficulties: and Prince *Oroondates, Artaxerxes, Lyſimachus, Ptolomeus, Demetrius,* and the gallant *Amazon* Queen, follow'd by *Menander, Alexander, Menelaus,* and the Sons of *Artabaſus,* had placed themſelves ſeverally in the Towers, by which they hoped to find a ſhorter way to come at their Enemies. Their Valour did not long remain unprofitable, and they ſpent part of the day in oppoſing their Shields againſt the Arrows that ſhowred upon them, without finding any other matter to employ themſelves; but in the end, in ſpite of all oppoſition, they got to the bottom of the Walls, and then it was that a thouſand Ladders were lifted up from the top of thoſe Engines towards the Battlements, and that the beſieged with a firm reſolution received them, overthrew them, and gave a great many different Deaths to their Enemies. There it was that the danger came to be known, and that by the fall of their ſtouteſt Soldiers, the Princes judg'd that the City would very hardly be entred by ſo perillous a way.

The beſieged made uſe of all things for their defence, and by the advantage they had in the height of the place they were upon, all manner of Arms became the more effectual; they caſt down Stones of a prodigious weight, which never fell without deſtruction, and darted Fire-works, skilfully compoſed, which did conſiderable execution among the Soldiers, and much miſchief to the Wood the Engines were made of: above three thouſand Men loſt their Lives in leſs than an hour, by that kind of combat; more than four thouſand were wounded, and even among the Princes *Menander* was ſlain with an Arrow, *Demetrius* ſhot thro the hand, *Orontes* was laid for dead at *Thaleſtris*'s feet, and Prince *Artaxerxes* knock'd down with a Stone, which diſabled him for ſervice all the reſt of that day, and which had abſolutely kill'd him but for the goodneſs of his Caſk.

Perdiccas, Caſſander, and their Companions, who by many tokens found the fruit of their reſiſtance, encou-

couraged their Men ſtill more and more; and proud of that good ſucceſs, 'Tis not a ſlight attempt (*cried they*) for *Perſians* and *Scythians* to force the Walls of *Semiramis*, when they are defended by the Succeſſors of *Alexander*; behold the laſt day of the War, and the day that you ſhall bury your ſelves in our Moat, as in a Grave prepared for the Funeral of all your Army. Theſe words, or others to the ſame effect, which the beſieged utter'd aloud in many places, were heard by their Enemies; and thereupon being animated by ſhame, they were incited to extraordinary attempts. *Oroondates*, who had heard part of them, bluſhed at thoſe reproaches, and was kindled with a fury, againſt which the Walls of *Babylon* appear'd too weak for the defence of its Inhabitants; he caſt his ireful look toward the Battlements, and threatning his Enemies both with arm and voice, took a Ladder in his own hand, and covering himſelf with his Shield, he clapt it up againſt the Wall; Follow me, (*cried he to thoſe that were near him*) here it is we muſt either ſeek for fame or burial.

Saying theſe words, he began to get up; but ſcarce had he ſet his foot upon the loweſt Staves, when he was met with by a Tempeſt, under which any other Man but he, would without doubt have been o'erwhelmed; but covering himſelf with his Shield in his left hand, and holding by the Ladder with his right, he bore that burden which would have been inſupportable to a leſſer ſtrength. Many courageous Men ſet up Ladders alſo, and began to go up by his example; but they made not an equal progreſs, and moſt of them were thrown down again at the very firſt Steps. The undaunted Prince, maugre all the obſtacles, and all the reſiſtance of his Enemies, got at laſt to the top of his Ladder; and catching hold of a Battlement, was going to throw himſelf upon the Wall, when he found *Ariſton* there, who forbad his paſſage with ſo weighty a blow, that but for the help of the Battlement, which he had already ſeiz'd upon, he in the poſture he then was, had been without doubt overturn'd on the top of thoſe that follow'd him, he ſtagger'd at it awhile, but ſoon recover'd himſelf,

and having taken ſure footing, while *Ariſton* prepared to ſecond his former ſtroke, he prevented him with a back blow, which cut off the hand he had lifted up againſt him, cloſe by the wriſt. *Ariſton* loſing his courage with his blood and ſtrength, quitted the place to his Enemy; and the fierce Prince of *Scythia* had no ſooner driven him away, but raiſing himſelf with a great deal of activity, he ſprung to the top of the Wall: yet it pleaſed his deſtiny that part of the Battlement he held, fell down by the force he uſed in ſtriving to get up; and tumbling upon thoſe that follow'd him, overthrew them all with their Ladder, either kill'd or wounded; while they that had oppoſed the others which were planted, caſt them down headlong with the ſame deſtruction into the Moat, and not only took away the advantages they had gain'd, bnt alſo the courage of attempting to ſcale them any more.

Thoſe who defended the Place where the Prince of *Scythia* had gotten up, were immediately ſcatter'd, to avoid the death they fear'd to meet by the point of his Sword; but when they ſaw him alone, and that by the cries of their Companions, they had learned the fate of thoſe that were coming after him, they recollected their Spirits, and getting together again, began to encompaſs him. He ſoon perceived the Misfortune he had fall into, and turning his Eyes from the top of the Walls toward the Camp, which he could ſee all of it from thence, he was unreſolved whether he ſhould precipitate himſelf into the Moat, rather than ſubmit to the mercy of his Enemies. Muſt I (*ſaid he to himſelf with a deep ſigh*) muſt I give my Enemies the Joy to triumph to day over my Life, or over my Liberty?

This thought afflicted him moſt infinitely, but he had not the leiſure to expreſs it, and they only gave him time to reſolve to ſell that dearly, which they would have taken from him. With this reſolution which he took very ſuddenly, he ruſh'd like a Lion into the midſt of thoſe that aſſaulted him; and with his two firſt blows, having laid two of the forwardeſt of them dead at his feet, he made their Companions know that he was not yet their Priſoner, tho he were ſhut up within their

Walls: their breadth at the top, which was of two and thirty foot, afforded them room enough to fight in; but it proved oftentimes too narrow for those, who flying, the point of his fatal Sword to the very brink, fell down into the Streets, and found that Death by their Fall, which they had in vain endeavour'd to avoid. The most terrible objects that ever had been seen, were nothing in comparison of what *Oroondates* appear'd to them that opposed his fury, and some amongst them who called to mind just such another accident, whereby *Alexander* had been so near his death in the City of the *Mallians*, thought they saw something far more great, and far more dreadful in this latter: he had already cover'd the place on which he fought with slaughter'd Carcasses, and such was his fortune, that his Enemies had not yet drawn Blood of him; but tho he had been yet more valiant, if it could have been possible, tho he had been invulnerable, there was a necessity of yielding, to a world of Enemies, whose very throng alone was able to have stifled him: and for a last effect of his misfortune, that so redoubted Sword having been laid with too potent an Arm upon a Head-piece of too hard a temper, flew in a great many pieces, and left its Master disarm'd in that Extremity.

His Rage grew to the highest pitch when he saw himself in that condition, yet his misfortune was not capable to abate his Courage; but instantly thinking upon the means to prolong his resistance, after having overturn'd those with a shock that ran first to seize upon him, he catch'd at the Sword of one of them that were next him, when his Enemies surrounding him with less fear than they had done before, came on so thick, that he no longer had the power to stir: he was thrown down at last under a crowd, that was like to have smother'd him; and it was by order from one of the Commanders, in whom the Prince's admirable Valour had begot a respect towards his Person, that the Soldiers endeavour'd rather to take than kill him. Before they suffer'd him to rise again, his hands were bound; and his Enemies, who could not look upon him-

without terror, durſt not adventure to leave them free, for all they were unarm'd.

When he beheld himſelf in that condition, ſo different from that in which he ought to have been, and in which he had been but a few moments before, he was upon the point of giving himſelf over to his deſpair: and caſting his eyes on every ſide, he choſe a place from whence he might precipitate himſelf, and was already ſtriving to get thither with that deſign, when he was ſtopt by thoſe that were about him, and reduced to a neceſſity of following them, and of ſubmitting to their Will; then did he look upon his bonds with ſhame, and turning his eye upon the chief of thoſe that led him; Theſe hands (*ſaid he*) were deſtin'd for other uſes than to bear the unworthy bonds thou giveſt them; take them off therefore, if thou wilt deſerve the Glory thou haſt acquired to day.

I will take them off (*anſwer'd the Captain*) if you will promiſe me to follow us without reſiſtance, and that by ſome Action of deſpair you will not force us to draw our Swords once more againſt you. I promiſe thee (*ſaid* Oroondates) offering him his hands; and the Man having untied them himſelf, made him go down into the Town, and paſs amongſt twenty naked Swords towards the place where he meant to carry him. In the mean while the Aſſault had been continued for ſome time very hotly; but after the taking of *Oroondates*, and the wounding of his Friends, fortune ſeemed to have declared her ſelf in favour of the beſieged, and they made ſo great a number of thoſe that were getting up Ladders fall into the Moat, that the Soldiers loſt courage, and durſt attempt it no more: they alſo broke ſome of the Engines with the huge Stones they rolled down upon them when they were faſtned to the Wall, put the reſt in ſo ill a condition, that the Commanders and Soldiers were conſtrain'd to quit them, and retired toward the Counterſcarp, while by the ſame invention that had drawn them to the Wall, they were pull'd back again from thence.

Oxyartes finding that day was not favourable to his Party, and loſing hope of a better iſſue, commanded a re-

retreat to be founded on all ſides; but he left above ſix thouſand dead in the Moat, and brought off above eight thouſand wounded. It would not be eaſy to expreſs the diſcontent of the Princes for this ill ſucceſs; they, by the greatneſs of their Courage, diſſembled part of it, and comforted themſelves by the hope of repairing their loſs within a few days: but when they heard the fate of Prince *Oroondates*, they gave themſelves over to their Sorrow, and received the news as they would have done that of the utter ruin of their Party; they could not judg whether he were dead or taken Priſoner; but whatſoever his Fortune were, they could not without a mortal grief, think of the loſs of either his Life or Liberty.

Lyſimachus made complaints more worthy of the greatneſs of his Affection to that Prince, than of the greatneſs of his Courage: *Orontes*, *Oxyartes*, *Ptolomeus*, Queen *Thaleſtris*, and the Princeſs *Barſina*, were all drown'd in an immoderate Sorrow. *Berenice* called for Death with a ſea of Tears, and proteſted to all the world, ſhe would not ſurvive the loſs of ſo dear a Brother; but when Prince *Artaxerxes*, at his coming to himſelf again, (which was above two hours after his blow) was told that cruel news, he appear'd without compariſon more ſenſible of it, than he had been of all the moſt tragical Adventures of his Life. He ran blindly to his Arms, and would have return'd to the Fight, either to periſh there, or to reſcue or revenge his deareſt Brother: it was to no purpoſe for the Princes to tell him the condition of their Affairs; for he could not reſolve to continue one minute alive and at liberty, while *Oroondates* was either dead or in the power of his Enemies: his tranſports were redoubled by the preſence of *Berenice*, whom he ſaw pouring down floods of Tears; and not being able to find any conſolation for her, ſince he was uncapable of it for himſelf, Madam, (*ſaid he*) I will either quickly reſtore you *Oroondates*, if he be living, or follow him to the Grave, if he be dead. Yet was he fain (after having allow'd ſome time to that firſt brunt of his Paſſion) to hearken a little to his Friends, and recal that fortitude which had formerly kept him from

ſinking in ſuch important Affairs, and ſuch conſiderable loſſes.

In the mean time Prince *Oroondates* was led without Sword or Cask along the Streets of *Babylon*; and tho moſt part of the inhabitants were then upon the Walls, yet did there happen to be many in his paſſage, who beholding his brave aſpect with admiration, recalled the almoſt loſt Ideas into their Minds, and remembred that they had formerly ſeen that gallant Prince in their City, and adored in the Court of poor *Darius*: he had gone but a little way, when falſe *Arbates* croſſing a Street, chanced to ſee him. He no ſooner caſt his eyes upon his face, but inſtantly he knew him; and at that rencounter his aſtoniſhment was ſo great, that at firſt he was not able to ſpeak a word; yet did he recollect himſelf, and not having the face to ſpeak to the Prince, he addreſs'd himſelf to the Officer that led him: *Neander*, (*ſaid he*) whither do you carry this Priſoner? I am going (*anſwered* Neander) to put him in a place of ſafety, till ſuch time as *Perdiccas* be at leiſure to ſee him. *Arbates* having bethought himſelf a-while before he replied, It would concern you (*added he*) to go and preſent him immediately to the Queen, you will be ſure of a conſiderable reward; and if you do it not after the notice I have given you, you will be in danger of incurring her diſpleaſure.

Neander needed no other perſuaſions to carry *Oroondates* before *Roxana*, and *Arbates* invited him to it out of the hope which he himſelf had of the recompence he promiſed him: yet was he deſirous the Prince ſhould have another opinion; and drawing near with the reſpect he owed him, Sir, (*ſaid he*) I do you no ill office in cauſing you to be led before the Queen, from whom you will receive very different uſage from what you could hope for from *Perdiccas*. *Oroondates* underſtood *Arbates*'s meaning, but he vouchſafed not to reply; and looking upon him with contempt, he made him know that all the good offices he could receive from him were not capable to touch him. Let us go (*ſaid he, only to* Neander) whither thou intendeſt to lead me; *Roxana* and *Perdiccas* are equally my Enemies, and it is indifferent

ferent to me whether I am Priſoner to the one or to the other. Yet was it not without a great deal of trouble that he ſaw himſelf carrying before *Roxana*; but he had no leſs averſion for the ſight of *Perdiccas*: and he alſo believed that it was leſs ſhame to him to be ſo abaſed before a Woman, than before a Man whom he could not eſteem, and whom he conſider'd as his unworthy Rival. Before he came to the Palace, *Arbates* haſted away to tell the Queen the news, and to prepare her for an Object which in probability ſhe could not behold without ſome inward diſturbance: his fore-ſight was no more than neceſſary, for at a thing ſo unexpected, the Queen was ſo ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, that in the firſt effects of her aſtoniſhment ſhe ſcarce had any underſtanding left; the exceſs of happineſs ſhe found in that adventure, made her for a while incredulous of *Arbates*'s report, but when ſhe thought ſhe could no longer doubt of it, and that ſhe had no more but a few moments to reſolve upon the ſight of that Man whom ſhe had ſo much lov'd, and whom ſhe ſtill lov'd better than her ſelf, ſhe diſtruſted her own ſtrength for ſuch an action; and turning towards *Arbates* and *Heſione* who then was with her, It is not fit (*ſaid ſhe*) that I ſhould ſee *Oroondates* in the condition I now am in, and in the preſence of a great many Perſons, who without doubt will obſerve my weakneſs in the changes of my Countenance; when I have ſettled my ſelf a little, I may ſee him with more Confidence, and with more Liberty, but in the mean time, I will have him lodg'd here in the Palace, and guarded by the guard of my own Perſon.

With theſe words, ſhe ſent for the Captain of the Guard; and when he was come to her, Go (*ſaid ſhe*) receive the Priſoner *Neander* is bringing before us, lodge him in a quarter of the Palace, and ſtay your ſelf to guard him with your own Company, but keep him in ſuch a manner that no body may ſee him without my order; I ſay no body, for I do not mean that ſo much as *Perdiccas* be excepted. The Captain went away with this command, and after him the Queen ſent *Arbates* and ſome of her Officers, to give order about lodging the

Prince, whom she desir'd to have us'd according to the greatness of his Birth, and that of the Love she bore him.

That was all she could do in the trouble she then was in, as well by reason of so unlook'd for an accident, as of her fear for the success of the assault; the high interest she had in it caus'd great disquiets in her mind, and she had Men upon the Walls who every moment brought her news from thence: within a little while after that of *Oroondates*'s being taken, she heard that the Enemies had the worst, and within an hour after she learnt that having receiv'd a very great Loss, they had given over the assault, and were retiring from the Moat. She gave Thanks to the Gods for those two favourable Events, and the truth of the latter was presently confirm'd to her from *Perdiccas*'s own mouth. He came to her quite transported with the advantages of that day, not considering the blow they had receiv'd the day before by the defeat of their Allies, and not being able to dissemble his contentment.

Madam (*said he*) we are Conquerors, and our Enemies have been so ill handled in this assault, that if I be not deceiv'd they have dearly bought the advantage they had over us yesterday. I hop'd for no less from your Valour (reply'd *Roxana*) but methinks, you forget to publish part of your success, and that you might tell me of *Oroondates's* being taken, as news of some importance. *Perdiccas* had heard a kind of rumour of that business, but had not been able to learn the truth of it, nor to get any certain information of that Prisoner's name, tho the report of those wonders he had done at his taking, had put him into great suspicions of the truth: but when he heard it from the Queen's mouth, he seem'd transported with Joy at it, and could not dissemble the fear he had been in of so dreadful a Rival; as courageous as he was, the name of *Oroondates* of late struck terror in him, nor could he fancy him in the posture he had seen him in twice or thrice without trembling, when he remember'd it was against that Enemy he disputed his Pretensions. Ah Madam, (*said he to* Roxana) is it possible that *Oroondates* is a Prisoner?

ner? He is ſo (*anſwer'd the Queen, turning away from thoſe of the Company whom ſhe ſuſpected*) but he is my Priſoner, as *Statira* is yours; and I pretend to have the ſame right over your Rival that you have over mine: you will remember our agreements, and as I have not troubled you in your deſign upon *Statira*, I expect you ſhould trouble me as little in what concerns *Oroondates*; even out of generoſity you muſt forbear to ſee him for a few days, for fear you fly into Paſſion againſt a Rival, and againſt a Man whom I cannot keep my ſelf from loving.

She ſpake theſe words with a ſmile, and *Perdiccas* reply'd with much reſpect; he that would ſerve you with the hazard of his Life, will never trouble you in your intentions, and the leaſt I owe to her that leaves me *Statira* with ſo much goodneſs, is to give up *Oroondates* to her abſolutely. May the Gods aſſiſt you to make a greater progreſs in his Heart than I have done in the gaining of that ingrateful Princeſs; and may they diſpoſe things ſo, that he out of a juſt ſenſe of the happineſs you offer him, may quit that to me, which he can no longer diſpute againſt me without injuſtice. I will not ſee him till you ſhall pleaſe to command me, as well to give you this mark of the reſpect I bear to your will, as not to inſult over the misfortune of a Man whom you judge worthy of your Affection.

After this and ſome other diſcourſe which they had upon that Subject, *Perdiccas* took his leave of *Roxana*, and went directly to Queen *Statira's* Lodging, to be himſelf the bringer of a news upon which he hop'd to ground ſome part of his Fortune. That fair Queen and the Princeſs her Siſter, had ſpent all the time of the aſſault in Prayers; and tho they had heard part of the event from thoſe that guarded them, yet were they ignorant ſtill of the particulars. *Perdiccas* was no ſooner come into their preſence, but with a face in which his joy appear'd, Madam (*ſaid he to the Queen*) the Gods who find more juſtice in our Prayers than yours, have driven our Enemies from our Walls to their Loſs, and to their Confuſion; I am ſorry to be the relater of news that may afflict you: but perhaps you will be comforted

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for it, when you hear that *Oroondates* is in *Babylon*. *Oroondates* in *Babylon!* (*cry'd the Queen*) and how can he be there if his Party have had the disadvantage? He is a Prisoner, (*reply'd* Perdiccas) and the Gods by his ill Fortune, have made known the injustice of his pretensions.

Ah *Perdiccas*! (*said the Queen*) how cunning you are, and how well am I accustomed to your subtilties, to give no credit at all to what you say. I tell you true, Madam, (*answer'd* Perdiccas) *Oroondates* is Prisoner in *Babylon*, he was taken upon our Walls, where he was the only Man of his Party that got up, and it is a thing whereof you may have time enough to be inform'd. But afflict not your self, (continued he, seeing her change colour at his words) he is prisoner to a person that loves him, and one for whom perhaps e'er he get out of prison he will have no aversion; you need not be in fear for the usage he is like to have, and it suffices me to tell you he is in *Roxana*'s hands, to make you judge that his condition will not be unhappy.

The Queen hearken'd to this Discourse with a mortal sadness, tho she still doubted whether she should believe it; and she could not learn that her dear *Oroondates* was in the power of his enemies, without being touched even to the very bottom of her heart with his ill fortune: yet did she dissemble part of her grief before *Perdiccas*, and looking upon him with a countenance very little mov'd; If *Oroondates* be a Prisoner (said she) you have reason to be glad, since you were but in little safety while you had such an enemy before your walls; but if he be not, your policy is fruitless, since neither his being taken, nor his Liberty can change my thoughts. It is not from his being taken (*reply'd* Perdiccas) that I expect your change, but yet I hope for some advantage by it; and if he change first by the favour of *Roxana*, you will no longer be oblig'd to the Constancy in which you persevere toward him. The change of *Oroondates*, if he were capable of it (*answer'd the Queen*) shall never authorize mine; and tho he should become unfaithful, *Perdiccas* never shall succeed *Alexander* in *Statira*'s heart. *Perdiccas* seeing that the Queen grew sharp, was not willing

willing to preſs her further; but taking his leave, went whither he was call'd by the importance of his affairs.

When the Queen was left at liberty with her Siſter, ſhe reflected upon *Oroondates*'s captivity; and tho ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould abſolutely believe it, yet did ſhe begin to reaſon upon that diſaſter, as if ſhe had been very certain of it. Ah Siſter! (*ſaid ſhe*) with what a new affliction the Gods overwhelm me, and what offence had innocent *Oroondates* committed, to make him fall into the power of his Enemies; is it that the intereſt he takes in the miſeries of this unfortunate Wretch renders him guilty in their eſteem, or that having made me feel ſo many ſorts of Calamities, they will afflict me now with the only croſs which yet remain'd for me to ſuffer? In bringing forth theſe words, the tears fell from her fair Eyes; and the Princeſs *Pariſatis* (for all ſhe her ſelf was ſo ſenſible of her Grief) us'd all her utmoſt endeavours to give her Comfort. Peradventure, Madam (*ſaid ſhe*) we ought not to take *Oroondates*'s Captivity for an effect of his misfortune and of ours; for it may chance to be more advantageous for us, that he is now ſhut up within the Walls of *Babylon*, than if he were yet before the Town, expos'd to all thoſe dangers which he outbraves too venturouſly, and in which he might perhaps have met his death. He is in ſafety of his Life, ſince he is in *Roxana*'s hands; ſhe loves him with too much Paſſion, not to divert all the miſchief that can threaten him from his Enemies, or from his Rivals.

Ah Siſter (*reply'd the Queen*) is it poſſible you ſhould be ſo little acquainted with *Roxana*'s Spirit, and that you ſhould not judge by our own Fortune, that after having vainly tried all gentle ways with *Oroondates*, there is no extremity ſo great to which ſhe is not like to fly? But perhaps (continu'd ſhe preſently after with a ſigh, which the remembrance of *Perdiccas*'s threats drew from her breaſt) perhaps it will not be neceſſary for *Roxana* to uſe violence againſt him, and that he will give up himſelf either to the charms of that wicked Woman, or to the conſiderations of his preſent Fortune.

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Ah, Madam, (*answer'd the Princess*) how unjustly do you wrong a Prince to whom you are so much indebted? and how little do those ingrateful suspicions suit with all the actions of *Oroondates*'s Life? Neither do I believe, Madam, that you are much tormented with that apprehension; and after the little care you had to keep *Oroondates* yours, after the death of *Alexander*, I cannot think you fear his change as the worst Fortune that can befal you. I do not fear it (*reply'd the Queen*) because I know his Virtue too well to believe he can ever be capable of it; but tho it be true, Sister, that after the death of that great and illustrious Husband the Gods had given me, I thought I could not without doing my self an injury, preserve any design touching *Oroondates*, it is also true, that his infidelity would be less supportable than his death, and perhaps less than mine own: after having lost the greatest of all Men living, I believ'd I could not make any Man his Successor, and in that belief I us'd a violence upon my Inclinations, which then you did not disapprove: but that consideration was not able to hinder me from loving *Oroondates* still, nor from desiring to be still loved by him; that's the only happiness Fortune hath not robb'd me of, and if I were depriv'd of that only Consolation, which hath sweetned all my miseries, I should be depriv'd of all that could make me love, or that could make me suffer Life. After these discourses the two Princesses had some others upon the same Subject, and all the rest of that day they entertain'd themselves with considerations, which that event brought into their minds.

In the mean time they had lodg'd Prince *Oroondates* in a quarter of the Palace, and by chance it prov'd the very same, which in another condition he had formerly lain in, during the stay *Darius* had made there before the battel of *Arbella*. That remembrance touch'd him with some motions of tenderness, and made him bestow a few sighs upon the memory of that great King. His Lodgings were richly furnished, and his Prison was so sumptuously disguised, that it was not to be known, but by the number of Guards that forbad the going in and out of his Chamber, and by a double grate that was put before

fore the windows; in all other things he was us'd like a King's Son, and the will of *Roxana* who desir'd it, was punctually fulfilled.

When the Prince saw himself depriv'd of that Liberty, which he would have employ'd for the recovery of his Princess's freedom, and frustrated of the hopes he had to fight for her deliverance, he sunk a little from his ordinary constancy, and bore that beginning of his Captivity less patiently than might have been expected from the greatness of his Spirit; he made reflections upon the state of his Companions, and remembring that he had left them in danger for a quarrel, the greatest interests whereof were his, he gave himself over to an immoderate affliction. What (*said he*) shall I then be a Captive, or rather shut up in a Chamber, where I am in safety from the Enemies Sword or Javelin, while *Artaxerxes*, *Lysimachus*, and their Companions fight for *Cassandra* and *Oroondates*? Shall those gallant Resolutions I had taken, vanish then without any effect? If there be hazard to be run, if there be glory to be gained, shall my Companions have it all, and shall *Perdiccas* and his Friends laugh that they have him in their Fetters, who had so loudly threatned them! O my faireſt Queen, if you were to hope for succour, was it not from your *Oroondates*? and since by my Captivity I lost the means to give it you, ought I not to have prevented it by a death less shameful and more supportable?

In these unquiet thoughts, wherewith he was cruelly tormented, he found some consolation, by remembring that he was but a very little distant from his Princess, and that he was shut up with her in the compass of the same Walls. We are neither separated (*said he*) by Seas nor Provinces, and only a few Houses take up all the space there is between my Queen and me; but dearest Princess, we both are Captives in this City, which was once the King your Father's, and which was also the King your Husband's; and poor *Oroondates* for all he is so near you, hath no more means to see you, and discourse with you, than when he was kept in prison by the King of *Scythia*.

He had continu'd two or three hours in this kind of employment, when he was told that Queen *Roxana* was coming to viſit him. That hated Name made his colour change, and he knew not which way he ſhould prepare himſelf for the ſight of a Perſon, whoſe very remembrance alone he could not but abhor; yet did he do all he poſſibly could to diſpoſe himſelf to bear it, and ſcarce had he begun to ſettle his Countenance, when he ſaw her come into the Chamber, attended only by *Heſione* and another of her Maids. Tho he was fain to uſe a great violence upon himſelf to receive her, yet did he go to meet her, and ſtrove to pay her what he believ'd due to the Widow of *Alexander* the Great; but if he were in ſome confuſion, the Queen was in no leſs than he, and notwithſtanding all the preparations wherewith ſhe had arm'd herſelf before ſhe came in, ſhe could not ſee the ſo beloved face of that Man for whom ſhe had ſuffered ſo much, and whom ſhe had made ſo much to ſuffer, without being in the greateſt perplexity of mind, ſhe had ever felt in all her Life: ſhe look'd a while upon him with eyes which ſufficiently diſcover'd the motions of her heart, and if ſhe had follow'd them, ſhe would without doubt have been tranſported to give him a reception far beyond the bounds of decency and modeſty; but having as much power over herſelf as any Woman in the world, ſhe made uſe of it in this Encounter; and keeping herſelf within reaſonable moderate limits, after ſhe had ſaluted him according to the ordinary Cuſtom, ſhe was the firſt that broke ſilence in theſe words: I am come to render you what the quality of an Enemy, and the condition of a Priſoner of War, cannot take away from your Birth and Virtue, and to aſſure you, that your Fortune is not worſe by being fallen into our hands, than it was when you fought before our Walls.

Tho the Queen ſpake theſe words with a Grace that was common to very few perſons, and her Beauty was capable to diſſipate part of the reſentments one might have againſt her; the Prince was prepoſſeſſed with his by ſuch juſt and powerful motives, that the ſenſe he was obliged to have of her civil offers, was hardly able to ſuſpend

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that for a moment, which he had of the miſeries ſhe had made him undergo; yet did he force himſelf the beſt he could, and as he bore a moſt perfect reſpect to that Sex, he ſtrove for all he was ſo much exaſperated to obſerve decency, even with his moſt bitter enemy.

Your Majeſty takes a care (ſaid he) which I have never merited, and this favour is undeſervedly beſtowed upon a priſoner, and upon an enemy like me. If you are my enemy, (replied *Roxana*) I am not yours; our thoughts have ſtill continued in their firſt eſtate, and as all the teſtimonies of affection, which I have given you, have not been able to touch your heart, ſo all the marks of hatred, which you have ſhewn againſt me, both in your former and in your latter actions, have not been able to change my inclinations. *Oroondates* had no intent to engage in ſuch like diſcourſe, as deſiring to ſhun all occaſions of falling again into the perſecutions of *Roxana*: but when ſhe had put him upon that Subject, and by thoſe words revived his ſad remembrances and his lawful reſentments, he could not be the maſter of them; but being carried away by their impetuouſneſs, I had thought, Madam (ſaid he) I had been in a condition, that would have freed me from hearing or from uſing reproaches; but ſince by yours to me, you give me ſome liberty to juſtify my Actions, I will excuſe them no other way but by avowing them; it is true that I have the thoughts of an enemy towards you, nay thoughts of ſuch a violent hatred, as perhaps nothing but your Sex alone hath defended you againſt them, and hindred me of the ſatisfaction to deſtroy the cruel cauſe of all my misfortunes: it is not neceſſary I ſhould quicken your memory of them, you know well enough that after having a thouſand times diſturbed my quiet by your ſubtle plots, you in the end have utterly depriv'd me of it by a falſhood without example, and cruelly torn away my happineſs and all my hopes. It is you alone that have thrown me headlong into this gulph of miſeries, wherein I have unfortunately languiſhed out my days; it is by your means alone that I loſt all, and when you thought Heaven was preparing to reſtore it me, you would have ſent it out of the world to put me

out

out of all hope to recover it; you forgot that you were a Woman and a Princeſs, to change your ſelf into a Fury arm'd againſt my life; and ſo you could but make me periſh, you never feared the ſhame you were to receive by ſuch a horrid cruelty, nor the remorſe of conſcience that would have tortured you, for having ſhed the remainders of the moſt illuſtrious Blood in the world, and the remainders of the blood of your own Kings. Theſe, Madam, are the gallant marks of your affection; and after this can you think it ſtrange I ſhould have received them with ingratitude, and that I ſhould reſent thoſe crafty practices that have been ſo fatal to me, and abhor that prodigy of cruelty in which I had a greater intereſt than all Mankind? It is true, Madam, that I have hated, that I have deteſted you, and that I took up Arms againſt you; but could you think my reſentments ſhould be more moderate, and that I could behold the cruel Authors of my deplorable miſeries, and the horrible Murderers of *Statira*, as other than Monſters, and Tormentors of my life?

The Prince peradventure would have ſaid more, if the Queen, who hearkened impatiently, had not interrupted him: I muſt confeſs (ſaid ſhe) that I have done all that you reproach me with; but theſe actions, which are extraordinary to my Sex, and perhaps to my humour, have been extraordinary marks of my Affection; and if you had rightly conſider'd them, they would have drawn your love, or your acknowledgment, inſtead of your averſion: It was for your ſake alone, that from openneſs and ſweetneſs, I fell to ſubtlety and cruelty; and that dreadful change of mine was nothing but a pure effect of this affection, which you have ſo ingratefully requited: if at the firſt I troubled your repoſe, it was becauſe I thought you ſhould have ſought it in none but me alone, ſince it was for you alone I had rejected mine: If I had recourſe to ſubtlety to get you from my Rival, it was becauſe I believed you ought to have been mine, as I was wholly yours, and that having by the knowledg of your ingratitude loſt the hope of acquiring you, I was not willing my Rival ſhould triumph over my deſtruction: and if after the death of

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the King our Husband, I would have diſpatched her out of the World, it was *Oroondates*, and not an ambition of Empire; they were the Maxims of Love, and not the Maxims of State that carried me on to ſuch a cruelty: ſhe came again into a condition of taking *Oroondates* from me; and to endeavour to ſecure him to my ſelf, I with her would have ſacrificed all that next after him was deareſt to me in the world. Imagine ſomething yet more ſtrange than that, I was capable to have done it that I might purchaſe you, but by theſe violences which I have done to a nature, that of it ſelf was not enclined to cruelty, and by theſe blemiſhes which my actions may have ſtuck upon my reputation, you ought to judge, *Oroondates*, of the greatneſs of my affection, rather than of that of my Rival by the ſlender proofs you have receiv'd from her: ſhe hated you as ſoon as ſhe believed you ceaſed to love her, ſhe baniſhed you injuriouſly from her preſence, when with the price of your blood, and the danger of your life you came to buy her liberty; and I have loved you in your ingratitude, in your ſcorn, and even in your higheſt provocations; I loved you when you were armed for our ruin before our Gates, and I love you ſtill being newly entred into our City with your ſword in your hand, with a deſign, perhaps, to turn it againſt my life.

Roxana made a ſtop at theſe words, and the Prince ſeeing ſhe expected his anſwer; I do not deny (*ſaid he*) but that theſe proofs of affection which you alledge are very different from thoſe I have received from Queen *Statira*, I never looked for any ſuch from her; and if ſhe had been capable to give me them, I might have been capable to loſe the paſſion I had for her: it was in permitting me to ſee her, and to ſerve her, that ſhe expreſſed her goodneſs to me, better than by crimes which could never have come into her thought without horror; and by the knowledg I had of her, I received thoſe favours, as graces that were above a reaſonable ambition; I wondred not that ſhe ſhould ceaſe to love him, when ſhe believ'd him ingrateful and perfidious, who in his greateſt fidelity was unworthy of her affection; and by means of your cruel deceit, I was

guilty

guilty enough in her opinion, to deserve a thousand deaths, with the banishment she condem'd me to. If she hated me so long as my innocence was unknown to her, if she married *Alexander*, you alone were guilty of the crime; and if since her marriage she bounded all her affections in the person of the King her Husband, and could neither love me, nor suffer me after my justification, I accuse nothing but her Virtue only, and did not think it strange that a Princess, who could not commit a fault, would not for my sake go beyond the limits of her duty. In short, Madam, tho it were true, that that great Princess had ill requited my passion, she is such an one as merits an eternal service, without the least hope of requital; and I am too proud of the advantage I have had above all other men, to give a moment of my life to the thought of another glory, or of another felicity. These inclinations (*reply'd* Roxand) have hitherto been very contrary to your repose; and the miseries wherein you have passed your life, ought, perchance, to have diverted you from that imprudent perseverance. These miseries (*answer'd* Oroondates) shall ever make my most glorious fortune, and that which I have suffered for my Princess is above the highest recompences I could propose to my self, in a design less noble than that of devoting my whole life unto *Statira*. You might, perhaps, employ it with better fruit, (*added* Roxana) and tho *Statira* were yet more worthy of it than she is, perchance she may never be in a condition to acknowledg it; she is in the power of a man who will rather perish than abandon her, and you your self may consider that you are my Prisoner. I am a Prisoner, (*said* Oroondates) but this captivity of the body reaches not unto the soul; or if my soul be a prisoner, it is in a prison out of which it neither can, nor ever will be set at liberty: thus it is you share *Oroondates* with *Statira*; but her part will eternally be hers, and you may happen quickly to lose yours, by the succour of a great number of gallant Friends that fight for my deliverance. That succour of your Friends (*reply'd* Roxana) is not so infallible as you believe; and the success of this day may perchance have cooled

them

them for a great many others; but I hope you will not need it, and that I ſhall make your Priſon ſo pleaſing to you, that you no more ſhall wiſh for Liberty: it is with that deſign I deſir'd you ſhould be my Priſoner particularly, nor would I leave that advantage to Enemies you have among us, whoſe Intereſt in your Ruin would perhaps have been more powerful in them than the conſideration which ought to be had of your Perſon.

After theſe words, *Roxana* who deſired firſt to try gentle ways, not being willing to exaſperate *Oroondates* by a longer Converſation, took leave of him, when ſhe once more had promis'd him all the good uſage he could hope for from the Perſon that in all the World was moſt affectionate to him; and going out of his Chamber, left him at liberty to reflect upon that paſt entertainment, and upon his preſent condition. As ſhe retired to her own Lodgings with Torches, which were already lighted, ſhe in a Gallery met *Caſſander* and *Alcetas*; they both knew of *Oroondates*'s being taken, which was divulged thro the whole Town, and they alſo were not ignorant that the Queen had been to viſit him. *Alcetas* preſented his hand to her on that ſide that hers was free, to lead her back to her Chamber; and *Caſſander*, who by reaſon of former paſſages between them had not ſo eaſy an acceſs, kept at a farther diſtance: but he look'd upon her with Eyes which the rage of his Jealouſy had kindled, and not knowing how to diſſemble his reſentments:

Your Majeſty (*ſaid he*) comes from doing an action generous to exceſs, and if you had ſeen your Priſoner to day before our Walls, in the poſture we ſaw him, animating his Men by his voice, and by his example, to the ruin of our Party, and perhaps even to your own, it may be you would not have made ſuch extraordinary haſte to viſit him. The Queen, who hated both the Diſcourſe and Perſon of *Caſſander*, anſwer'd him ſomething briskly; I have rendred that without generoſity, which I in reaſon ow'd to a Man of *Oroondates*'s Quality; and I have render'd him nothing whereof he is not very worthy both by his Birth, and by his Virtue. He is yet the more worthy of it (*reply'd the jealous* Caſſander) by

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arming *Roxana*, and all her Powers with her, againſt hers. I know (*ſaid* Caſſander) what Plot you both have contrived againſt my happineſs, I am too much concerned in it to have been ignorant thereof till now; and I doubt not but *Roxana* will leave you *Statira*, to have *Oroondates* for her ſelf: but hope not for your ſatisfaction by thoſe ways, and rather expect it by your Rival's death, than by his matching with *Roxana*; neither indeed is there any probability of ſeeing a *Scythian* join'd in marriage with the Queen of the *Macedonians*; and the poſture her Affairs will be brought into by the Birth of a Son of *Alexander*'s, will not permit her to think of the Alliance of that *Barbarian*: it were much ſecurer for you, that *Oroondates* were no longer in the world, than that he ſhould continue in it to be ſtill ſeen, and ſtill in a condition to be loved by *Statira*; perhaps I may do ſomething both for you and for my ſelf, and if your promiſe keeps your hand from ſerving you on that occaſion, mine ſhall be employ'd in it without conſideration and repugnance. *Caſſander* ſaid many other things of this nature to *Perdiccas*, who for his own intereſt could not diſapprove that intention; and tho he was hindred by the Promiſe he had made to *Roxana*, from confirming him in it, yet did he not do what he might have done to diſſuade him from it. He parted with him preſently after, to go and ſee *Roxana*, to whom he had ſomething to communicate; and *Alcetas*, whom *Caſſander* had ſtaid for, came to him then out of her Chamber.

Alcetas would needs go immediately to ſee the Princeſs *Pariſatis*; and *Caſſander*, for all he was ſo much tranſported, went along with him, to ſerve him in a deſign they had laid together to diſcover how ſhe ſtood affected towards *Lyſimachus*. They found her not in her own Lodging; for all that day ſhe had not ſtirred from the Queen her Siſter, with whom ſhe had had matter of diſcourſe concerning *Oroondates*'s being taken: they paſs'd on to the Queen's Chamber, into which they had free entrance always by their authority; yet the Queen, by reaſon of the ſuſpicions that were had of *Caſſander* for the death of the King her Husband, could not ſuffer

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his presence without horror; nor would she have permitted him to visit her in a place where she had been Mistress; they then had newly supp'd, but had eaten very little in regard of the disturbance this last accident had caused in them, and they were rising from the Table, when *Alcetas* and *Cassander* came into their Chamber. After some words of civility, which they spake at their first coming in, *Parisatis*, who thought she might more handsomly than the Queen, ask news concerning *Oroondates*, pray'd *Cassander* to tell her the truth, and to let her know some particulars of the manner of his taking. *Cassander* tho he could not hear the name of *Oroondates* without trembling, yet did he master himself to satisfy her, and to make the Plot take, which *Alcetas* and he had agreed upon: so after having told her what he knew of the truth; We had not that advantage alone, (*continued he*) nor are we better pleased with the taking of *Oroondates*, than we are with having slain and wounded the chief of his Companions: *Ptolomeus*, *Eumenes*, and *Polyperchon* have lost their Lives in this last Action, *Antigonus*, *Craterus*, and *Demetrius* are wounded, and we our selves saw *Lysimachus*, who was getting up after *Oroondates*, hurt with a great many Arrows, and thrown down under the Ruins of a Battlement, with the Ladder, and all those that follow'd him, into the Moat, from whence he was carried off by some of their Soldiers, without any sign of life.

The subtle *Cassander* spake on this manner, and his words struck like a Thunderbolt into the Soul of *Parisatis*. Altho that virtuous Princess had lived till then with such a prudence and discretion, as hardly suffer'd those that frequented her most familiarly, to judge of the truth of her thoughts, yet was it most certain that she loved *Lysimachus*, and that she could not remember what he had done for her service, and in what condition he had been with her, even by the Will of Queen *Sysigambis* her self, without placing him in her esteem above all the rest of Mankind; the marvellous power she had over her Passions, had made her dissemble her thoughts in a season, when by reason of scruples too full of severity, she believed she could not handsomly discover them; but

as ſoon as without offending the memory of *Hepheſtion* ſhe had been able to turn her mind upon the Actions and Perſon of *Lyſimachus*, ſhe in them had found ſo many occaſions to love him, that ſhe was of opinion, that ſhe could not without ingratitude and inſenſibility, defend her ſelf againſt an Affection that was ſo legitimate, and ſo much approved by them that had the power over her; any other body but *Pariſatis* would without doubt have ſhewed greater tokens of it, and if *Lyſimachus* had had to do with one whoſe humor had not been ſo full of circumſpection, he might have conceived more advantageous hopes than thoſe he could draw from the Actions of that Princeſs; but if ſhe loved him before the death of *Alexander*, and before the revolution of their Fortune, her Affection was without doubt augmented by the laſt proofs of his, not being ignorant that it was chiefly for her revenge, and for her liberty, that he had made all his Friends take Arms, that he fought before the Walls of *Babylon*, and that he expoſed himſelf every day to ſo many dangers; ſhe had often trembled and grown pale for fear of him, as well as the Queen, her Siſter, for *Oroondates*, at the recital of thoſe Battels and Combats wherein he might have met with death for her intereſts; and tho ſhe had diſguiſed the cauſe of her apprehenſions more carefully than ſhe, yet they had been but little leſs than hers. Till then nevertheleſs ſhe had maintain'd her ſelf like *Pariſatis*, but at this cruel relation of *Caſſander*, ſhe ſhew'd more weakneſs than ſhe had done in all the actions of her life, and tho ſhe made good the Command ſhe had over her Mind, ſhe loſt that ſhe had over her Face, and in an inſtant it was ſtruck with ſuch a paleneſs, that all they that were near her, believed with a great deal of probability ſhe would fall into a ſwoon; *Alcetas* ſtept to her to hold her up, and her averſion againſt him could not defend her at that time from receiving his aſſiſtance, nor from ſinking in his Arms with little ſign of Life; the Queen running to her received her into hers, and kiſſing her with much Affection, and with words full of tenderneſs, ſhe touch'd them in ſuch manner, who by their ſubtle

ſubtle practices had put her into that condition, that ſhe made them ſoon repent what they had done.

Alcetas was not capable of a long diſſimulation, and fearing his deceit might produce effects worſe than thoſe beginnings, and might bring the Princeſs into ſuch a condition as would not be in his power to remedy, he drew near to her again, in whom there yet remain'd ſome ſenſe and knowledg; Madam, (*ſaid he*) give no credit to *Caſſander*'s words, it was at my entreaty he made you this recital, and it was by that device I deſired to learn a truth, which I never had been able to draw from your former actions; I have but too well effected my deſign, and would to God I had ſtill kept my ſelf in my bare ſuſpicions without clearing my doubts any further; we ſaw nothing, nor heard we any news of *Lyſimachus*'s being wounded, or of the death of his Companions, all the advantage we had was the taking of *Oroondates*, and the killing of a great many thouſand Men that loſt their Lives under our Walls; but my happy Rival is alive, and alive but too certainly for my repoſe; he's ſafe from all diſaſters, ſince he hath the good-fortune to be loved by you, both above his Merit, and to the prejudice of my Life. Believe this truth (*continued he, obſerving by the Princeſs's action, that ſhe gave little faith to what he ſaid*) ſince you may be certify'd of it within an hour, and ſince this ſecond deceit could not but be uſeleſs to me, after having drawn more from the former than I could have wiſh'd. To theſe words *Caſſander* added his confirmation, and *Peuceſtas*, in whom the Princeſſes had more confidence than in them, entring then into the Chamber, by his report took away the apprehenſions of *Pariſatis*. She recollected all her Spirits that were diſſipated, but ſhe came to her ſelf again with ſo much ſhame and reſentment, that it was impoſſible for her to diſſemble either. She turn'd away her eyes from *Alcetas* and *Caſſander*, being inflam'd with an Anger that was not ordinary in her, and by her action made them ſee they had mortally offended her. *Alcetas* obſerved it, but being by the knowledg of his Rival's good-fortune caſt down into an extremity of grief, he was no better able to hide his reſentments than *Pariſatis*,

but passing over the fear he would have had in another season to exasperate her more against him; Madam, (*said he*) I beg your pardon for our having deceived you, I ought to have contented my self with the former proofs I had of *Lysimachus*'s happiness, without using this trick to seek out what I have too plainly found: but to deal with a Mind like yours, a Man is forced to try extraordinary ways. He would have said more, if the Princess, infinitely displeased, had not thus interrupted him: You have very well interpreted an effect of my not being well, rather than of *Cassander*'s discourse; but tho it were true that the change you saw in me, proceeded from the grief I might receive by the death or wounds of those valiant Men that fight our quarrel, I should find no cause to fear any reproaches for it, and tho according to your suspicions, it were for *Lysimachus* alone that I shew'd those marks of sensibility, I owe enough to the Merit of his Services, and to that of his Person, to remember them without blushing; and I owe so little to *Alcetas*, that his interest should never make me to repent it. Tho my Sister should love *Lysimachus*, (*added the Queen*) she would but follow the Will of the Queen her Mother, that of *Alexander* your King, and the Counsel of her elder Sister; but if she stood in need to justify that Affection to any body living, it were less to *Alcetas* than to any other Man in the World. I demanded no justification of it, (*replied* Alcetas) tho perhaps I am in a condition to give my self some satisfaction; but I'll demand that assistance from my hand, which it owes me against the fortune of my Rival; and peradventure, may make tears be shed for a real death, by them whom a feign'd one had so sensibly afflicted. That's the shortest way (*added* Cassander) and the most reasonable one we both can follow, and I neither can nor will make my self amends for *Roxana*'s contempt of me, by any other means but the death of *Oroondates*. The Queen, who was touch'd to the heart with that discourse, lost all consideration of *Cassander*, and looking at him with an eye kindled with a just indignation; I doubt not (*said she*) but by the same Arms thou madest use of for the death of the King thy Master, thou mayst likewise

compaſs the death of a Priſoner; but I alſo know very well that if he were at liberty thou wouldſt flee before him as thou haſt ſhamefully done many times already. At theſe words, refuſing any longer converſation with them, ſhe took her Sister by the hand, and entring her Cloſet with her, ſhut the door. They remain'd together in the Chamber, mad with rage at the Queen's replies, eſpecially *Caſſander*, whom the reproach of having poiſoned his King drove into extremities of fury, that brake forth into tranſported words, which *Alcetas* could not hinder him from uttering. They are the *Perſians* (*ſaid he*) and the Race of *Darius*, not the Princes of *Macedon*, that are guilty of the Death of the *Macedonian* King: they are the *Barbarians*, unworthy of his rule and of his alliance, that have taken away the Life of their Conqueror, and of their Maſter; and perhaps it was *Oroondates*, his Rival and his Enemy, that made him periſh, to facilitate his poſſeſſion of the Daughter of *Darius*; but I will prevent you both well enough from reaping the fruit you pretend to by it, and you ſhall be puniſhed with *Roxana* by the death of that *Barbarian*, whom you both unworthily prefer before the *Macedonian* Princes. He would have ſaid more to this effect, if *Alcetas* and *Peuceſtas*, more moderate than he, had not carried him out of the room almoſt by force. After their departure, the two Princeſſes contin'd yet ſome Hours together; and when they had ſpent the beginning of them in complaining of that Viſit of *Caſſander* and *Alcetas*, they employ'd the reſt in diſcourſing of *Oroondates*, whoſe laſt accident took up all their thoughts; they reaſon'd a long while upon what they ought to fear or hope for concerning him, and were not able to judg whether they had more cauſe to be pleaſed or diſpleaſed with their Fortune in that laſt Adventure. In the end, it being grown late, they parted, the Princeſs retiring to her Lodging, and the Queen going to bed, where ſhe paſſed the night in diſquiets, which already were become habitual to her.

The End of the Fourth Book.

CASSANDRA.

THE Fifth and Laſt PART.

BOOK V.

BUT if the fair Queen and the Princeſs her Siſter, if the Prince of *Scythia*, if *Roxana*, if *Perdiccas*, *Alcetas* and *Caſſander*, paſs'd the night in *Babylon*, with a great deal of care and reſtleſneſs; *Oroondates*'s Friends in the Camp were toſſed with the moſt cruel diſquiets they had ever felt. Under that name of *Oroondates*'s Friends, one might comprehend all the Commanders of the Army, and as many of the Soldiers as did but know him; among which there were none whom the admirable Virtue of that Prince had not gain'd even to the utmoſt proofs. *Artaxerxes* ſaw day appear without having beſtow'd one minute of the night in ſleep; and as ſoon as he was out of bed, he ſent a Trumpet with *Araxes* to the Gates of the City, to learn the deſtiny of his dear Brother. *Araxes*, all whoſe thoughts had tended to nothing but death ſince the loſs of his Maſter, undertook that Employment with a mortal apprehen-

prehenſion, and with a moſt firm reſolution, if he were ſlain, not to ſurvive the hearing of that fatal news. He advanced toward the Gate, and having by a Parly which he made his Trumpet ſound, diſpoſed the Enemies to ſuffer his approach and hear his buſineſs; he that commanded their Corps de garde, came upon the Gate to ſpeak to him, and having bidden him propoſe his deſires, poor *Araxes* trembling for the Anſwer he expected, open'd his mouth twice before he had the confidence to get out a word; but in the end, being preſs'd to tell his Meſſage, I come (*ſaid he*) to ask, whether the Prince of *Scythia*, that got upon your Walls yeſterday, be dead or living? The Officer, who had no order to diſguiſe the truth, told it to *Araxes* without diſſimulation; and when he had let him know that his Maſter was alive, without Wounds, and uſed according to the greatneſs of his Quality, and of his Virtue, it cauſed a Joy in him very little different from his former Affliction. He made it appear by a loud acclamation; and having thank'd the Officer, of whom he at that time deſired nothing elſe, he returned to the Princes, and reſtored them life with that good news. Not but that *Oroondates*'s being a Priſoner, was to them one of the greateſt Misfortunes they could have apprehended; but the fear they had been in of his Death, made them conſider it as a bleſſing; and it ſeem'd as if it had been neceſſary, to make them find conſolation in an accident that would have exceſſively afflicted them. Since my Brother is alive (*ſaid* Artaxerxes) I do not deſpair of our fortune, and the Gods, to whom his Virtue is too conſiderable to let it periſh, have deliver'd him from many dangers as great as this. 'Tis a very favourable encounter, (*added* Lyſimachus) that he is fain into *Roxana*'s hands, whoſe Love and Power will without doubt ſecure him from all manner of peril; beſides the Friendſhip and the Agreement ſhe has made with *Perdiccas*, do put him yet in greater ſafety; but tho *Perdiccas*'s Jealouſy ſhould incite him to attempt any thing againſt him, *Roxana* is potent enough to defend him by open force. 'Twas by this conſideration the Princes endeavour'd to comfort themſelves; but deſiring to labour without delay, for the Liberty of their Friend,

they went all together to *Seleuchus*'s Tent. *Seleucus* was already cured of his Wounds; *Nearchus* alſo, and *Leonatus* were in the ſame condition; but the laſt had taken part with the Princes in good earneſt, and had only ſtaid for the recovery of his Strength, that he might be able to ſerve them againſt *Perdiccas*. After the firſt complements, Prince *Artaxerxes* addreſſing himſelf to *Seleucus*, by the conſent of all his Companions; Noble *Seleucus* (*ſaid he*) we now have need of your aſſiſtance, for the Liberty of Prince *Oroondates*; if the Enemies, into whoſe power he is faln, were as generous as you are, we ſhould not be in any fear for him; but becauſe their inclinations, and the intereſt they have in his ruin, may ſuggeſt thoughts into them very different from yours, we cannot bear his Captivity with a minute's reſt; we come not to offer you your Liberty, and with your own that of *Nearchus*, they have been long at your own diſpoſing; but we'll beſeech you to make uſe of them to regain us what we have loſt, we'll talk no longer to *Perdiccas* of exchange, but ſince your health permits, you may retire, if you pleaſe, to *Babylon*; and when you are amongſt thoſe of your Party, you'll remember the Requeſt we make you, to reſtore us Prince *Oroondates*. *Seleucus* eſteem'd this motion of *Artaxerxes*, and this manner of carriage, ſo obliging, that he knew not where to find words to expreſs the ſenſe he had of it; wherefore he remain'd awhile without reply, conſidering which way he ſhould receive the civility of the Princes; but having ſpent ſome moments in that thought, By the former trial I made (*ſaid he at laſt*) of my credit with *Perdiccas*, I ought to have loſt all the hope I had in his Friendſhip, neither will I any more ground a confidence upon it, nor is it for our enlargement that I will promiſe you that of Prince *Oroondates*, that exchange would be too unequal, and there is nothing among us all, that can pay the value of ſo precious a Liberty; but ſince you are pleaſed I ſhould make uſe of what you offer me, I'll go into the City with *Nearchus*, where we'll employ our utmoſt power to get the Prince of *Scythia*'s freedom; and if our endeavours prove ineffectual, I'll give you my word, that we'll return to you, and that we'll bring back

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with us, all the Forces we have in *Babylon*. You are free without condition, (*replied* Artaxerxes) and tho we ſhould not be able to regain the Prince by your mediation, you are not at all engag'd to return to us; but if after that laſt proof, you judg *Perdiccas* unworthy of your aſſiſtance, and of your friendſhip, we ſhall receive them both, according to the inclination and eſteem we have for your Virtue. *Seleucus* and his Companion anſwer'd theſe words in terms full of acknowledgment, and after having ſpent ſome time in proſecuting that converſation, and in giving order for their departure, they took leave of the Princes with great demonſtrations of friendſhip, and went toward the Gates of *Babylon* with a convoy ſuitable to their Quality. But before they came near them, they were overtaken by *Araxes*, who begg'd of them to carry him with them into the Town, and to procure, if they could poſſibly, that he might continue with his Maſter, in caſe he ſhould not be releaſed. They promiſed him to do the beſt they could; and having pray'd them to requeſt the ſame for *Cleone*, who deſired alſo to go and wait upon her Miſtreſs, he went along with them as if he had been one of their Retinue. The Princes gave, in charge, to thoſe that convoy'd them, that they ſhould propoſe a Truce for two days, to fetch off the dead that lay in the Moat, and to give them burial, during which time, they alſo permitted them to bury thoſe of *Nabarzanes*'s Party, wherewith the ground was cover'd for many furlongs, and they, in the interim, engag'd themſelves not to make any attempt, nor do any thing in proſecution of their work. The Princes being parted from one another, *Artaxerxes* and *Oxyartes* went to viſit *Berenice* and *Barſina*, who at that time, and almoſt always, were together, and to whom as almoſt equally intereſted, they deſired to confirm the news they had already ſent them of *Oroondates*'s being alive: the Princeſſes found a great deal of comfort in it, and receiv'd ſuch welcome Meſſengers very favourably. *Artaxerxes* was not ignorant of his Uncle's Paſſion, and had a purpoſe to ſerve him in it as much as poſſibly he could: *Berenice*'s intentions were the ſame, as well for the intereſt of *Barſina* as that

of Prince *Oxyartes*; wherefore they both gave him the liberty to entertain her; and he, whose passion was really kindled again with more violence than it had been in former years, could not see himself in those terms without discovering, by the changes of his countenance, how sensible he was of such opportunities; he began to discourse with that Princess in a way that shew'd less confidence than, in probability, he should have had after so long an acquaintance with her; and, from that timorousness, *Barsina* drew a just estimation of the greatness of his love. They talk'd a while of Prince *Oroondates*, whose being taken did then almost wholly possess the thoughts of his Friends; but from that Discourse *Oxyartes* took occasion to fall into another. You are very sensible (*said he to* Barsina) of *Oroondates*'s misfortune, as indeed you ought to be, both to acknowledg the esteem he has of you, and to follow that which all the World has of him: I commend a sensibility grounded upon so much reason; but since you are capable of it for another, why do you want it for *Oxyartes*, whose Life has been yours from the earliest years of your own? I never was insensible (*reply'd* Barsina) either of the qualities of your Person, or of the Affection wherewith you heretofore were pleased to honour me; and you, without doubt, should receive from my acknowledgment, and from my esteem, what I now pay to the misfortune of *Oroondates*, if you were in the like condition. Ah Cousin! (*answer'd* Oxyartes) believe it, I am no more at liberty than *Oroondates*, and my Imprisonment, tho it be more glorious and more pleasing than what he suffers amongst our Enemies, is not yet less strict, nor less difficult to be escap'd; I stand more in need than he of that Compassion you express for his disaster, I need it more than I did in the first years of my Affection; and when, upon the Frontiers of Scythia, I was like to have died for you, I was not so fit an Object of your Pity, as I am in the present condition my Love has brought me to. I had thought (*reply'd* Barsina, *something out of Countenance*) that a good number of years had worn a Person out of your Memory, whom you unjustly enough had plac'd there; and I have

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more reaſon than ever to believe it, that the better part of my Youth is paſt, and that my Years and my Afflictions have taken away, what you might have accounted lovely in my Face. She could not end theſe words without a ſmile, and indeed ſhe had ſpoken them with a great deal of injuſtice; ſhe was then but in her ſeven and twentieth year, and neither her Age, nor her many Croſſes had made her loſe any thing of her former Beauty. *Oxyartes*, who with very much reaſon thought her handſomer than ever ſhe had been, could not ſuffer the wrong ſhe did her ſelf, and, ſetting off his Diſcourſe exceeding gracefully; If I did not know (*ſaid he*) that you ſpeak againſt your own thoughts, I ſhould call the eyes of a thouſand witneſſes againſt you, who will all acknowledge the advantage you have now, above that of your former years; neither the beauties of your Body, nor the beauties of your Mind had ever attain'd to that degree you now poſſeſs, nor did I ever arrive at the perfection of my Love till now; think not theſe years, which are run out, ſince I ceas'd to importune you, to yield you up to *Memnon*; think not that the miſerable fall of our Houſe, or that the multiplicity of great Affairs in which I have been almoſt always employ'd, did ever ſeparate you from my thoughts; you have always reign'd in my Heart with your former Empire, and what occaſions ſoever I have had for the eſtabliſhment of my Fortune, I never have been able to lodge any remembrance there but yours: I, with an indifferent eye, have beheld all the Beauties of *Aſia*, and diſdain'd very advantageous Matches, to which poor *Darius* and *Alexander* after him did oftentimes ſollicit me; not but that thro ſome reſentment I have labour'd to forget a Perſon in whom I had found ſo little inclination toward me, but all was to no purpoſe againſt my Love, and tho my ſtrivings by the help of a long abſence did ſomewhat moderate the violences of it, your ſight has wakened them again with far greater Power than ever: Now therefore, fair Princeſs, that you are in a condition which will not permit you to defend your ſelf againſt my Love, by thoſe reaſons wherewith you were wont to oppoſe it, and that with an abſolute Liberty, you by conſidering

sidering my late Actions can make reflection upon my former ones, suffer me to aspire unto that Fortune after which I have sigh'd above ten years, and give me leave to hope that your goodness, and your acknowledgment will own these Services, to which I am recall'd by my former Destiny, and in which I mean to spend the whole remainder of my days. *Oxyartes* brought forth these words in such a passionate manner, that *Barsina* was a little touch'd with them, and having all her Life time had a great inclination to esteem him, she had not any repugnance against his Discourse; yet did she not know which way she should reply, for as she had much Freedom, and too little Affection in her to seek excuses upon the thought of what she ow'd to the memory of *Memnon*, which in probability might have been moderated in a Widowhood of six or seven years; she had also some difficulty to find Terms wherewith she might express herself without giving *Oxyartes* cause of Complaint, and without favouring him beyond the limits of Decency. This uncertainty made her continue silent, and the Prince having for some time vainly waited for her answer; I see well (*pursued he*) that I shall be no happier in this second Trial of my Fortune than I was in my first, and that which heretofore was found in the merit of *Memnon*, will be found now in the defects of *Oxyartes*. He rais'd his voice so loud at these last words, that they were overheard by *Artaxerxes*, and that Prince being much concern'd in his Uncle's contentment, was desirous to lend him assistance; and having gotten the Princess *Berenice* to second him in that design, they both drew near with that intention. By doing so, they much oblig'd *Barsina*, who was in some confusion, and who was glad to see herself eased by their approach; but Prince *Oxyartes* would have been vext at that interruption, if it had befaln him by other Persons. Uncle, (*said* Artaxerxes) you would not pardon me the Discourtesy I do you, if you did not know we come to second you. And you Cousin (*said he to* Barsina) would perhaps oppose the design I have to serve my Uncle, in his Love to you, if you did not remember that heretofore I serv'd *Memnon* on a like occasion to his

prejus-

prejudice, and that it was from me you receiv'd him, after that baniſhment, to which he generouſly had condemned himſelf.

I have receiv'd my whole Life from the favours of your goodneſs (*reply'd* Barſina;) and the memory of that good office you did poor *Memnon*, ſhall never periſh in my thoughts. By that remembrance (*added the Princeſs* Berenice) Prince *Artaxerxes* has right to pretend to ſome credit with you, and to imploy it for the Prince his Uncle, as he heretofore did for his Rival. Prince *Oxyartes* (*anſwer'd* Barſina; *growing ſerious*) ſtands in no need of any recommendation to obtain from me all the eſteem, and all the acknowledgment he in reaſon can deſire; and yours have ſo much power, that they might draw my mind to greater difficulties. *Oxyartes* was going to reply, and their Converſation had enlarg'd it ſelf further, if it had not been broke off by a Servant that came into the Chamber, to tell them that *Lyſimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, and many others of the Commanders were at the door of the Tent, and with them a Stranger of a very graceful preſence, who was newly arriv'd at the Camp, with the Equipage of a Man of Quality, and that he aſk'd for Prince *Artaxerxes*. The Prince was going toward the Door, when he ſaw his Friends come in, and in the midſt of them the Stranger that inquir'd after him; but the Princeſs *Berenice* and he had no ſooner caſt their eyes upon his Face, but they knew him to be Prince *Theodates*, their faithful, and their generous Friend. In the grief *Artaxerxes* had felt for the taking of his dear Brother, he could not receive a greater Conſolation than the ſight of ſo dear a Friend; he ſolemniz'd it at firſt with a tranſported cry, and running to him with open Arms, he held him long in a ſtrict embrace, without being able thro his exceſs of Joy, to find the Liberty of expreſſing it by words. My dear *Theodates!* (*ſaid he at laſt*) the greateſt, and the moſt faithful of all my Friends, by what good Fortune is it poſſible that I hold you now between my Arms? By mine Sir, (*anſwer'd* Theodates) ſince I have eſtabliſh'd my higheſt felicities in the honour of your Friendſhip. They were interrupted in this Diſcourſe by the Princeſs

Berenice,

Berenice, whom the remembrance of the good Offices ſhe had receiv'd from *Theodates*, had fill'd with acknowledgment and affection toward him; nor did ſhe diſſemble it in that noble Company, for all her modeſty could not hinder her from embracing him, and giving him all the teſtimonies of good-will ſhe could have granted to her neareſt Kinſman. *Orontes*, Queen *Thaleſtris*, *Demetrius*, and many others entred about that time; and amongſt them all, thoſe to whom, by the hearing of *Artaxerxes*'s Adventures, the name of *Theodates* was already known, look'd upon him with a great deal of Affection and Eſteem; and the Prince deſiring to confirm them in it, Behold (*ſaid he*) this gallant Prince and this generous Friend, to whom I am ſo many ways indebted, both for my Happineſs, and for my Life; he to whom I owe no leſs than to *Darius*, and he whom I ought to love more than my ſelf, if I will not be the baſeſt and moſt ungrateful Man in the World. He ſpake theſe words, beginning his indearments afreſh; but the Princes, who all took intereſt in his Fortune, would needs imitate him in his Actions, and drawing near *Theodates* one after another, they welcom'd him with Civilities which put him into Confuſion, but yet hindred him not from admiring, in the majeſtick garb of thoſe great Men, what he believ'd could not be found again in all the reſt of the World. *Orontes* renew'd the antient Friendſhip they had made in the Court of *Scythia* many years before; and *Oxyartes* and *Lyſimachus*, who were more concern'd than all the others in the Fortune of *Artaxerxes*, gave his Friend a moſt particular reception. When he was gotten looſe from the Arms of all, the Princeſs *Berenice* began to ask news of the King her Father; but *Theodates* anſwer'd, he could tell none freſh, it being a great while ſince his coming from *Iſſedon*, and he having wandred thro a great many Provinces, to ſee if he could find her and the two Princes whom he ſought. *Berenice* ſigh'd at that diſcourſe, calling to mind her Brother's Captivity: Neither you nor we (*ſaid ſhe*) receive a perfect contentement in this meeting; and the Prince my Brother, whom, without doubt you ſeek, tho he be not far from us, is

yet in the power of our Enemies. I heard that news at my coming into the Camp, (reply'd *Theodates* with a ſadder countenance than uſual) and nothing elſe would comfort me in that misfortune, but the knowledge that you are in a condition, quickly to reſtore him his Liberty. After *Theodates* had receiv'd the welcome of all thoſe worthy Men, to whom his Virtue, and the Affection of *Artaxerxes* render'd him conſiderable, the Prince of *Perſia* deſir'd to poſſeſs him more particularly than the reſt, and to that end led him out of that Chamber, and went into the next, whither he was follow'd by none but *Orontes* and *Lyſimachus*: he then demanded the occaſion of his Journey, and *Theodates*'s look becoming more ſorrowful than before, When I ſhall tell you, Sir, (*ſaid he*) that I left *Scythia* out of an earneſt longing to ſee you again, perchance the Paſſion I honour you withal is well enough known unto you, to procure your belief; but I muſt confeſs it is not the only motive of my Journey, and that it is accompany'd with another, which of it ſelf was ſufficient to make me undertake it; I was not willing to declare it before the Princeſs, and I leave that care either to you, or to the Prince her Brother, who will have more power to prepare her for the hearing of unpleaſing news: The King of *Scythia* is dead. Is the King dead? interrupted *Artaxerxes*. Yes, Sir, (*reply'd* Theodates) he is dead. After he had languiſh'd a great while for the abſence, or for the loſs, as he believed, of his Children, he was taken with a Fever, which, finding him weaken'd, both by his Age and Grief, depriv'd the world of him in about eight days. *Arſaces* could not hear of this news without an extraordinary trouble, nor without a moſt ſenſible diſcontent; and tho many of that King's Actions had in former times given him occaſion enough not to be ſorry for his death, yet was he ſo fully reconcil'd to him by what he had done in his favour afterward, and did ſo much conſider the Father of *Berenice* and *Oroondates*, that he could not be a hearer of that fatal news without being touch'd to the very bottom of his heart. His ſorrow diſcover'd it ſelf preſently by his Tears, and looking upon *Theodates* with a very ſad.

Action,

Action; Ah my dear Friend! (*said he*) how much you moderate my Joy to see you, by the news you bring! it did not please the Gods I should receive it in a time when I should have taken it with more patience: but they send it me now when I have a great deal of reason to be afflicted at it; Ah how great a fear am I in for the grief of my poor Princess! and how discreetly was it done of you to dissemble before her! *Artaxerxes* said many other things, by which he discover'd his sense of that loss to his Friends, but they comforted him by all manner of Reasons, and it was likely he would receive Consolation for it, when he remembred that of *Darius*, of the Queens, his Mother, and Grandmother, and all the rest he had sustain'd. After he had settled himself a little by the force of his Courage, and that he was able to question *Theodates* touching the state of *Scythia* since the death of its King; The affairs of *Scythia*, (*answer'd* Theodates) are in the best condition we can desire, and the *Scythians* now feel no other trouble, but their impatience to see their King *Oroondates*: they with acclamations and transports of Joy receiv'd the proposition I made, of sending the Chief among them to seek for him; and when I began my Journey for that purpose, they made many of the principal *Scythians* set forward also to go in quest of their King, by different ways from that I took; but before my departure I had the satisfaction to help to set the State in such order as was necessary, and to see all the People submit themselves voluntarily to Prince *Carthasis*, whom they declar'd Regent of the Kingdom till their King's arrival. And for *Stratonice*, (*said* Artaxerxes) What's become of her? Together with the affliction she receiv'd for the King's death, (*reply'd* Theodates) she was assaulted with two others almost at the same time, which mov'd her to the resolution she hath taken; the first was, that being some months gone with Child, she got a hurt that made her miscarry; and the other, was the news of *Arsacomes's* death, which within three days after the King's, was brought to *Ilfedon* by one of those who had accompany'd him. *Stratonice* had sunk under so many occasions of Sorrow, if she had not indeed had a great deal of Cou-

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rage; she bore them so impatiently for some days at first, that she would not be comforted by any means, nor be visited but by very few Persons: but when she was again become capable of Reason, she resolv'd to forsake the World, in which she no longer hop'd for any satisfaction, and bidding adieu to the Court, she shut her self up in a Cloister amongst Virgins devoted to the Goddess *Tellus*, which is but a day's Journey from *Issedon*, with a design to spend the rest of her Life within those Walls: I was of the number of those that visited and took leave of her before her departure, tho since the Crosses her Ambition had caus'd you, I no longer had any Affection for her; but that was the least that could be paid her in that condition of her Fortune. She knew very well that amongst all the King's subjects there was none that had a greater Zeal and Passion for his Service than I, wherefore she addres's'd her self to me, rather than any of the rest, and before she got up into her Chariot, she said thus to me in the hearing of Prince *Carthasis*; *Theodates*, you may tell King *Oroondates*, that 'tis not any fear of him makes me forsake the Court, and tho by my Actions I may perhaps have mov'd him to some resentment, I am too well acquainted with his Virtue to fear him, and I know he is too generous to overwhelm her with new Afflictions, who has receiv'd enough, and those great enough from Fortune, and who had the honour to be Wife to the King his Father; you may carry him this Assurance, if you please, and you may tell Prince *Artaxerxes*, that the affection of a Sister may make him pardon what I did against him in favour of poor *Arsacomes*, since he is now reveng'd of him, and since that poor Prince hath quitted his pretensions to him with his Life. While *Theodates* repeated these words of Queen *Stratonice*, *Artaxerxes* was so touch'd with them, that he hardly could refrain from Tears, and after having continu'd a-while in the reflection he made upon that change of her Fortune; *Stratonice* is to be blam'd (*said he*) for having robb'd my Brother of the glory he would have gain'd in the services, and in the duties he would have paid her; I am confident he would always have honour'd her as the Wife of the

the King his Father; and I for my part have no resentment against her that could have hindred me from looking upon her all my Life-time with respect, and from comforting her in her misfortunes, as much as I possibly could have done. She departed from *Issedon* with that belief of you both, (*reply'd* Theodates) and went to shut herself up in that House which she had enrich'd with a great many Presents, and which she had taken care to beautify during the King's Life. After this discourse, *Theodates* told the Prince many particulars of the Affairs of *Scythia*, and answer'd many questions he ask'd him upon that Subject, and concerning his Love, and the health of the Princess *Theomiris*; but he likewise heard partly from him, and partly from his Friends, those admirable events that had befallen him since his departure out of *Scythia*, the cruel effects of his Jealousy, his Combats against *Oroondates*, and at last their happy knowledg of one another.

In the mean while *Seleucus* and *Nearchus*, follow'd by *Araxes*, were gone into the City, where they had been receiv'd by those of their Party, with acclamations of Joy: the noise of their arrival being run, from one to another, to the ears of *Perdiccas*, he was much surpriz'd at it, being something asham'd to look me in the face, after having neglected their friendship; yet being bold, and having a very ready wit, he was quickly prepar'd for that reception, and coming to meet them with demonstrations of gladness, he desir'd by his countenance and by his action to repair the fault he had committed toward them. As soon as he was near enough to be heard, going forward with his arms stretch'd out, I welcome you my cruel Friends (*said he*) with as much Affection as if you had not injur'd that which is between us, by those inhuman propositions which my passion forc'd me to disobey. Saying these words he embrac'd them, but they receiv'd both his Complement and his Embraces very seriously, and *Seleucus* made this answer; It is not necessary, *Perdiccas*, to examine the faults against friendship, which we may have committed; we desir'd nothing of you, which reason and honour did not demand as much as it, and we sufficiently express the great-

greatneſs of it, ſince after the contempt you have ſhew'd us, we are not become your Enemies as *Leonatus.* I confeſs (*reply'd* Perdiccas) that you are very generous, ſince you have had ſo much compaſſion of my misfortune, and that you have been pleas'd to put a difference between faults that are caus'd by a violent conſtraint, and thoſe that are committed thro ingratitude: I will not examine whether my refuſal, or your demand offended our friendſhip moſt; but I have always thought you might better have ask'd my Life than that which you deſir'd of me. I confeſs I was to blame (*anſwer'd* Seleucus) to preſume ſo much upon your Affection, and that I ought to have expected none but more common proofs of it; but, the Gods be thanked, we now are free meerly by the Generoſity of our Enemies, and we have accepted the liberty they have given us, upon condition to repay it by that of *Oroondates.*

Perdiccas ſtood a while without replying to that diſcourſe; but after he had bethought himſelf a little: It is juſt, ſaid he, that *Oroondates* ſhould be given you, and tho you very well know by the confeſſion I make you of my love, how great an intereſt I ought to have in detaining him, and what damage I ſhall receive by his liberty; I'll lay aſide the conſideration of my own repoſe, to ſatisfy you; and conquer my ſtrongeſt inclinations, to put you out of the opinion you have conceiv'd againſt a moſt unſhaken friendſhip. We deſire to know the iſſue of it to day (*added* Nearchus) and if you pleaſe to call a Council, we there will make our Propoſition. *Perdiccas* proteſted to them that he would not oppoſe it, and that he would do as much as poſſibly he could, to perſuade all thoſe that had credit there, to grant them that ſatisfaction. After having made them that promiſe, he went to *Roxana*, whither neither *Seleucus* nor *Nearchus* would go till the Council were aſſembled. *Perdiccas* ſaid nothing to the Queen of the intent they had to demand *Oroondates*, but ſhe ſpon ſuſpected it, and, if poſſibly ſhe could, would have broken the meeting. The Prince and all thoſe of the Council were come together, in a room appointed for that purpoſe, having had notice given them by *Perdiccas*, who brought the

Queen

Queen thither himself, and *Seleucus* and *Nearchus* entred within a while after. They kiss'd the Queen's hand, and saluted all their Friends, from whom they receiv'd endearments full of Affection. When they had all their places, and were in a readiness to hearken to *Seleucus's* Proposition; He began to speak, and having first made a complaint against their Friends, who had left them to the mercy of their Enemies, without having attempted any thing for their Liberty, and without having so much as lent an ear to propofals, which, other considerations besides theirs ought to have made them embrace; he told them how *Leontatus*, with eight thousand Prisoners, had taken their enemies Party, and that tho *Nearchus* and he had been sufficiently provok'd to follow his Example, since their usage had been all alike, yet had they had more regard to their antient friendship, and had receiv'd their liberty from the generosity of their Enemies, to come and employ it in the service of their friends as ungrateful as they were; but that they had accepted it only as a ransom for that of *Oroondates*, and that they had engag'd themselves to them by promise, either to send him back in exchange, or to return themselves into their hands: he then pray'd them to consider the justice of their demand, and if they still thought them capable to serve them, to set them at liberty, to do it by disingaging them of their word. *Seleucus* having ended his discourse, the greatest part of the Assembly enclin'd to grant what he demanded, but they durst not openly discover themselves, till the intentions of *Roxana* and *Perdiccas* were made known: neither of them had spoken yet, but when *Perdiccas* was oblig'd to give his opinion, he declar'd that he oppos'd not the satisfaction of *Seleucus* and *Nearchus*, since those two Men were considerable enough, to deserve that things less reasonable should be granted them, and that if the Queen were so pleased, he willingly consented that *Oroondates* should be set at Liberty.

While *Perdiccas* spake on this manner, *Roxana*, whom that discourse had rais'd to an extremity of anger, beheld him with an inflam'd eye; and if she had follow'd her first suggestions, she would have reproach'd

him

him with tranſported words, for betraying her on that faſhion, contrary to the agreements made between them; but ſhe moderated herſelf as well as poſſibly ſhe could, yet not ſo much but that ſhe interrupted him before he had done ſpeaking.

If there be a neceſſity of releaſing Priſoners, (*ſaid ſhe*) 'tis *Statira* that muſt be releas'd, and not *Oroondates*: *Statira* is the Daughter of *Darius*, the Wife of *Alexander* your King, and your Queen with as much juſtice as my ſelf: *Perdiccas* has no right at all to keep her; he that is born a Subject to the King her Husband; and when he refus'd her for the exchange of his friends, he violated, not only all the Laws of friendſhip, but all other Laws both divine and human: beſides ſhe's a Woman, as weak without our Walls as in our Priſon; and tho ſhe were at liberty, the Party of our Enemies would be never a jot the ſtronger: but *Oroondates* is a *Scythian*, who has taken arms for our deſtruction, and one to whom you owe nothing of what is due from you to the Widow of *Alexander*: moreover, he is the greateſt and moſt terrible of your Enemies, ſo that you cannot ſet him at liberty without contributing toward your own Ruin: and the chief Men of his Party are ty'd to him by ſuch preſſing conſiderations, that by retaining him, you will always have the means to make an advantageous treaty with them in extremity. *Perdiccas* who found a great appearance of reaſon in what the Queen ſaid, and who believ'd he had done enough in favour of *Seleucus*, by declaring his firſt intention, would not ſecond it againſt *Roxana*, knowing he could not break with her without making a very great diſ-union in their Party; wherefore turning toward *Seleucus*; I have paid (*ſaid he*) what I believ'd I ow'd you, and I could have wiſh'd with all my heart, that the Queen would have thought fit to ſatisfy you, but being ty'd to obſerve her will, as I am both by reſpect, and by the whole intereſt of our Party, I cannot tell how to contradict her; you may remain with us; ſince our Enemies have given you your liberty without condition, and if in the progreſs of this War we can find any occaſion to do ſo, we'll acknowledge their civility by returning them other Priſuor

ſoners inſtead of *Oroondates*. *Seleucus* was ſo tranſported with Choler, both by *Roxana*'s denial and *Perdiccas*'s change, that he had hardly any power left over himſelf to moderate his reſentments. What (ſaid he, with a louder voice than ordinary) is it thus you uſe us, after what we have done for this Party? and have you ſo ſoon forgotten that we have preſerv'd the glory of it by our Actions; is it becauſe we were left among the dead all mangled with Wounds, while thoſe who now diſpoſe of us ſought their ſafety behind our Walls? is it becauſe I alone did animate and rally our defeated Troops, to make head againſt a conquering Army, and becauſe I alone oppoſed the Sword of *Arſaces*, and the Sword of *Oroondates*, which made the ſtouteſt of our Maſters flee? did any amongſt you ever ſee *Seleucus* turn his back in either of the Battels? or can any of you deny but that he alone made the Victory to waver, and diſputed the glory of the laſt day, ſingle againſt your Enemies? do theſe wounds he receiv'd make him more contemptible than if he had retir'd with the firſt into the City? and after this unworthy uſage of him, can you think he can continue your friend againſt theſe valiant Men amongſt whom he hath found ſo much freedom, and ſo much generoſity? *Seleucus* ſuffer'd himſelf to be thus tranſported to words, that exaſperated *Roxana* and *Perdiccas*, and *Perdiceas* was going to reply if the Queen had not prevented him; You have free permiſſion (*ſaid ſhe*) to do what you have moſt mind to, and if you are engag'd either by promiſe or inclination to return to our Enemies, your paſſage to them will be more eaſy for you to procure, than the exchange you have propos'd. Yes, (*reply'd* Seleucus) we will return to your Enemies, but we'll return with all our Forces, and with thoſe of *Leonatus*; we are not ſo mean-ſpirited as to employ our own Arms, or the Arms of our Soldiers any longer in the ſervice of the moſt ingrateful Perſons upon Earth, and you ſhall loſe us in a time when our loſs will peradventure be of ſome importance. After theſe words, and ſome others which *Nearchus* added with an indignation as great as his, they went both out of the room, and retir'd to *Seleucus*'s Lodging, with a deſign not to

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go out of *Babylon* without all the remainders of their Forces; they were presently visited there by all the Officers that commanded them, and by a good number of the Soldiers, who that day had not much to do, by reason of the Truce which was agreed upon for two days, to bury the dead of either Party.

Araxes during the Counsel had staid at *Seleucus*'s house, and having found him there at his coming in, he made him quickly see by his countenance, that he had laboured unsuccessfully for his Master's exchange. *Araxes* (said he) I have not had credit enough to deliver the Prince of *Scythia*, and they who keep him prisoner, have judged, with reason, that we had set our liberty at too high a rate, since we would not accept of it, but by the exchange of his; they have refus'd it us with scorn, but perhaps we shall endeavour to procure it by other ways; in the mean while stay you here with patience for the remainder of this day, and to morrow you shall know the resolution I have taken for you and for your Master. Altho *Araxes* was much afflicted for that ill success, yet did he bear it as patiently as he could, and submitted without reply to *Seleucus*'s pleasure; the house within a minute after was fill'd with all the Officers that were in *Babylon*; he receiv'd them in general with most obliging civilities, but he made his own sure to him particularly, and commanded them to have their men in a readiness to perform the Orders he should be obliged to give them according to the necessity of Affairs. Of fifteen thousand *Macedonians* that had follow'd him, there were yet three thousand left, and there were above four thousand *Pamphilians* and *Phrygians* remaining of the Forces of *Nearchus* and *Leonatus*; they were all at the devotion of these two chief Commanders, and all protested they would be ever ready to obey them without dispute. They did no more at that time but make themselves sure of their assistance, being yet uncertain what resolution they should take, tho they were most fully resolved to be no longer friends to *Roxana* and *Perdiccas*, but to serve their Enemies by all the ways they could follow, in honour, without any other consideration; they determined therefore to spend

the

the rest of that day, and the night following in concluding what course it was best to take. *Peuceſtas*, *Neoptolemus*, and almost all the other Commanders in Chief, came to visit them; *Perdiccas* went not to their lodgings, but he sent his brother *Alcetas* to excuse him, and to represent the Reasons which hindred him from contesting against the will of *Roxana*. In effect, *Roxana* and *Perdiccas* were both afraid of *Seleucus*'s threats, and knowing how able he was to serve, or to disserve their Party, they repented their having used him ill, yet neither of them could yield to content him to the prejudice of their love, and all they could do for that time was to pray *Alcetas* to see him, and to do his utmost endeavours to keep him and to moderate his resentments. *Alcetas* did the best he possibly could, and forgot nothing that might excuse his Brother, or that might serve for *Roxana*'s justification; but *Seleucus* was little moved with all he alledged, and after having lent him very quiet attention; *Alcetas*, (*said he*) *Roxana* and *Perdiccas* have despised our friendship, and they never shall recover it while they live; they have no reason that can justify their ingratitude, and we have a thousand to become their Enemies; we have cause to be humbled by the little account that is made of us, but we'll set our selves up again, if it please the Gods, and shall perhaps come off with Honour from the Enterprize we have undertaken. This was all that *Alcetas* could obtain from *Seleucus* and *Nearchus*; but *Perdiccas* was not so repulsed, for considering, of how great importance it was to him to keep their Friendship, he set all the Commanders a-work to flatter and pacify them. In the mean time tho *Roxana* had been offended with him at the first, he had partly appeased her by his carriage afterward, and had not failed to alledge all the Reasons to her which had oblig'd him to that former compliance with *Seleucus*'s Request; but if she were well satisfied with *Perdiccas*, she was little pleased on the other side with *Oroondates*, and by a visit he had made him that day, she lost part of the hopes she had conceiv'd since his being taken; she had neglected nothing that might win his love, and after she had often represented the power she had to

oblige

oblige him, and to change his present condition into a most happy and a most glorious fortune. The only happiness you can give me (said he) and the only one I would now receive from you, should be to grant me the sight of my Princess, and for that only favour, if I could not love you, I at least would pardon you all the mischief you have done me. *Roxana* thought that demand of *Oroondates* so contrary to her intentions, that she immediately refused it, but after that, she had not been able to get him so much as to look upon her, and had parted from him so ill satisfied, that her ill humour had not a little contributed to the ill usage she had shewed *Seleucus*. She told *Perdicca* the passages of that visit, as likewise of the other she had made him the day before; and she no sooner had let him know *Oroondates*'s demand, but *Perdiccas* gave her notice how that very day he had receiv'd the same from *Statira*; and how that fair Queen had protested to him by the Ghost of *Alexander*, that if he did not procure that *Oroondates* might visit her, she never would look upon him while she lived, but as her most mortal Enemy. Ah (cried *Roxana*) I never will consent that *Oroondates* should see her, he has seen her but too much already to my misfortune. Nor will I ever suffer (replied *Perdiccas*) that she should be seen of *Oroondates*, she has been so but too much for the quiet of my days. And what shall we do then (added *Roxana*) to content them, and to appease their minds in some degree? I no longer know, (answered *Perdiccas*) how I should carry my self towards *Cassandra*, and I see myself at last reduced to the necessity of following the last ways that are left me; hitherto I have considered her as a great Princess, to whom I owed all manner of respect, but she ingratefully has abused it, and in her late usage of me, she has forgot nothing that could make me lose it. After this discourse *Perdiccas* left the Queen in an Alley of the Garden where she had begun to walk, but as she would have gone into another, she chanced unexpectedly to meet *Cassander* and *Alcetas*, who were talking there of their Affairs: if the Queen had followed her inclination, she had turn'd back again to avoid *Cassander*, whose sight was insupportable

to her; but she forced it in regard of the need she had of his assistance; and seeing her self upon the point of losing part of her strength with *Seleucus* and *Nearchus*, she was afraid that if she drove *Cassander* utterly into despair she might be left alone, and by consequence too weak to resist her enemies. These Reasons made her suffer his approach, and he came up to her more confidently than he would have done in another season, thinking he had obliged her that day in the Council, by his compliance with her to the prejudice of his own interests, which should have made him desire the sending away of *Oroondates*. Yet was his heart possessed with rage, at the remembrance of the endeavours she had used to retain him, and perhaps he had seconded her desires, in part, that he might be the better able to make his Rival feel the effects of his anger, while he was a prisoner; he saw by the Queen's countenance that she took it well he had born her that respect, and that belief having made him bolder then ordinary, he resolved to use it to his advantage. Madam (said he) you have reason to be satisfy'd that the Princes yielded to day so willingly to your desires; but amongst them all, none but *Cassander* neglected his own interests for yours, and he gave his voice against his own repose, when he gave it according to your inclination. The the necessity of her Affairs made *Roxana* dissemble part of her aversion against *Cassander*, it was waken'd in her every moment by the suspicions she had of him for the death of *Alexander*; and as the smallest things were sufficient to cast her again into an ill humour toward him, she found matter enough in his discourse to do it, and looking upon him with disdain; And what interest had you (*said she*) that should have persuaded you to oppose my intention? I had as much (*answer'd* Cassander) to wish for *Oroondates's* Liberty, as you had to hinder it, and to keep one near you whom you love; you have us'd *Seleucus* ill, whose assistance and whose services are very considerable, I to oblige a Prince that was ever my Friend, ought with a great deal more reason to have desir'd the departune of a Rival whose presence is destructive to me. The presence and the departure

parture of *Oroondates*, ought both to be indifferent to you, and you ſhall always draw as much advantage from the one as from the other; I love nothing but what I ought to love, but I will not take care to juſtify my ſelf to you for it, nor will I ever uſe violence upon my inclinations to content you. What? (*added* Caſſander) ſhall time, fidelity of my ſervices, and his diſdain whom you unjuſtly prefer before me, work no effect at all upon you? and will you for ever perſiſt in this hard-heartedneſs toward a Prince, who gives himſelf up wholly to your will, and who finds neither glory nor contentment but in the occaſions of doing you ſervice? what reaſon can you have (if my Paſſion may give me the liberty to ſpeak to you in theſe terms?) what reaſon have you to perſiſt in the undeſerv'd uſage I receive from you? is my birth inferior to yours? and if by an effect of your Beauty, you were rais'd to the fortune to be the Wife of *Alexander*, may not I by an effect of my Love attain the glory of being ſuffer'd by the Daughter of *Cohortanus*? Do you hope to have another *Alexander*? and in the preſent ſtate of your Affairs, can you expect a better condition for your repoſe, than with one of the chief of his Succeſſors? for in fine, you cannot be ignorant that you have loſt the right you had to the univerſal Empire: it is divided amongſt a great number of Princes, who will not reſtore you the Countries that are faln to their Lot; and tho you ſhould bring forth a Son of *Alexander's*, he will be very happy if he can but keep *Macedon* alone, and his ſhare without doubt will be leſs than mine, and leſs than many of my Companions: Do you hope for the re-eſtabliſhment of your greatneſs from ſome *Barbarian* King? there is not one amongſt them all that can equal himſelf to us; and tho out of the reſpect we bear to the memory of *Alexander*, we have not yet taken upon us to wear Crowns, we lack nothing elſe but that formality, and when we ſhall have quieted our Troubles, we ſhall undoubtedly attain thoſe qualities, the want of which makes you think there is ſomething deſpicable in us. Pardon this liberty of ſpeech in a Man who is no longer in a condition to diſſemble with you, and who has too ſtrong a paſſion

for your intereſts to flatter you unſeaſonably: Yet I demand nothing of you thro theſe conſiderations, and pretend that nothing but pity alone ſhould obtain a favour from you, which no manner of reaſon can oblige you to: I know that *Caſſander* is unworthy of your Affection, but all Men living are ſo as well as he, and if any one can merit it, 'tis he without doubt that gives you all the moments of his Life, and that limits all his thoughts in you alone; if my preſumption deſerves puniſhment, I have ſuffer'd a moſt ſevere one, nor could you your ſelf inflict more cruel torments than thoſe I undergo.

As you deſire the favour of the Gods, my ador'd Queen, have ſome regard to me out of mere compaſſion, and ſuffer me not to depart from hence, without having leave to hope for ſome change in my deplorable condition. As he ended theſe words, he caſt himſelf at *Roxana*'s feet, ſhe being ſet down upon one of the ſeats that were in the Alley, and embraced her knees ſo ardently, that the Queen much troubled at his action, knew not how to diſentangle her ſelf. His Diſcourſe had extremely offended her, as well by reaſon of the unwelcome truths it contain'd, as becauſe it had been ſpoken in the preſence of many witneſſes, before whom ſhe could not approve that he had entertain'd her with ſo little reſpect; wherefore ſhe teſtified her ill humour both by her action, and by her Anſwers, and thruſting away *Caſſander*, who ſtill had kept himſelf in a beſeeching poſture: Go (*ſaid ſhe*) and repreſent their affairs to them that ask your Counſel; I hope that I ſhall always be in a condition to ſtand in no need of you; and if I cannot hope to have a ſecond *Alexander* for my Husband, either I will never have any, or I will have one whoſe Perſon is more pleaſing to me than yours, and whoſe Life is without blemiſh: If from the Daughter of *Cohortamus*, I became the Wife of *Alexander*, I had qualities in my Perſon, that gave him an Affection; and I ſee none in yours that give me not an Averſion: I ſpeak to you with a liberty like your own, and to expreſs my ſelf yet more freely, you force me to tell you, that I ſhould think my condition leſs ſhame-

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ful with a *Babarian* King, nay, or with a private Man, than with a man accuſed of the death of the King his Maſter, and my Husband: I am conſtrain'd to uſe this reproach once more to you, whether I will or no; but you have defended your ſelf ſo ill againſt that accuſation, that you ought not to think it ſtrange if I cannot ſuffer you without horror, till you have clear'd your ſelf. *Roxana*, as ſhe ended theſe words roſe up from her ſeat, and *Caſſander* tranſported with rage, follow'd her with his face all on fire. 'Tis not for the King's death, cried he, that you hate a man whom you believe to be moſt innocent of it; I ſhall juſtify my ſelf of that crime much better than all thoſe that ſuſpect me for it: but you lov'd him too little to make his death the motive of this hatred, and you preferr'd the ſame man before him during his Life, whom you prefer before me now: 'Tis *Oroondates* that robb'd *Alexander* the Great of the Affections of his Wife, and that robs *Caſſander* of all his hopes; but I'll revenge thoſe injuries that are common both to my King and me, and if hitherto I have threatned without effect, you now ſhall hear, that in the rage into which you have precipitated me, I am capable to execute the ſtrangeſt reſolutions. As he utter'd theſe words he turn'd away from the Company, and leaving the Queen in a manner beſides her ſelf, with anger at his injurious Reproaches, and at his cruel Threatnings, he went out of the Garden, and being come home to his Lodging, in an exceeding great fury, he employ'd the reſt of the day and night following, in plotting the means he ſhould uſe both for his Revenge and for his Contentment.

In the mean time Queen *Statira*, or *Caſſandra*, (for ſhe had retained that name with a purpoſe never any more to take up that of the Princeſs of *Perſia*, under which ſhe had been expos'd to ſo many misfortunes) was extremely preſſed by *Perdiccas*'s importunities; and he being vext at the little progreſs he had made in his deſign of gaining her Affection, and at the ill uſage he had receiv'd from her in his laſt viſits, went beyond the terms in which he long had kept himſelf toward her, and flew out to threats which made her fall into ſtrange

apprehenſions, yet did ſhe not ſink at all from the greatneſs of her Courage: and when he told her it was not her beſt way to make him deſperate in the condition he then was, nor to drive him to extremities, which could not but bring her cauſe of diſcontent; Think not, ſaid ſhe, with your Threats to fright a Princeſs who is not weak enough to fear them, and who by the power ſhe hath over her own Life, can ſecure her ſelf from yours, whenſoever you ſhall go about to abuſe it: I know how to die, *Perdiccas*, to deprive you of the Empire you have over my body, and by my death I ſhall compleat the anger of both Gods and Men againſt you, who will not ſuffer your Crimes to go unpuniſh'd. The Gods forbid, *reply'd* Perdiccas, that I ſhould ſeek your death, or that I ſhould ever conſent to it: 'tis not your Life I threaten, for I would rather expoſe mine own to all manner of diſaſters, than arm my hand, or thoſe of your Enemies againſt it. Yes, Madam, you are ſtill too dear to me, that I ſhould be able to conceive any violent thought againſt you; but you may fear leſt that in the end my rage be turned againſt this *Oroondates*, whom you unjuſtly prefer before me; and leſt I pour upon him whatſoever he can apprehend from a deſpairing Rival, and from an Enemy that hath all manner of power over him: hitherto I have ſpar'd him for your ſake, and for *Roxana*'s who loves him, and out of ſome ſenſe of generoſity; but at laſt all theſe conſiderations will be blown away by my deſpair; and ſince the advantages he has over me, make his life and mine to be incompatible, I ſhall undoubtedly ſacrifice his, either to my repoſe, or to my revenge.

The fair Queen could nor hear theſe cruel Threats without growing pale, nor without teſtifying by the motions of her Countenance how deeply they had touch'd her, and indeed they made her loſe part of her Conſtancy; wherefore looking upon him with eyes ſwell'd with tears ready to break forth, which ſhe withheld with a great deal of difficulty; Cruel man (*ſaid ſhe*) execute then with thine own hand againſt the unfortunate *Caſſandra*, what thou intendeſt to do againſt *Oroondates*: and ſince thou art at laſt fallen upon the only

only thought that was left thee to conceive for a concluſion of thy crimes, take this wretched life which thou pretendeſt to be willing to ſpare, and preſerve that brave and glorious Life of the gallanteſt Man that ever was; the loſs of mine is but of ſmall importance, if thou compareſt the miſeries of it with the wonders of his; and moreover they are ty'd together with ſo ſtrong a knot that thou ſhalt never ſee the ſeparation of them: all the blows thou ſhalt aim at him will fall directly upon me, and the ſame wound that ſhall take away his Life, will infallibly ſend me to my Grave:

Ah! my dear Prince, (continued ſhe, not being longer able to retain the motions of her love, nor her tears, which ran down with violence, but breaking forth, thro that extraordinary effect of her Paſſion, with as much liberty before *Perdiccas* as if ſhe had been all alone;) too lovely *Oroondates*, muſt I be now ſo near thee for no other end but to ſee thee ſo cruelly expos'd to the rage of thy Enemies, and after having eſcap'd ſo many dangers into which thou haſt thrown thy ſelf for my ſake, after ſo many cauſes to forſake me for ever, muſt thou be brought to ſubmit thy ſelf to theſe barbarous People, who by the fear of one death alone, which they have power to give thee, will make me die a thouſand times a day? The Queen had never made the affection ſhe bore to *Oroondates* ſo clearly known to *Perdiccas*, nor could he hear thoſe words that gave ſo manifeſt a Declaration of it, without falling into tranſports of Anger and Grief, which tormented him moſt vehemently. He remained a long time unable to expreſs his reſentments with his Tongue, but in the end looking upon the Queen with a more troubled countenance than before; You could not (*ſaid he*) have done a worſe Office to the Prince you love, than this of ſhewing ſuch violent proof of your affection; for tho I were ſure to periſh, and to ſee the whole world periſh with me, I'll never ſuffer him to live when once my hopes are dead; I for your conſideration will defer my revenge till I have tried all my utmoſt endeavours to mollify you, but when all my ſubmiſſions, ſhall once prove uſeleſs, I'll never let him triumph o'er my ruin; and whether I fall by the

anger of Heaven, or by yours, or by that of my Enemies, I will at least have the satisfaction to bury my Rival with me. Thou mayst do (*reply'd the Queen, utterly transported*) thou mayst do whatsoever thy Rage shall inspire thee; but this I declare before the Gods, thou shalt never draw other contentment from the death of *Oroondates*, save that of seeing me die with him; and I protest to thee moreover, that thou never from this minute shalt have word or look from me any more, till thou hast given me the means to see him, and discourse with him. *Perdiccas* was struck dumb at that reiteration of a demand which the Queen had already made him, and fixt his eyes upon the ground, deeply musing what answer he should return: he could not consent to give her a satisfaction which could not but be very prejudical to him, but at last there came a thought into his head which made him change his opinion, and he no sooner had conceiv'd it, but turning toward the Queen; You shall obtain what you desire, (*said he*) if I can perswade *Roxana* to it; but hope not that *Oroondates* shall profit by it, since he shall never be permitted to see you, but to beg his life of you, which depends only upon the usage you shall shew to me: if he be wise he'll counsel you to forsake him, and upon the success of his Counsels shall follow either his death or his preservation. After these words he went out of the Chamber, and left the Queen so troubled at his threats, that if she had not been comforted by the hope he gave her of seeing *Oroondates*, she would have been reduc'd to a most lamentable condition. The Princess her Sister came into her Chamber presently after, having heard her new causes of Affliction; she sought out all the words her Affection could put into her mouth to give her Consolation; their last hope was in the assistance they expected from Prince *Artaxerxes* their Brother, and their sorrow was a little moderated by the remembrance of that great Prince's being alive, and by that of the succour they might probably look for from a man of that Reputation, seconded by the valiant *Lysimachus*, and by their generous and invincible Companions.

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But *Roxana*'s mind was at no better quiet than those of the two Princesses, and her Love made her endure whatsoever was least supportable to them in their captivity, and in the rest of their misfortunes. She saw the most potent Party of the world arm'd at her Gates for her destruction, and who by the first and most important successes, ought in likelihood to hope for the last advantages: she saw Enemies within her Walls, not doubting but that *Seleucus* was sufficiently incens'd to harbour thoughts of revenge against her; she had heard of the defeat of her Allies, in whose relief she had grounded part of her hopes; she was persecuted by a brutish Man, whom she saw ready every moment to vent his fury in some bloody attempt; and by the testimony of her own Conscience, she believ'd both Heaven and Earth to be her Enemies, yet all this touch'd her not so deeply as *Oroondates*'s scorn: that cruel remembrance made her neglect all care of her affairs, and hardly left her so much as a minute's rest. When she return'd out of the Garden where she had had that unpleasing discourse with *Cassander*, she went to the Lodging of her Prisoner, tho she had incited him once that day already, and as she pass'd by the Guard she had set upon him, she commanded their Captain to have an exact care of his Person, and to defend it to the last gasp, against all those that should attempt to hurt him: She us'd that caution for his safety, by reason of *Cassandra*'s threats, believing him capable to fly upon some violent design. *Oroondates* who receiv'd her visits with a great deal of wearisomness, had much ado to settle his Countenance to what civility seem'd to require from him; but *Roxana* was not repulsed thereby, tho it was a mortal grief to her to see those continual marks of his aversion: and drawing near him with a dissembling look, Well, cruel *Oroondates*, (*said she*) will you for ever be my Enemy, and will you not open your eyes at last, to see the faults you commit, both against your own happiness, and against the gratitude you owe to my Affection? Do you not consider that I neglect all my interests to preserve you, and that I put both my Affairs, and even my very Life, in a manifest danger to defend

you from Enemies which your fortune hath ſtirr'd up againſt you? Had it not been for this protection, wherewith I have powerfully ſheltred you, both they from whom you take the Love of *Statira*, and they from whom you take *Roxana*, would ere now have pour'd upon you whatſoever their Jealouſy could ſuggeſt unto them: will you be inſenſible of theſe laſt obligations, as you have hitherto been of former ones? and if you diſdain the happineſs and the glory which you might find in the acknowledgment I demand of you, do you not think that even generoſity it ſelf obliges you to uſe ſome violence upon your inclinations, in favour of a Queen, who is as obſtinate in loving you more than her ſelf, as you are in hating her for all her Love? But you your ſelf, Madam, reply'd the Prince ſomething briskly, do not you believe your ſelf obliged by that generoſity you alledge, to leave him at leaſt ſome liberty of mind, from whom you have taken that of his body? and if it be true that you bear me that good-will whereof I acknowledg my ſelf unworthy, do you think to expreſs it to me by effects ſo contrary to their cauſe? Do you believe a heart can be chang'd by perſecutions? and if mine were capable to be ſo, do you judge it could be by the uſage I receive from you? While I I was free, I defended my ſelf well enough from thoſe Enemies againſt whom you have taken my protection, and now I am their Priſoner, or yours, I had rather die by their hands, than by the miſchiefs which you make me ſuffer, and which nevertheleſs you would make me receive as proofs of your Affection. Ah, what do you ſuffer, ingrateful man, ſaid the Queen; what do you ſuffer, that might not make all Priſoners of war to envy your condition? I ſuffer, anſwer'd *Oroondates*, an impriſonment very different from that the Priſoners of your Party found with us: I ſuffer for the captivity of my Princeſs; I judge of her torments by mine own, ſince ſhe is in the power of a man, whoſe inclinations are ſuitable to yours: I bear her abſence a great deal more impatiently than when I was far from her; nor can I from this affection to which you would have me think my ſelf ſo indebted, obtain the liberty to ſee her,

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ſo much as a moment. No added *Roxana*, you ſhall never obtain it, and I would rather kill my Rival with my own hands, than conſent to that cruel interview which you demand but to compleat the ruining of my hopes. Nor ſhall you, reply'd *Oroondates*, ever obtain one word from me, or one moment of compliance more. Do, kill her, the Daughter of your King, and by that action you will but finiſh what you had ſo generouſly begun: your heart already is enough diſpos'd to that crime to be the actor of it without reluctancy, and you muſt never hope that he who could not love you in a more innocent ſtate, can caſt his eyes upon you when by your cruelty you ſhall have drawn upon your ſelf the imprecations even of thoſe that had no intereſt in it.

The Queen was ſtung ſo deeply with theſe words, that her anger ſhew'd it ſelf in the redneſs of her face; and beholding *Oroondates* with an offended eye: You are, (*ſaid ſhe*) the moſt ungrateful man alive, and the moſt unworthy of this affection which you have ſo inſolently abuſed; if I could obtain of my heart, what my lawful indignation has reaſon to demand, you ſhould never ſee me but as your moſt cruel, and irreconcileable Enemy: but ſuch as I am, fear to drive me to extremity, and by the remembrance of thoſe cruelties wherewith you reproach me every moment, judge what I may be capable of, when I ſhall be prompted by deſpair. I hold you capable of any thing (reply'd the Prince) except of making *Oroondates* love you; and neither your threatnings, nor your kindneſſes, ſhall ever work my mind to thoughts which are worthy only of *Caſſandra*. *Roxana* heard not theſe laſt words diſtinctly, for when *Oroondates* ſpoke them, ſhe was already gone out of his Chamber. Hardly was ſhe gotten to her own, when *Perdiccas* came in; they preſently read their reſentments in each others faces; and as they were accuſtom'd mutually to impart the progreſs they made in their affections, they gave one another an account of the ſucceſs of the viſits they had newly made. *Roxana* was exceeding angry when *Perdiccas* told her he had promiſed the Queen that ſhe ſhould

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see *Oroondates*, and protested often that she would never give her consent: but *Perdiccas* pacify'd her by many reasons he alledg'd; representing to her that that interview could not hurt them, since it should be in the presence of many witnesses, which would tell them all the passages of their conversation; and that if it could not serve to their advantage, however it could be no obstacle to their intentions; and praying her to trust it to his managing, since his interest was equal to hers, he brought her in the end to yield to his persuasions. After they had conferr'd together about the order they should observe for the making of that Visit, *Perdiccas* bad her good night; and the Queen before she went to bed, having a mind to let *Oroondates* know her purpose to oblige him in what he had desir'd, and the conditions upon which she granted him that favour, call'd for pen and ink, and wrote to him in these words.

Queen ROXANA *to Prince* OROONDATES.

YOU *are permitted to see my Rival, since you have desired it; but it is not meant you should make use of that favour to the ruin of those that grant it you; 'tis in your power to turn it to your advantage if you use it as prudence would advise you, and in counselling* Statira *not to think of you any more: you ought to receive the counsel she will give you to lose all thought of her. This is the way you ought to follow if you love her life, since it shall depend merely upon the success of this interview.*

Oroondates receiv'd this Letter that very night before he went to bed, and in spite of all *Roxana*'s threatnings, found causes of joy in it, that made him forget his present miseries. He could not fancy that he should shortly see his Princess, without being transported with an excess of contentment, and he formed an Idea of that happiness in his imagination, which pleas'd it above all those that ever he had enjoy'd. What, said he, shall I see my Princess once again? Death hath not then deprived

priv'd me of her sight for ever, nor Captivity robb'd me of that blessed sight for the whole remainder of my days. I shall behold her with these very eyes, which the first time they saw her, found the glorious loss of my repose and of my liberty: I shall speak to her with this very mouth, which hath so often made her the true protestations of my Fidelity; and I shall hear that very voice which hath many times pronounced the sentences of my life and of my death. Ah, my Soul, wilt thou be able to resist those violent motions of thy Joy, which must in probability put thee beside thy self? After these raptures of delight, follow'd some effects of his fear; nor could he, without trembling, remember her parting from him at *Susa*, and the humour he had left her in at that cruel separation; his Joy nevertheless got the better of his Fear, and possessed him then so absolutely, that it hardly suffer'd him to bestow one hour of the night in sleep. *Perdiccas* pass'd it not in such pleasant thoughts as his, and he was so perplexed with the cares of Love, and with those of the War, that he had hardly a minute free from the persecutions of the one or of the other: yet did he give orders for the defence of the Town with a great deal of understanding; and, as much in love as he was, he forgot but few of the duties of a very expert General, and of a Man whom his Passion could not make to neglect any thing.

He was tormented nevertheless with an anxiety caused by the ill success of his Affairs, and as he had been afflicted at the loss of the last Battel, and at the defeat of *Nabarzanes*, he also knew with an extraordinary discontent, the danger of the taking of *Babylon*, and of the utter ruin of his Party, which did most visibly threaten him; he was weaken'd by the loss of part of his Men, he was but ill assured of the Affections of the rest, and in every thing he found occasions of fear, which he thought too important to be slighted. That was it that made him so hot in the prosecution of his design upon *Cassandra*, when in likelihood it should have been interrupted by cares of so great consequence; but his haste was grounded upon some reason, and his fear of being

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quickly reduced to ſome Capitulation, or to ſome diſadvantageous Treaty, made him preſs the Queen ſo much as he had done, and as he did more eagerly afterward, to engage her while ſhe was in his power, ſo that after the change of his Affairs, his Rivals might no more pretend to any thing with her; knowing that if he laid not hold of his advantages while ſhe was in his hands, he was never to hope for any thing after. If he paſſed the night in ſuch troubleſom diſquiets, *Seleucus* was little better at reſt, and the day appear'd before he had fully taken his reſolution. *Araxes* being come at that time to receive his Commands, renew'd his diſcontents; but not being willing to detain him longer, and having drawn him aſide, ſo that no body could overhear him; *Araxes* (*ſaid he*) you may return to the Camp when you pleaſe; after having ſucceeded ſo ill with my faithful Companions in what concerns mine own intereſts, I will not undertake to ſpeak of yours, and I have conſider'd that your Maſter's Enemies fear your Fidelity too much to ſuffer you to be near him. I would return along with you, and would not abuſe the favour I have received from my generous Friends, if I did not know that I ſhall be more uſeful to them here than in their Camp. In brief, *Araxes*, I am reſolv'd to do that by the way of Arms, which I have not been able to compaſs by my perſuaſions, and I'll recover your Maſter's Liberty, as I undertook to do, or elſe I'll periſh in that deſign. Give Prince *Artaxerxes* and his Friends this aſſurance from me; and becauſe I have reaſon to diſtruſt my Forces here, which are not great enough to oppoſe thoſe of our Enemy's, tell them that when I ſhall have need of their aſſiſtance, I'll ſet up red Flags upon the Walls; as ſoon as they ſee them appear, they may fall on at the Gate which is oppoſite to *Craterus*'s approach, and I'll facilitate their entrance with my utmoſt power; but it ſhall be in the open day, by open force, and by ways which ungrateful *Perdiccas* ſhall not be able to accuſe of Treachery. After he had given him this inſtruction, he ſent him away, and appointed Officers to accompany him

him to the Gate, who cauſed it to be open'd by their Authority. *Araxes* went out of *Babylon* with a great deal of diſcontent; but he comforted himſelf by the hopes *Seleucus* had given him, that he would attempt ſomething for his Maſter's liberty; his paſſage out was the freer by reaſon of the Truce which continu'd for that day, which *Perdiccas* made to be employ'd in burying thoſe that were ſlain at the taking of *Nabarzanes*; he had taken no offence at the puniſhment of that Parricide, tho he was very ſorry for the defeat of his Men, and neither he nor *Roxana* were ignorant that they had put that Monſter to death, not as their Friend, but as the Murderer of *Darius*.

That morning as ſoon as Queen *Statira* was ready, *Alcetas* came into her Chamber, to tell her that *Oroondates* was coming to ſee her, as ſhe had deſired; but then he pray'd her, from *Perdiccas*, that ſhe would uſe that Viſit according to his intention, and not make it fatal to Prince *Oroondates*. The Queen was ſo pleaſingly ſurpriz'd to hear that news, that ſhe never ſo much as thought of anſwering *Alcetas*, neither indeed could ſhe make him any Anſwer, which according to her thought was not diſobliging to his Brother; but as ſoon as he was gone out, ſhe diſcover'd her contentment, which in his preſence ſhe had diſſembled as well as ſhe was able; ſhe went into the Chamber of the Princeſs her Siſter, to communicate it to her, and after that ſhe had teſtify'd the part ſhe bore in it, and how glad ſhe would be her ſelf to ſee that Prince again, ſo dear to all their Family, they return'd together into her Chamber, to receive that welcom Viſit. In the mean while the ſame diſcourſe had been uſed from *Roxana* to *Oroondates*, and that Prince having receiv'd it with raptures of Joy, which made him forget part of his reſentments againſt her, no ſooner heard that the Queen was ready for his coming, but he went out of his Chamber, and out of the Palace, followed by thoſe to whom the charge of guarding him had been committed; yet did he go with an imperfect ſatisfaction, nor could he without fear remember the cruel Command ſhe had laid upon him at *Suſa*, when

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she had banish'd him from her presence for ever; never-theless when he had reflected upon it, he found some cause of better confidence, remembring that she had only forbidden him to present himself before her, till she was in a condition to receive him, and at that time he believ'd the change of her state by the death of her Husband, gave him a dispensation against all the rules that could dissuade him from it: without this consideration he was too religious an observer of her Commands, to put himself in danger to infringe them, tho he might have found some encouragement to take a little liberty, by the discourse *Cleonis* had made him of the Queen's thoughts, and of the pains she had taken to visit him herself, when he lay wounded at *Polemon*'s House. The people in the Streets, as he pass'd by, look'd all upon him with admiration, and maugre the malice of his Enemies, the fame of his Virtue was sufficiently spread abroad, to make all the world respect and reverence his Person; he went to the Queen's Lodging in a Chariot that was appointed for him, and when he was come thither he made haste up the Stairs, and walk'd toward her Chamber with a countenance in which one might easily read part of his thoughts; his Guard accompany'd him thither, and some of them staid within the door by order from *Roxana*, to be present at their Actions. As soon as the Queen heard the noise, and was advertised of his being come, she would have risen from her Chair to go and meet him, but her strength forsook her on that occasion, and she was seiz'd in such manner, that without the help of the Princess, her Sister, she would scarce have had the power to stir: she had already gone three or four steps when she saw him appear at the entrance into the Chamber, and at the same time *Oroondates* having cast his eyes upon her, was so powerfully touch'd with that sight, that he could hardly get forward to present himself at her feet. *Perdiccas* having been desirous to use the Queen according to the greatness of her Quality, to disguise her misery by outward shews, had taken care to have her Chamber hung with black, and all her Furniture made suitable to the condition she was in since the

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King's death: the Queen's Habit also was black, trailing negligently upon the ground, and her head had been adorn'd with more curiosity, if her present state would have let her take the care to dress it; yet as negligent as it was, it took off nothing from her admirable Beauty, and her eyes thro that mournful colour darted a fire at the Prince, which was bright enough to dispel the thickest darkness. O Gods! what were the first motions of his Heart! and how will my Pen be able to express them! here it is indeed that I distrust its force, and that I must content my self to let imagination supply what I should not know how to represent. Once in his life before, had that poor Prince appear'd in her sight with the like inward disturbance; but in this last Encounter he seem'd to have lost part of his courage, and all the resolution wherewith he had strengthned himself, gave place to thoughts of tenderness, which at that sight had totally possessed his Soul; yet did he advance towards the Queen, for all he was so besides himself, and was no sooner near her, but casting himself at her feet, he embraced her knees with so passionate an Action as made a deep impression in all that beheld him.

The Queen permitted it longer than she would have done, if she had not been in a trouble that hindred her from ordering her Actions with a perfect knowledg and liberty: but all she was able to do in a surpize, from which all her preparations had not defended her, was to bow down her head, and stretch forth her arms with so pressing a sign of her Affection, that those that observ'd it, might very well judg, the fear of displeasing *Perdiccas* had not power enough over her to make her dissemble it. After she had press'd him a-while between her Arms, she raised up her head, and letting the Company see a face all bath'd in tears, she put forth her hand to lift him up, and while the Prince fix'd his lips upon it with a transported ardency: Rise, rise, my Prince, (*said she*) and pardon the trouble of my Soul, for having left you so long in this unfitting posture. *Oroondates*, who could not disobey her, rose up, and was no sooner upon his feet, but the Princess *Parisatis*,

ſatis, as ſevere, and as circumſpect as ſhe was, came to embrace him with as much Affection as if he had been *Artaxerxes*. *Oroondates* received her kindneſſes with much reſpect, and when they gave him leave to return to the Queen, he would have thrown himſelf at her feet again, if ſhe had not forbidden it, and commanded him to ſit down by her, upon a Chair that ſtood near her bed-ſide. The Prince's agitation of mind had ſeiz'd him in ſuch a manner, that the Queen was fain to break ſilence firſt, and beholding him in his extaſy with motions full of affection; Am I then permitted to ſee you again! (*ſaid ſhe*) And has the cruelty of mine Enemies yielded to the only favour I have ask'd them? I had not hoped for this only ſatisfaction I was capable to receive, and was diſpoſing my ſelf to die without expecting this ſweet conſolation in my miſfortunes. The Queen ſpake to him in theſe terms, teſtifying by her looks how dear his ſight was to her; and the Prince, who recover'd courage by this diſcourſe, and who had had a little time to recollect himſelf, replied; Madam, I had not thought this bleſſing had befaln me by your means, and I had prepared my ſelf for it with fear of diſpleaſing you, remembring how carefully you had ſhunn'd the occaſions of it while you had the liberty to grant it me, while I was in the ſame Houſe with you, and while the report of your death had brought me ſo near to my Grave. At that time, indeed (if I may be permitted to uſe ſome reproach againſt my Sovereign) you might with more facility than now, Madam, have drawn me out of the deplorable condition I then was in; I was dying for the rumor of your death, and you were alive cloſe by me, to ſee me die without ſhewing any mark of compaſſion for my death; my preſence was then ſo odious to you, that you preferr'd a cruel captivity among your moſt cruel Enemies before it, in a ſeaſon when you had ſo much need of the ſervices of all that honour you; and my Life was ſo little dear to you, that you would not ſecure it by a bare knowledg of yours. The Prince would have enlarg'd himſelf further in theſe complaints, if the Queen had not thus interrupted.

ed him: They that made you this relation, if they did faithfully recount my life, and if they be of thoſe to whom my thoughts were known, may have told you the reaſons I had to uſe a cruel violence upon my inclinations, to keep my ſelf within the limits of my duty: Your ſight was very dear to me, your aſſiſtance would have been moſt welcome, and what you ſuffer'd for me, found as great a ſenſibility in my heart as ever you could have deſired from it; but I owed ſo much to the memory of ſo great a Husband, who was dead but two days before, that any other remembrance ſave his would have been criminal in me; and without deſtroying my reputation, and making my ſelf unworthy of your eſteem, I could not caſt my ſelf into the arms of a Man that had loved me, and that loved me ſtill, when the King my Husband not ſo much as received the honours of interment. It would be harder for me to juſtify my ſelf to another than to you, my dear *Oroandates*, in whom virtuous thoughts do eaſily make impreſſion, and uſually weigh down the ſcale againſt your intereſts: No, I could not ſee you without doing my ſelf an injury, and yet I viſited you, I ſought you to your very bed, and to give my ſelf that ſatisfaction, I put my honour in the greateſt hazard that ever I had done in all my life. How great repentance ſoever that action was like in probability to have drawn after it, I paſs'd over all manner of conſiderations to follow the incitements of my affection, and I was already diſpoſed to let you ſee me, and to diſcover my ſelf to you, when the violence of my Enemies pull'd me away from you, and deprived me of the means of effecting my reſolution. If it were by *Cleone* (as I believe it was) that you have been inſtructed in my life, you heard from her in what manner I bore that ſeparation, what your remembrance has made me ſuffer ſince, and what tears and lamentations I beſtow'd on the memory of what I owed you.

The Queen pronounced theſe words in ſo tender and ſo paſſionate a way, that the Prince repented he had ſo reproached her, and being deſirous to expreſs his Sorrow for

ſent that you give to ſo glorious a death, is dearer to me than all the favours you ever granted me. You ſhall ſee me dead, for certain, a great deal ſooner than inconſtant; and I cannot chuſe but infinitely commend a reſolution ſo advantageous to me, altho I have more weakneſs toward you. No, my admired Queen, I ſhould not have the courage to ſee you die, to avoid the tyranny of *Perdiccas* for my conſideration, but I would willingly die my ſelf that I might never ſee you in the arms of *Perdiccas*: 'tis by that remedy I ought to prevent my laſt misfortune, rather than by the hazard of a Life, which a thouſand ſuch as mine cannot countervail: that Law is not equal between us, nor is my Paſſion the leſs violent, for not being able to deſire that of you, which no manner of right can make me lawfully demand. The Prince and the fair Queen were giving each other theſe confirmations of their love, when the Princeſs *Pariſatis*, who was preſent at their converſation, mingled her ſelf in that Entertainment, to ask the Prince ſome account of the laſt actions of his life, and of the paſſages that had happen'd between him and the Prince her Brother. *Oroondates* obey'd her in a few words, and by the diſcourſe he made to the Queen of his cruel Jealouſy, of the ſtrange effects it had produced in him, and of the bloody Combats he had fought with *Arſaces*, he caſt her many times into aſtoniſhment, which ſhe knew not how to expreſs, but by the alteration of her countenance. She often accuſed the Prince in his diſcourſe, for the opinion he had had of her; but when ſhe remembred the appearances upon which his Jealouſy was grounded, ſhe was conſtrain'd to pardon him, and to receive all the violent reſolutions he had taken againſt her Brother, for the greateſt teſtimonies of his love. The Princeſſes had been in a great agitation of mind during that recital, but they were quieted by the end of it, and could not hear how thoſe two Friends came to know one another again, without receiving a marvellous conſolation. Then they deſired to learn what they knew not of their Brother's Adventures, and the Prince was beginning to recount a little

little more at large what *Arſaces* had told the Queen his Siſter but in brief; when *Roxana* and *Perdiccas*, not being able to ſuffer that their converſation ſhould continue longer, ſent order to *Oroondates*'s Guard, to bring him back: at that cruel command, he ſigh'd twice or thrice, and look'd upon the Queen with an action of grief and anger mixt together; We muſt obey our Maſters, (*ſaid he*) O Gods! how hard is this condition! I part from you, Madam, but 'tis with a firm reſolution to carry away nothing but my body, and to leave my mind tied to you, with ſuch bonds as all the malice of our Enemies will not be able to break. Go, *Oroondates* (*ſaid the Queen*) and be moſt certain that all the violences of *Perdiccas* and *Roxana*, ſhall not divert me ſo much as for a moment, from the determination I have ſettled, never to be any body's if I cannot be yours. Theſe words were heard by all that were in the Room, and told, within awhile after to *Roxana* and *Perdiccas*; but the Prince had not time to give reply, and his ſevere Guard making him go out of the Queen's Chamber, and out of the Houſe, put him again into the Chariot, to carry him back to his Priſon.

In the mean while, jealous *Caſſander*, after having roll'd a thouſand furious reſolutions in his head, had fixt upon the laſt which he had taken, to kill him that was the obſtacle of his happineſs: and tho he well enough knew him to be innocent of all his Sufferings, and that he contributed nothing willingly to *Roxana*'s averſion againſt him, his blinded Paſſion ſtifled all the motions that conſideration might have given him, and he fancy'd ſuch helps to his pretenſions by the death of his Rival, and ſuch ſweetneſſes in his revenge, as got an abſolute Victory in his heart, over all that Honour and Virtue could repreſent: yet did he ſee ſome difficulties in his deſign, and the Prince of *Scythia* was at once both guarded and defended by Men whom *Roxana* had placed about him for his cuſtody, and for his preſervation: 'twas in the Palace where he was kept, where in probability all the Queen's Houſhold would take arms

for

for the interests of their Mistress, and without coming to a great Combat, the advantage whereof could not in likelihood be his, he knew not how he should be able to execute his design. He was beating his brains to find out the means that were least dangerous, when he heard that the Prince was gone to Queen *Statira*, and that all his Guard being commanded along with him, there remain'd no body in his Lodging, but some few Officers, who were appointed for his Service, not for his defence, and who likewise might perhaps be ignorant of the Order the Queen had given to forbid his entrance. He thought he could not light upon a more favourable opportunity, to get into his Enemy's Chamber without difficulty, and tho to have argued the matter calmly, he might have found some danger in it, he, in the condition to which his Passion had reduced him, was too little in love with his Life, to seek for all the cautions which might secure it in that Action. He only took seven or eight of those Men, in whom he had most confidence, and without any great Train, went to *Oroandates*'s Quarters; going up the back-stairs he found the doors of it open, and they that were there had not the boldness to oppose a Man of so great Authority as *Cassander*. He retired with his Men into an inner room, that was at the further end of the Lodging, and there he resolv'd to expect the Prince's return, well knowing that his Guard came not into his Chamber without necessity, and that commonly they waited in the Hall next to it. He had staid but a little while in fears which the greatness of his Enterprize brought into his mind, when the Prince return'd; his Guard, according to their custom, only conducted him into his Chamber, and having shut the door left him alone.

His ill fortune seem'd willing to give *Cassander* a greater conveniency to effect his purpose, for the Prince, not staying in his Chamber, went on into the inner Room, which was far more pleasant, by having the prospect of the Garden. No sooner was he entred, but *Cassander*, in spite of all the fears that assaulted him, drew his Sword, and they that were with him

him making good the door to hinder his going out, he came toward him with an action that ſufficiently witneſſed his intent. That Object did a little ſurprize *Oroondates*, but he was not daunted at it, and the greatneſs of his Courage making him look upon that danger with the ſame contempt he had ſhew'd in ſo many others, ſuffer'd him not ſo much as to teſtify by an alteration of his countenance that he was terrify'd at it: only darting a furious look upon *Caſſander*, Coward, ſaid he, dar'ſt thou attempt the death of *Oroondates*? Theſe words pronounced with an impetuouſneſs like that of thunder, produc'd a like effect; and the Majeſty of the Prince that utter'd them, appear'd in ſo ſublime a degree, that the affrighted *Caſſander* thought he ſaw fire in his Eyes, and marks of Divinity in his Face. And indeed he was ſo much diſmay'd, that his arm which he had lifted up, ſunk down without effect, and he ſtood with his heart frozen by a thouſand Terrors, in the poſture of a man that knows not where he is; all his followers held their hands by his example, and if he had not been ſo well accompany'd, *Oroondates* might have made uſe of the confuſion he was in to ſeize upon his ſword, and to make the effects of his cruel intention fall upon himſelf; but whether it were that he knew the impoſſibility of ſaving himſelf without Arms amongſt a great many Men, the points of whoſe ſwords were turn'd againſt his breaſt, or that he diſdain'd a Life accompany'd with ſo many misfortunes, he never went about to attempt any thing for his ſafety; but only looking upon *Caſſander* with as reſolute a countenance as if he had been out of danger, Why doſt thou delay, ſaid he, to diſpatch an Enemy whom his deſtiny delivers up to thee without reſiſtance? Lay hold of this brave occaſion to triumph over his Life; and tho he never had a thought to diſpute the poſſeſſion of *Roxana* with thee, endeavour to acquire it by the death of a Prince whom ſhe prefers before thee, and by the death of a Prince to whom thou canſt not give it but by theſe ways: Why doſt thou tremble? See I am alone and without Arms, and remember that 'tis only in this condition thou

dareſt come near an Enemy, who, while he had his liberty, ſtruck thee pale even within thy Walls.

While *Oroondates* ſpake theſe words, *Caſſander* had had the leiſure to ſettle ſome part of his amazement; and conſidering the truth of what the Prince told him, inſtead of being touch'd by the greatneſs of his Courage, he was confirm'd in his reſolution, and in the belief that he ſhould not do well to let ſlip an opportunity, which perchance he might never recover while he liv'd: he quickly made it appear, and looking upon the Prince with more boldneſs than before; It is not fear, ſaid he, that has hinder'd me from effecting my deſign, but the repugnance I have againſt this Action; and if it had been poſſible for me to acquire *Roxana* without thy death, I would have left thee a life which I am forc'd to ſacrifice to my reſentments, and to my repoſe. With theſe words he ſtept forward again to the Prince, from whom he had retir'd a little; and raiſing the point of his ſword, he was preparing himſelf to thruſt it into his breaſt, when after a confus'd noiſe which he heard in the Chamber, he ſaw *Roxana* enter into that room, crying, Hold, hold thy hand, cruel man.

Theſe words, and the ſight of the Queen, for whom, as furious as he was, his paſſion gave him both fear and reſpect, made him fall into ſuch a confuſion, that he no longer had either ſtrength or underſtanding; and *Roxana* throwing her ſelf at the ſame time before *Oroondates*, made him ſee that he had no other way but thro her body to find a paſſage to that of his Enemy. *Caſſander* knew himſelf then to be fruſtrated of his hopes; and ſeeing that the Guard came running in at the Queen's cries, and that if more of them ſhould follow, his life might be in the ſame danger into which he had put his Enemies, he got out of the Room; and tho the Queen call'd out to have him ſtay'd, he made his paſſage with his Men, who, with their Swords in their hands endeavour'd to facilitate his eſcape; and they that could have hindred it, were afraid of his Authority, and had not intereſt enough in taking him, nor in his death, to purchaſe either with the peril of their lives.

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As soon as he was gotten forth with his Men, and that *Roxana* had recover'd the fright she had been in, she gave order for the redoubling of *Oroondates*'s Guards; and then going towards him, Well now, ingrateful man, said she, will you put this Obligation in the rank of those offences wherewith you reproach me every day? And are not you once more indebted to me for this Life, which you unjustly destine to my Enemy? Have I not sav'd it with the hazard of my own? And did I not present my Breast against *Cassander*'s Sword, to divert the stroke from yours? Did you ever receive so good offices from my Rival? And can you compare a few fair words, wherewith she may have flatter'd you, to proofs of Love of so high a nature? I confess, answer'd the Prince, that if my life were dear to me, I should have a considerable obligation to you; but be it what it will, I am not so little sensible of the care you have taken for its defence, but that I would hazard it without repugnance for the preservation of yours. I desire other effects of your acknowledgment, reply'd *Roxana*, than those that are ordinary to your generosity; and I desire that you should do that thro Love, which you would do thro the mere incitement of your Virtue. Your desires are so little reasonable, said the Prince, and the performance of them is so little in my power, nay and even so little in my will, that I shall never be in a capacity to satisfy you. No, unthankful man, added *Roxana*, thou wilt not long be in a capacity to satisfy me; for when I shall have given thee up to the rage of thy Enemies, if thou canst content me in any particular, 'twill only be in my revenge; perhaps I may see thee reduc'd to the necessity of imploring this Goodness which thou unworthily abusest; and if thou art obdurate enough to behold thy own death without grief, or without repentance, perchance thou wilt be sensible of that of this Rival, for whom thou disdainest me with so much obstinacy and imprudence; 'tis by the favour I have shew'd thee that thou art harden'd in thy cruelty, and thou hast made no other use of the permission I gave thee to see my Enemy,

but to confirm thy ſelf with her in thy ingrateful reſolutions: but know that ſhe ſhall have little joy in thy indiſcreet perſeverance, and thou mayſt aſſure thy ſelf, that thou to day haſt had the laſt ſight of her, nor ſhall ſhe live to receive another viſit. As ſhe ended theſe words ſhe went away from *Oroondates*, and left him ſo tertify'd with that threat, that his heart, which in all the greateſt dangers had ſeem'd incapable of fear, could find nothing in his Courage wherewith he might ſecure himſelf againſt his mortal apprehenſions. *Roxana* was no ſooner gone out of his Lodging, but as ſhe was paſſing to her own, ſhe met *Perdiccas*, and preſently in his face ſhe eſpy'd all the marks of an anger as great as hers; to ſay the truth, their humours were then alike, as well as their conditions; and *Perdiccas* having been to viſit Queen *Statira*, after *Oroondates*'s departure out of her Chamber, had found her ſo potently confirm'd in the reſolution of not loving him, and of never enduring him while ſhe liv'd, that after having flown out before her into the moſt violent threatnings he could invent, he had given himſelf over in the end to his laſt determination. *Roxana* was opening her mouth to tell him her cruel intention, when he preventing her, ſaid, Madam, I ask your pardon for the pleaſure I am compell'd to do you; hitherto I, contrary to my own intereſts, have kept my ſelf within the terms of a compliance that has been fatal to them; but now I am conſtrain'd to let you know that for the good of our Party, and for the quiet of my Soul, *Oroondates* muſt of neceſſity loſe his life. *Roxana* had hardly patience to hear theſe laſt words, but breaking forth with a louder voice than ordinary; *Oroondates* ſhall live, (*ſaid ſhe*) as ingrateful as he is, but *Statira* ſhall die before this day be at an end; and all the mercies I have had toward her for your conſideration, are extinguiſh'd now in your ingratitude, and in my deſpair. *Statira* ſhall not die, reply'd *Perdiccas*, tho *Oroondates* muſt; and tho by her diſdains ſhe hath made herſelf unworthy of my protection, I'll defend her with my utmoſt power, to the laſt moment of my Life. And I'll proſecute her ſo vigorouſly with all mine, added *Roxana*, and will ſo ſtrong-

ſtrongly oppoſe the deſign you have againſt *Oroondates*, that I'll make even you your ſelf to periſh in one of your reſolutions.

The wrath wherewith they both were tranſported, hindred them then from going on with their diſcourſe; and after they for ſome time had look'd upon one another without ſpeaking, they were about to go and put their deſigns in execution, when *Alcetas* and *Neoptolemus* came in to them; and having comprehended their intention by their laſt words, and by their action, they reſolv'd to divert the violent effects that cruel diviſion might produce in their Party: They repreſented to them, that they had Enemies enough at their Gates, and even within their Walls, without diſuniting themſelves in that manner, and without giving ſuch an advantage to thoſe that were arm'd and fighting for their deſtruction, as they could not hope for from all their forces. Neither *Roxana* nor *Perdiccas* could be brought to moderate their indignation; for all thoſe reaſons, and all their friends could obtain, was, that they would retard the effects of it, till they ſaw the iſſue of a final proof which they intended to make, and which they agreed upon together before they parted. All theſe diſtractions which Love ſtirr'd up in *Babylon* hinder'd not the Commanders that were leſs paſſionate, nor even thoſe whom Paſſion tormented, from thinking of the defence of the City: All Orders were exactly obſerv'd, all Guards exactly kept; and yet the beſieged reſted more ſecurely than before, upon a belief they had, that their Enemies would not be in a condition for many days to make a ſecond attempt; and that they needed time to repair their Engines, and to ſeek inventions to aſſault them by other means than thoſe that had ſo ill ſucceeded. *Seleucus* and *Nearchus* meddled not with any thing, nor ſtirr'd out of their Lodgings; but tho their carriage might have begot ſuſpicion in *Roxana* and *Perdiccas*, they were ſtill in hope nevertheleſs to pacify them; and in regard of the need they had of their aſſiſtance, as well as of the conſideration they had of their Perſons, they deferr'd coming to extremities againſt them, or forcing them to declare themſelves, or go out of the Town, as they

ought to have done for their greater ſecurity, and as without queſtion they would, if their Paſſion had not too ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed them.

The reſt of that day being paſs'd, Prince *Oroondates* the next morning ſaw ſome of his Guard come into his Chamber, who drawing near him without diſcovering their intention, ſeiz'd ſuddenly upon him, and bound his hands: if he had foreſeen their purpoſe, he would undoubtedly have oppos'd it, but when he ſaw that he no longer was in a condition to do ſo; Have you order (*ſaid he*) to uſe me in this manner? Yes, Sir, anſwer'd they, and to carry you to Queen *Statira* in this poſture. In what poſture ſoever I am, reply'd the Prince, I'll follow you thither without repugnance; nor needed you to uſe bonds, or any violence, to lead me to a place from which my Soul is never abſent. The Captain of the Guard return'd no anſwer, becauſe he had not order; only making him go down the little ſtairs, he brought him to the Chariot, into which he got up with him, as alſo a good many of his Men, cauſing the ſides of it to be let down, that the people might not ſee him as he went. The Prince during all the way was not able to ſettle the fear he was in for his Princeſs, being ſtruck with a mortal apprehenſion of ſomething fatal to her in that laſt interview: he was conducted to her Chamber, as he had been at his former viſit; but he had hardly ſet his foot within it, when he ſaw *Roxana* and *Perdiccas* come in at other doors, attended by ſo great a Guard as almoſt fill'd the Room. *Caſſandra* look'd upon her Enemies with very little diſturbance; and tho the ſight of *Roxana*, after what ſhe had attempted, and executed againſt her, was enough to have toucht her, yet did ſhe behold her, accompany'd as ſhe was, without any trouble that could be taken notice of: but as ſoon as ſhe caſt her eyes upon *Oroondates*, and that ſhe ſaw him bound, and led as a Sacrifice to the Altar, ſhe could not obtain ſo much aſſiſtance from her conſtancy as ſhe would have deſir'd in ſuch an Encounter; and tho they had reſolv'd to uſe her that day as they meant to do him,

yet

yet had they had ſo much conſideration of her Sex, and of her Quality, that they had not bound her tender hands, neither did they fear that oppoſition from them, which they dreaded from *Oroondates*, if his had been at liberty. She went to meet him infinitely tranſported, and not caring to conſtrain herſelf for Enemies whom ſhe neither valu'd nor fear'd enough to diſſemble her inclinations in their preſence; Ah! my dear Prince, cry'd ſhe, what barbarous hearts can have us'd you ſo unworthily, and by what injuſtice can they bind thoſe hands that were deſtin'd to bear a Scepter, and thoſe hands that with ſo much glory have done ſo many gallant Actions? Why do not theſe Tygers turn their rage againſt me alone, ſince only I am cauſe of the greateſt part of their diſcontents? If *Roxana* loves you, how can ſhe conſent to this inhumanity? And if I be lov'd by *Perdiccas*, why will he afflict me with this killing Spectacle? Neither *Perdiccas* nor *Roxana*, anſwer'd the Prince, can make my deſtiny more glorious, than in making me to ſuffer theſe bonds for my love to you; thoſe noble bonds wherewith you keep my heart faſt tied for ever, make me deſpiſe all theirs; and if they could have broken them, they would not have ſhew'd this command over my Body, which neither force nor gentleneſs have been able to extend over my Mind.

The Queen was going to reply, when *Roxana*, who in their firſt diſcourſe found new occaſion to exaſperate her anger, broke off their converſation; and looking upon *Statira* with a countenance which her paſſion had enflam'd, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I will make no excuſes to you for what is paſt, nor will I ſeek out reaſons to juſtify my preſent actions: I'll only tell you that for all the double intereſt I have in your death, I have let you live to the prejudice of my repoſe, both to ſatisfy *Perdiccas*, and to follow the incitements of the compaſſion I have of you: but now that *Oroondates* by his ingratitude has driven me to the laſt extremities, and that by your obſtinacy to keep him, you your ſelf have labour'd for your own deſtruction, I am forc'd to let you know, that in the end you have arm'd all my

reſentments againſt you, and that you have no other way for ſafety, but to quit *Oroondates* to me, and to oblige him by all the conſiderations he ought to have of your Life, to obtain it of me by his repentance, and by the Affection I deſire from him. And I (*added* Perdiccas, *addreſſing himſelf to* Oroondates) declare to you, O Prince of *Scythia*, that you cannot eſcape the fury of a Rival, whom his ill fortune hath caſt into deſpair, but in yielding up the pretenſions you have to *Caſſandra*, and in diſpoſing her your ſelf to requite my paſſion. The gallant Queen, and the courageous Prince of *Scythia*, were equally touch'd with their Enemies words; and if they fear'd their threats, they both fear'd them for the Perſon belov'd, and not for their own Danger: yet did there appear an equal ſcorn in both their faces, and *Oroondates*'s Sex gave him no advantage then above that generous Princeſs; they both were opening their mouths to expreſs their thoughts at the ſame time, but the Prince, who ſaw the Queen was about to ſpeak; kept ſilence out of reſpect, and yielded that liberty firſt to her. I did not doubt, ſaid ſhe to *Roxana*, but that after having been ſtain'd with Crimes wherewith you have diſhonour'd your Sex, and the Rank you have held, and after having join'd in a confederacy againſt the blood of your Princes, and againſt the true Friends of the King your Husband, with their Murderers and Poiſoners, you would give your ſelf over to the extremeſt Cruelties; 'tis a worthy end of your glorious beginnings, and it were not fit you ſhould ſuffer her to continue longer in the world, whom you could never look upon without ſhame, nor without remorſe: but you have been much miſtaken, if you believ'd that by your menaces you could make me loſe what I hold a thouſand times more dear than all that you can take away from me; your ſubtilties heretofore ſucceeded but too proſperouſly, but your Cruelties ſhall not now have the ſame effect; and by your former actions, you have made my Life too little dear to me, to think I can be terrify'd by your threatning to deprive me of it. The Prince of *Scythia*, as ſoon as the Queen had ended theſe words,

took

took his time to ſpeak, and looking upon *Perdiccas* with diſdain; Theſe ways, ſaid he, whereby thou wouldſt rob me of my Princeſs, are worthy of the greatneſs of thy Courage, and without doubt it had not been glorious for thee to diſpute here againſt a Rival, by thy Blood, and by thy ſervices; thou wilt now acquire her far more nobly, and thou makeſt thy ſelf worthy of her in ſetting forth thy valour againſt a Priſoner, againſt a Man alone, and bound, yet a Man who twice already has made thee flee, and to whom thou art twice indebted for thy Life. Theſe words ſtung *Perdiccas* in ſuch manner, that he ſcarce had power to contain himſelf; but the reſolution he had taken to comply with *Roxana* yet a little longer, made him delay the effects of his indignation. They that know me, anſwer'd he, will never believe that I fled before a *Barbarian*, and I diſown thoſe good Offices for which thou wouldſt have me be indebted to thee; but this is not a place to decide that queſtion, and thou haſt now no time but to think of the propoſition I have made thee: If *Statira* love thy life, ſhe muſt now reſolve upon it, either by thy advice, or of her own accord. And if *Oroondates* loves *Statira*'s, added *Roxana*, he has but a few moments to determine about the loſs or the preſervation of it. At theſe cruel words, theſe illuſtrious and unfortunate Lovers ſaw themſelves reduc'd to moſt miſerable terms; and all the conſtancy wherewith they had fortify'd themſelves, was not able to defend them againſt too juſt a ſorrow; they both were abſolutely reſolv'd to die, and the love of their own lives was not capable to touch them, but neither could conſent to the loſs of what they lov'd: and the reſolution they were to take not being able to ſettle it ſelf in their minds without great Conteſtations, and great Violence, kept them for a-while both ſilent and unmoveable; yet did they make their eyes to ſpeak with looks that eloquently enough expreſs'd their thoughts: but when they had remain'd a-while in that condition, the Prince fixing his upon the Queen's face, with a moſt tender and a moſt paſſionate action; My fair Queen (*ſaid he*) you for the ſafety

of your Life may follow thoſe ways that diſpleaſe you leaſt, but I for the preſervation of mine, will never ceaſe to love you.

My dear Prince, (*anſwer'd the Queen*) you ſhall live, if you can live without me; but I am firmly reſolv'd to die for you, and yet I do not deſire you ſhould live for *Roxana*. No, my Princeſs, (*reply'd* Oroondates) I will not live for her; and now you ſet my death in ſuch a degree of felicity, that the moſt happy life in the World could not be comparable to it; but if you think it unjuſt that I ſhould live for *Roxana*, I think it far more unjuſt that you ſhould die for *Oroondates*: a thouſand lives like his are not of equal value to one moment of yours; and you by the loſs of it, would make him purchaſe the glory you give him at too dear a rate. Yet do I not intreat you to live for *Perdiccas*, he is unworthy of ſuch a Fortune, nor will I die for his advantage; but it may ſo fall out that the Gods may bleſs the remainder of your days with a more happy condition, and that by the ſuccour of the Prince your Brother, and that of our valiant Friends, you may recover both your Liberty, and part of your former Dignities. Defend her, *Perdiccas*, I conjure thee, (purſued he) defend her againſt *Roxana*'s Cruelty, thou haſt no other way but that for the reparation of thy Crimes; by that thou mayſt obtain the pardon of thoſe potent Enemies that are at thy Gates, and I moſt freely forgive thee my death on that condition. Ah! (*cry'd the Queen*) unjuſt *Oroondates!* why do you envy me the laſt of my contentments? and why will you oppoſe the only way that's left me to acquit my ſelf of part of what I owe you, and to put you out of the belief you had that I lov'd you not enough? You have abandon'd Kindred, Empire, Fortune, and Life it ſelf for me alone; you have expos'd all, you have ſacrific'd all for me, and thro the whole courſe of my Life I never till this day was in a condition to let you ſee how ſenſible I am of your Love, and Services; my ill Fortune, and the calumnies of our Enemies thwarted the firſt acknowledgments I ow'd you; thoſe you may have de-

ſir'd

ſir'd from me ſince, have been oppos'd by my duty, but now nothing hinders theſe laſt proofs I mean to give you of my Affection; they are permitted me, both by honour, and by the memory of *Alexander*; and in ſhort, I no longer fear to make that known to you by my death, which in times paſt the ſtate of my condition forbad me to expreſs by favours.

The Queen perhaps would have ſaid more, if impatient *Perdiccas* had not interrupted her, juſt when *Roxana* (as much tranſported as he) was about to do the ſame. What, Madam, (*ſaid he*) with his countenance quite alter'd, is this then your final reſolution? and is this all I at laſt can hope for from the indulgence which for your conſideration I have ſhew'd to my Enemy? Yes, *Perdiccas*, (*anſwer'd the Queen*) this is my final Reſolution; the greateſt Cruelty of all thy threatnings can never have the power to ſhake it, and in fine, 'tis by my death alone that thou canſt ſeparate me from *Oroondates*. 'Tis rather by his, (*cry'd* Perdiccas) and all the conſiderations in the world are not able to make me defer it longer. Die, (*continu'd he, turning toward the Prince*) die *Barbarian*, whom I have but too much ſpared, and reſtore me by thy blood the quiet thou haſt robb'd me of. As he ſpake thus, he drew his Sword, and ſtepping forward to *Oroondates*, was going to thruſt it up to the hilt in his Body, when *Roxana*, who by his laſt words had foreſeen his action, catch'd a Javelin from one of the Guard, and preſenting it againſt *Statira*'s breaſt; Hold, (*cry'd ſhe*) hold *Perdiccas*, *Statira*'s dead, if thou toucheſt *Oroondates*. This word made *Perdiccas* pull back his arm to turn his head toward *Roxana*; and ſeeing her in that furious poſture, and the fair Queen in the utmoſt peril of her Life, he remain'd ſuſpended between the motions of his Anger and of his Love. *Oroondates* deſpiſing the death which he had before his eyes, did not ſo much as take notice of *Perdiccas*'s action; but turning all his thoughts upon that of *Roxana*, and upon the danger of his Queen; Ah *Perdiccas!* (*cry'd he*) the Queen is dead if thou run not to ſuccour her, deliver her out of *Roxana*'s hands,

and

and then give me my death with confidence. *Statira*'s constancy was notless than that of *Oroondates*; for looking upon *Roxana* with contempt, Strike, (*said she*) thou Daughter of *Cohortanus*, strike the Daughter of *Darius*, and the Wife of *Alexander*; and thro this heart pierce the Image of *Oroondates*, who disdains thee. These words of both were able indeed to work some effect upon their Enemies; but 'twas their Love that carried it then above their anger, and they less desired the death of what they hated, than they did the life of what they loved. *Perdiccas* quitting *Oroondates*, cast himself with a great deal of suddenness before *Roxana*'s Javelin; and *Roxana* leaving her Rival, plac'd herself between him and *Oroondates*. Thou shalt not die, (*said she*) and as ungrateful as thou art, I'll defend thy Life as carefully as my own. I give thee but little thanks for that care, (*reply'd Oroondates*) and all the succour I can receive from thee, cannot but be very odious to me, after having seen thee present that Javelin against the breast of my Princess: I love *Perdiccas* a great deal better, for all he is so much my Enemy; and for his tenderness of my Queen, I easily pardon all his Cruelty toward me; 'tis to him alone I ought to be oblig'd for my real safety, since this Life which he assaulted is not considerable to me, in comparison of that which he defended. *Roxana* found matter enough in this answer to redouble her anger and her resentment against *Oroondates*; yet that resentment could not persuade her to give him up to the rage of *Perdiccas*; nor could *Cassandra*'s scorn incite *Perdiccas* to expose her to the cruelty of *Roxana*. They look'd upon one another with eyes inflam'd with choler, and stood at the head of their Guards in the posture of Persons ready to decide their Contests with the blood of their Men. They for some time continu'd unresolv'd, and perhaps the violence of their wrath would at last have carried them on to the utmost misfortunes, if *Alcetas* and *Peucestas*, maugre the resistance of those that would have oppos'd it, had not entred then into the Chamber. *Peucestas* was very moderate, and *Alcetas* not of a violent nature; they both

were

were inſtantly amaz'd at the ſpectacle that preſented it ſelf to their eyes; but they caſt off their aſtoniſhment to remedy that diſorder, and labour'd ſo ſucceſsfully in the buſineſs, that tho they could not appeaſe *Roxana* and *Perdiccas*, they hindred them from coming to greater extremities, and got *Roxana* to retire to the Palace with *Oroondates*. She had no ſooner taken that reſolution, but darting a look at *Perdiccas*, full of the marks of her indignation; Remember (*ſaid ſhe*) that thou haſt violated our agreements firſt, that thou haſt loſt the reſpect thou oweſt me, and that thou haſt denouncd War againſt me; defend my Rival with all thy Forces, and aſſure thy ſelf I'll kill her even in thy very arms, as thou before my eyes wouldſt have taken away the Life of what I lov'd. I'll do it yet, (*reply'd* Perdiccas) nor ſhall all your Authority be able to divert me. *Roxana* gave no ear to theſe words, but making *Oroondates* go forth of the Chamber in the midſt of her Guard, ſhe carried him back to the Palace in the ſame manner as he came.

The End of the Fifth Book.

CASSANDRA.

THE

Fifth and Laſt PART.

BOOK VI.

AT laſt the day was come, wherein the fortune of many illuſtrious Perſons was to receive a memorable Revolution, and the deſtiny of thoſe of either party, after ſo many various events was drawing them on to very different ends; till that time Heaven had tolerated oppreſſion and injuſtice, and ſeem'd to have ſuſpended the courſe of its uſual providence, to give Virtue matter to exerciſe it ſelf on ſo many great occaſions: But then it unveil'd it ſelf to ſee more clearly what was done on Earth, and to change the condition of ſo many perſons, whom proſperity or adverſity had unjuſtly humbled or exalted. We draw near the haven, *Caliſta*, after a tedious navigation, but not without apprehending that deſir'd Land, nor without fearing that my forces are unequal to the deſign I now have,

have, to let you know the ſo much wiſhed for end of the Adventures of my gallant Heroes.

Roxana was hardly gotten back to the Palace, where ſhe had put *Oroondates* under his former Guard, and whither for her own defence, and for the purpoſe ſhe had to aſſault the life of her Rival, after having taken order to ſecure that of *Oroondates*, ſhe was calling the better part of thoſe Forces that were at her devotion; when *Caſſander* went to Queen *Statira*'s Houſe, follow'd by a good number of thoſe in whom he had moſt aſſurance. The Queen was retir'd into her Cloſet, and *Perdiccas* with his Brother was yet in the Hall, ſo tranſported with anger, that he had ſcarce any reaſon or underſtanding left. *Caſſander*, who as he came in had heard the ſucceſs of that laſt Adventure, was no ſooner near him, but ſpeaking with an angry tone; What *Perdiccas*, (*ſaid he*) have you then made ſo ill uſe of the fair occaſion you had to revenge and ſatisfy your ſelf; and have you let 'ſcape an enemy who deſpites you, who braves you to your face, and during whoſe life you can never hope for any repoſe, or any contentment in your own? Is it thus you uſe that Authority we have given you amongſt us, and do you look upon *Roxana* as a ſlave to her greatneſs, and not as a companion in her authority? Do you hope for *Statira* from thoſe enemies that are at our Gates, and can you expect that from the uncertain iſſue of this war, which you do not obtain from a moſt certain and a moſt abſolute Power? Ah, rather lay down the command you have receiv'd amongſt us, or elſe make uſe of it in ſuch a way as may not draw upon you the ſcorn of all your party. Go and require *Roxana* to deliver up our common and your particular Enemy; but require him of her in ſuch manner, that ſhe no longer may be able to refuſe: go with all your forces to pull him from the place where ſhe's reſolv'd to defend him againſt you, and prevent the purpoſe ſhe has to force this houſe, that ſhe may take away the life of her Rival: I'll follow you thither with all the ſtrength I can command, or rather I'll lead you on with fire and ſword to enter the Palace where

our Enemy is ſhut up; you may boldly kill him when you have provided for the ſafety of the Queen your Love, and that fear which made you now to ſpare your Rival, will no more be able to retain you, when *Roxana* ſhall no longer have any power over hers.

Let's march without any further delay, for *Roxana* is already preparing to aſſault you; ſhe draws together all the forces ſhe hath in *Babylon*, and if you give her time to get a greater ſtrength, you no longer will have any your ſelf to execute too hardy reſolutions. *Caſſander* ſpake to him in this manner, and *Perdiccas* whoſe paſſion had driven him to the higheſt degree of blindneſs, had already ſo great an inclination to follow his counſel, that he hardly ſtaid for the end of his diſcourſe, to let him know he was quite perſuaded. Let's go, *Caſſander*, (ſaid he) let's go whither our common reſentments call us, and if we cannot otherwiſe than by the blood of our party, let us by that blood gain *Statira* and *Roxana*, who are refuſed us all other manner of ways. *Alcetas* diſapprov'd that violent reſolution of his Brother's, but durſt not oppoſe his will, and what repugnance ſoever he had againſt it, he was determining to go along with them; but *Perdiccas* deſir'd him to ſtay there with the men that were under his command, and defend the Princeſſes, in caſe *Roxana* ſhould cauſe any attempt to be made againſt them; ſo he went forth with *Caſſander*, after having given order to ſome that were about him to gather tother thoſe men of whom he was moſt aſſur'd, ſending word to *Antigenes* and *Teutamus* that they ſhould rally the *Argiraſpides*, in whom he had a greater confidence than in all the reſt, and ſtay for him with *Caſſander's Carians*, at an Alarm-place that was at the end of the great Bridge, over which they were to paſs to go to *Roxana's* Palace. *Perdeccas's* authority was ſuch, that no body could think ſtrange that he beat up his Drums thro the whole Town; nor did any body enquire whether it were to call the Soldiers to their arms againſt *Roxana*, or againſt the Enemy. Yet *Roxana* having heard of it within a little time, doubted preſently of the truth, and judged of *Perdiccas's* intention by her own; then all her paſſions were not ſtrong enough to ſecure

her from fear, and she with a great deal of discontent saw her self constrain'd to change the purpose she had of assaulting, into that of the defensive: she with all imaginable speed call'd those she trusted most to her assistance; the *Persians*, the *Parthians*, and the *Bactrians*, were affectionate to her service; and among the Commanders she was confident that *Neoptolomeus* and *Andiagoras* would take her part: but scarce had she receiv'd into the Palace some of those that were necessary for her defence, while her friends without drew together the forces that were at their devotion, when she heard that *Perdiccas* and *Cassander*, follow'd by a great many thousand men, were marching toward the Palace, along the Key, and were within two hundred paces of her gates. Being desirous to gain time to put her self in a posture of defence, and to make appear that she was unjustly oppressed, she thought best to send one of her servants to *Perdiccas* to know his intention; and amongst them all she chose the false *Arbates*, who made himself one of the busiest about her on that occasion. *Arbates* went out of the Palace, but he was hardly got into the street, when he saw the armed bands advance with *Perdiccas* and *Cassander* at the head of them. *Arbates*, tho trembling at the Commission he had undertaken, drew near *Perdiccas* to deliver his Message; but scarce had he opened his mouth, when *Cassander* looking upon him with an angry eye, Ah, (*said he*) see there the worthy confident of *Roxana*'s loves; see the man that serves her in her affection to *Oroondates*, and that has already betray'd me in employments wherein I have trusted him. *Arbates* was preparing some excuse for *Cassander*, but he afforded him not the leisure, for catching him by the throat with his left hand, he with his right stabb'd a dagger twice up to the hilt in his body. Behold (*said he*) the first Sacrifice I offer to *Roxana*'s ingratitude. Perfidious *Arbates* fell dead at the feet of *Perdiccas*, who had not time to prevent *Cassander*'s sudden execution; and the Gods by a marvellous effect of justice, brought that disloyal wretch to be punish'd for his treachery to his Master, by his Master's most implacable enemy. After that action *Cassander* not caring

to

the whole Court was full of Enemies, her Men ſcarce made reſiſtance any longer; and for a ſurcharge of misfortune, *Iolas* with the ſame ſucceſs forc'd his entrance at the other Gate, and march'd to the aſſiſtance of his Companions; ſome truſty Men that were plac'd upon the ſtairs defended the Aſcent with a great deal of Courage, but their oppoſition could not be long, and *Roxana* ſaw herſelf reduc'd at laſt to take a ſudden reſolution: Wherefore ſhe then took that which was moſt reaſonable, and moſt conformable to her Love, and leaving the Gallery from whence ſhe beheld the Combat; The Gods forbid, Monſters, (*ſaid ſhe*) that I ſhould give a Prince into your hands, whoſe Life is worth more than a thouſand ſuch as yours. Saying thus, ſhe ran immediately to *Oroondates*'s Quarter, which was yet made good by ſome of thoſe ſhe had ſet to guard him, and calling for the Arms he had on when he was taken, which then were in his Anti-chamber, ſhe took ſome of them herſelf, and giving the reſt to *Heſione*, with a Sword which ſhe commanded from one of her Soldiers, ſhe went into her Priſoner's Chamber.

He at that time had his hands at liberty, for they were unbound as ſoon as he came back to his Lodging; but he was in great trouble at the noiſe he heard, and partly gueſſing the cauſe, was like to die with grief and anger to ſee himſelf in a condition that permitted him not to do any thing for the defence of his Life: While he was in the midſt of theſe violent diſquiets, *Roxana* came into his Chamber. *Oroondates*, (*ſaid ſhe*) as ingrateful as thou art, I have defended thee hitherto againſt thine Enemies with the peril of my Life; but ſince my defence is not able to ſecure thee, go fight thyſelf for thy own ſafety; ſee there thy Armour which I reſtore thee, march on againſt theſe cruel Men that would aſſaſſinate thee in my protection; and remember that I have made the conſideration of my intereſts ſtoop to the care I have of thy Life.

This act of *Roxana*'s gave *Oroondates* occaſion to loſe ſome part of his reſentments againſt her, nor would he have fail'd to teſtify as much to her by words, if ſhe her-

herſelf would have given him leiſure; and if ſhe had not let him know that all the time he had was neceſſary for the putting on of his Arms. He therefore contented himſelf with proteſting, as he receiv'd them from her hand, that he would not be unthankful for that obligation; and putting his Cuiraſs on his back, with the help of *Heſione*, and even of *Roxana* herſelf, who would needs ſhare in that employment, he was quickly in the ſame ſtate wherein not many days before he had ſtruck ſo great a fear into his Enemies. Then did he think himſelf invincible, and going from *Roxana* with an action that caus'd a terror even in her, he ran, follow'd by thoſe of his Guard, whither he was guided by the noiſe of the fight. After he had croſs'd the Gallery, he found thoſe on the top of the ſtairs, who yet were making good that paſſage, and who nevertheleſs began to yield by little and little to the fury of their Enemies. Before he could get to them, he encourag'd them with an exceeding fierce cry, and at the ſame inſtant flying in amongſt them like a whirlwind, he ſhew'd himſelf at the head of them in a poſture which froze the ſtouteſt of their Enemies hearts with fear. Courage my Friends, cry'd he, I'll fight with you, as you have fought for me; and if I muſt die amongſt you, I'll die like a man that will not give you cauſe to repent what you have done for his ſafety.

Theſe Words made him preſently known to both Parties, but his firſt Actions gave much better marks to aſſure them who it was; and to ſtrike the greater terror into his Enemies, he left the Beaver of his Cask half open, that they might ſee his face. *Caſſander* had no ſooner caſt his eye upon it, but a deadly ſhivering ran thro all his Veins, and *Perdiccas* himſelf tho he was valiant, could not look upon him without growing pale; but their fears were redoubled in them, when at his two firſt blows they ſaw two men fall dead, who tumbled down the ſtairs to their very feet, and that at the ſame time the Prince knowing who they were, threw himſelf upon them thro the midſt of all their Men, with a fury which nothing was able to oppoſe. Behold *Oroondates*, cry'd he to them, behold *Oroondates*, whom you have ſuch a mind to kill, come on valiant men, behold him

now

now unbound, coming himſelf to offer you this life you ſeek. *Caſſander* not daring to ſtay for him, was gotten a good way into the throng amongſt his Soldiers; and *Perdiccas* who knew that as valiant as he was, he could not eſcape him, and that in a more open and leſs advantageous place, he would not be able to defend himſelf long againſt the great number of his Men, thought beſt to employ ſome of them to receive the firſt fury of his blows.

The Prince flying into the thickeſt of them, like a man that contemned his Life, diſpatched them with the greater facility, becauſe he fought upon the higher ground, having the advantage of the place; and he was ſo courageouſly ſeconded by thoſe that fell on with him, and by thoſe that had began the fight, that after having waſh'd the ſtairs in a ſtream of blood, he by little and little made his Enemies quit them. They fly, the Cowards, (*cry'd he to thoſe of his own Party*) they fly from a ſmall handful of Men, but their flight ſhall not ſerve their turn; for if you follow me like valiant Soldiers, they ſhall loſe their lives in this Palace of their Queen, where they have ſlaughter'd your Companions. Saying theſe words, he ran upon *Antigenes* the chief Commander of the *Argiraſpides*, whom he obſerv'd among the eagereſt of them; and brought down his ſword upon his head with ſuch a mighty force, that altho the Cask could not be cleft by the edge, it was beaten into his skull by the weight thereof. *Antigenes* as ſtrucken with a Thunder-bolt, fell without ſenſe or motion at the feet of his Companions, where he lay bleeding at all the paſſages of his head; his fall took away the Courage of his Men, and the Prince follow'd them ſo cloſe, that after having made them forſake the laſt ſteps of the ſtairs, he drove them on before him into the very Court: His fury did precipitate him ſo that he ruſh'd on thither like a Lion; but there it was *Perdiccas* deſir'd to have him, and having imprudently engag'd himſelf in a place too ſpacious to keep his advantage in it, the Enemies began to lay hold on theirs; and at the ſame time *Iolas* and *Teutamus* appearing in

the

the Court with the reſt of the *Argiraſpides*, he with a ſmall number of thoſe that ſtuck to him, was preſently environ'd by that multitude.

Roxana, who from the Gallery beheld that Spectacle, found new matter in the Prince's admirable actions to redouble the Love ſhe already bore him; but ſhe could not ſee him in that extremity of danger without giving herſelf over to her ſorrow, nor without repenting that ſhe had ſo long deferr'd to give him the means to defend himſelf. In the interim ſhe by her cries declar'd the intereſt ſhe had in his preſervation, and by her words encourag'd thoſe few that were left with him, to perſiſt in his defence to the laſt Man; expecting the arrival of *Neoptolemus* and *Andiagoras*, upon whom ſhe had grounded her lateſt hopes, and whoſe delay ſhe impatiently accus'd: *Oroondates*, who look'd for help from nothing but his ſword, knowing the fault he had committed in quitting the narrow paſſage, ſtrove to repair it by actions altogether prodigious, and by the greatneſs of his blows ſent ſuch a terror into his Enemies as made them not dare to come within the length of his ſword; but in the end ſome of thoſe that fought in his Company being ſlain at his feet, and he hardly able longer to make reſiſtance, he being neither immortal nor invulnerable, was even ready to be overwhelmed with number, when a great noiſe was heard at the Palace Gate, and preſently after *Seleucus* entred at the head of his *Macedonians*. That gallant Man having by the care he took heard the Prince's danger, and the horrible violence of *Perdiccas* and *Caſſander*, had ſtifled all the remaining conſideration he had of them, and was reſolv'd to proceed no longer with them, but as his mortal Enemies. He had found *Nearchus*'s mind ſuitable to his, and at the ſame time, having ſent Orders to their Men who kept themſelves in a readineſs for their firſt Command, they quickly were in arms to ſerve them: but their prudent Leaders well underſtood that with them alone they could never be able to defend themſelves againſt all the Forces that were in *Babylon*; and remembring the advertiſement they had given *Araxes*, they had

had divided their Men, and *Nearchus* was gone with half of them towards that Gate they intended to open to *Perdiccas*'s Enemies, after having plac'd Men with red Enſigns upon the Walls, to give the ſignal they had promiſed *Araxes*, while *Seleucus* march'd toward the Palace to ſuccour *Oroondates*. He was gotten thither juſt at the time when his aſſiſtance was moſt neceſſary; having forc'd the reſiſtance of thoſe that withſtood his paſſage, and having overthrown all them that would have hindred his entrance, he broke into the Court, where with his ſword in his hand he hew'd out his way to the Prince thro the midſt of *Perdiccas*'s Soldiers. The fright that ſeiz'd them at his arrival open'd the throng that incloſs'd the valiant Prince, and gave him liberty to ſee him; which he no ſooner did, but deſiring to make himſelf known; Courage, brave *Oroondates*, (*ſaid he*) behold *Seleucus*, your oblig'd friend, is come to reſcue you or die with you. Saying theſe words, he laid about him ſo furiouſly, that at laſt he got up to him, and plac'd himſelf by his ſide. *Oroondates* ſeeing ſo powerful a relief, immediately aſpir'd to Victory, and receiving *Seleucus* with a cry of acknowledgment; We have conquer'd (*ſaid he*) ſince *Seleucus* takes our part: The place where they were, and the employment that took them up would not permit a longer diſcourſe; but they both fought with ſuch wondrous Valour, and *Seleucus*'s Men ſeconded them with ſuch Courage, that within a little time thoſe of *Perdiccas*'s ſide began to quit the place; and even he himſelf grounding his hopes upon the reſt of their Forces that were drawing together, went out of the Court with *Caſſander*, and left it free to the Conquerors. They drove him into the next Market-place, and into the ſtreets thereabouts with an exceeding fierceneſs; but ſcarce was he out of the Palace, and gotten upon a Horſe that was held ready for him, to go himſelf and fetch up the reſt of the Forces that were at his devotion, when he ſaw *Neoptolemus* and *Andiagoras*, who with four or five thouſand *Perſians*, *Bactrians*, and *Parthians*, were marching to aſſiſt *Roxana*. *Perdiccas* knew very well they came not to do him ſervice, but being

being prudent he found a way to make them change their intention. You come most opportunely to relieve the Queen, (*said he*) *Seleucus* with his Men has forc'd the Palace; he has freed *Oroondates*, and now both of them together, follow'd by *Seleucus*'s *Macedonians*, and the Soldiers of *Nearchus* and *Leonatus*, are Masters of the place, which they have made us quit by the death of our Companions: the Town is lost if we take not some speedy course, for certainly this treachery of *Seleucus* and *Nearchus*, is not without holding some intelligence with our Enemies. While *Perdiccas* was speaking on this manner, they saw *Peucestas* come galloping as fast as possibly he could, who as soon as he was near, cry'd out to them, that the Enemies were falling on at the Gates, and were ready to force them open by the assistance of *Nearchus*, who with above three thousand Men did all he could to facilitate their entrance, and to kill all those that offer'd to oppose it.

This news troubled *Perdiccas* exceedingly, and absolutely chang'd the intentions of *Neoptolemus* and *Andiagoras*, who joined themselves immediately with *Perdiccas*, forgetting the consideration of those petty differences he had with *Roxana*, to join their Forces against their common Enemies for the defence of their Lives. *Neoptolemus* went presently away with half their Men, to defend the Gate which was assaulted by *Nearchus* within, and by the Enemies without. *Perdiccas* and *Andiagoras* with the rest march'd against *Oroondates* and *Seleucus*; and *Peucestas* ran up and down thro the whole Town to make the Inhabitants take Arms, and lead them to the defence of their Gates and Walls. *Perdiccas* return'd very seasonably to reinforce his Men, who at last did nothing but fly before their Conquerors; but that supply chang'd the form of the Combat, and they began to face about, whom the image of Death before had terrify'd.

The Prince of *Scythia* and his valiant Companion lost not Courage for that accident; but animating their Men by their words and by their example, made them resolve generously to dispute the Victory; never did Warriors

fight with ſo much reſolution, and all that *Oroondates* and *Seleucus* had done in the late Battel, was not comparable to their actions then. The number of their Enemies was greater than theirs, but the valour of Commanders made amends for that defect, and held the Combat in much equality; nay, they were beginning to have ſome hope of the better, when *Caſſander* who was gone out of the hurly-burly a-while before, came to aſſault them with the *Energetes* and the *Pelaſgians*. The Son of deceaſed *Ariſton* (who died the day before of the Wound he had received from *Oroondates*) came at the ſame time another way with above three thouſand Men.

At the arrival of ſo conſiderable a ſupply, *Perdiccas* no longer doubted but he ſhould conquer, and the two valiant Princes no longer doubted but they ſhould be ſlain. *Seleucus* received that knowledg firſt, but he received it without changing countenance, and looking upon *Oroondates*, whom that animated, inſtead of daunting him; Brave Prince (*ſaid he*) we muſt die, but I do not grudge my Life, ſince I loſe it for the defence of ſo gallant a Man. *Oroondates* had not time to reply, becauſe he was charged by *Caſſander* and his Men, who eager of his death ruſhed headlong upon him with more reſolution than before; *Iolas* was one of the forwardeſt, and the Prince knowing who he was, flew ſo ſuddenly at him, that his fatal Sword finding paſſage thro' his body, in a place ill defended by his Arms, appear'd all bloody on the other ſide, and laid *Caſſander*'s Brother dead at the feet of his Companions. Behold, (*cried the Prince, ſeeing him fall*) behold a Victim which I offer to the Ghoſt of *Alexander*, and a juſt execution of one of his perfidious Poiſoners.

Theſe words, and the death of *Iolas*, pierced ſo deeply into *Caſſander*, that deſpiſing the danger there was in coming near his Enemy, he would have run to meet a certain deſtiny in the point of his Arms, if many of his Men had not interpoſed, who all falling at once upon the Prince, reduced him to the greateſt extremities,

tremities, in which he had ever been. Many of thoſe that fought for him had already loſt their Lives; and the reſt forced by the abundance of their Enemies, gave ground a-pace, defending themſelves, and compell'd their valiant Leaders, either to retire with them, or let their Enemies have the ſatisfaction of taking away their Lives too eaſily. *Seleucus*, who had yet ſome hope in *Nearchus*, counſel'd the Prince to yield a little to the Multitude, and by that advice obliged him to retreat before a world of Enemies that hotly proſecuted him; he quitted the place to them with a great deal of trouble, but ſtill ſhewing them a fearleſs countenance, and keeping them at a diſtance from him by the greatneſs of his blows, they drove him back on that manner to the end of a ſtreet that brought them to the Key, and there having more liberty to enlarge their Front, they put them in greater danger than before. He ſtill retired from them with *Seleucus*, and ſtill the ſmall number of his Men made oppoſition, till they came to the great Stone-bridge that divides the Town into two equal parts; that place was ſomething favourable to them, for ſpreading their Soldiers the whole breadth of the Bridge, they put themſelves in ſuch a poſture, that they could not be charged any where except in Front: but wearineſs began to leſſen their ſtrength, tho they had yet been ſo fortunate as to have received but very little hurt; and it was evident that without ſome ſpeedy ſuccour, they could not protract their Fate much longer.

In the mean while, *Roxana* had no ſooner ſeen her Palace clear of Enemies, but ſhe went down into the Court, where ſhe had rallied all the Men ſhe could ſee in a condition to fight; ſhe yet found three or four hundred, and at the ſame time ſaw ſeven or eight hundred *Draches* and *Argeans*, who were coming up with great affection to ſerve her, and who, among all other Nations, were they on whom ſhe had the greateſt power: ſhe then reſolved to make uſe of it, to requite *Perdiccas* in his own kind, and in

taking revenge upon a Man that had offended her, take also the Life of her Rival, deprive her of the means of drawing benefit from the Liberty she had given to *Oroondates*. I have saved my ungrateful *Scythian* (*said she*) from the cruelty of *Perdiccas*, but I do not mean *Statira* shall be the better for his safety; and if I had not saved him for my self, I will be sure not to have saved him for my Rival. With these words, she placed her self at the head of those Men, and after they had loudly protested to her that they would follow her any whither without consideration, she march'd in fury towards the House where the two Princesses were kept. *Alcetas* had staid to guard it for some time; but when he thought there was nothing more to be fear'd from *Roxana*, and that he had heard *Seleucus* with his Men were fighting with *Perdiccas*, and that *Nearchus* was gone to set the Gates open to the Enemy, he believed he could no longer stay with honour in that House, while all his Companions were engag'd in fight; wherefore leaving three hundred of his Men to defend it, he marched away with the rest to seek in what place his assistance would be most necessary. No sooner was he gone but furious *Roxana* came, and presently seeing the Gate was guarded, she commanded her Soldiers to break in, and put all to the Sword that made resistance. They found a great deal more than was expected from the small number of their Enemies; for being valiant Men, and faithful to *Alcetas*, they with success did long make use of the advantage of the place, to supply the difference in number: they shot Arrows exceeding fast from the top of the Gate, and from the Windows, and kept their Enemies a great while in play by that defence; but they at last were so encourag'd by *Roxana*'s cries, that in spite of all opposition they got up to the Gates, and having broke them open, entred the Court, and drove *Alcetas*'s Soldiers as far as the Stairs; there they made head again, to win time for the coming of relief, and slew a great many of *Roxana*'s Men, and stopt their progress a good while

while longer. The fair Queen *Statira*, and the Princess her Sister, having heard that noise, and partly guessed the cause of it, ran to a Window that look'd into the Court, and there they saw cruel *Roxana*, who was come in thither, after her Men had made themselves masters of it, and who by encouraging words press'd them still forward to an absolute Victory. That sight begot not so much fear in those great Princesses, as to make them stoop to any thing unworthy of their great Courage; and the illustrious Widow of *Alexander*, beholding her cruel Rival with disdain; Compleat thy crimes, *Roxana*, (*cried she*) carry them on to the highest degree, and if thou hast abandon'd *Oroondates* to the rage of *Perdiccas*, wreak thy malice without further delay upon her whom he abandons to thine; thou never oughtest to hope that *Oroondates*, if he be alive, can love a Monster, black with so many horrid Crimes; and if thou canst reap no other advantages by my death, thou at least mayst thereby revenge the contempt he has of thee. *Roxana* heard these words distinctly enough, but as they put her to confusion by the knowledg of her faults, she made no answer, and heartned up her Men in such a manner, that in the end their Enemies were constrain'd to quit the Stairs, and retire disorderly into the Hall. Thither they pursued them with such haste, that they had not time to shut the door; and there Despair made them fight a little longer, which was a means to retard, but not divert *Roxana's* intentions. Then did these two great Princesses no longer doubt but that the end of their life was come, yet in that fear they did not any thing that misbecame their greatness; and if they made shew of any grief, 'twas only out of a sense wherewith nearness of blood and affection inspired them mutually. The Queen embracing the Princess her Sister, and bathing her face with tears, shed out of love to her; Dear Sister (*said she*) if it please the Gods that you survive me, as there is some likelihood you may, since *Roxana* has no cause at all to desire your death, and if they also permit *Oroondates* to out-live me, assure him, dear

Sister, that my last thought was that of keeping my self his by my death, and that this death is dearer to me, receiving it for his sake, than the Empire of the whole World with any other Man. Give him this assurance, dearest Sister, if you love me; and for that of my friendship, receive this latest kiss. The fair *Parisatis*, whom her own danger had but little affrighted, was not able to hear the Queen's words, nor to behold her action, without falling from her constancy of mind, and receiving her embraces with a tenderness which she testified by pressing her closely between her arms; Madam, (*said she*) lay no command upon me to be perform'd after your death, since the resolution I have taken not to survive you a moment, dispenses with me for all the obedience I owe you. As she had ended these words, they both heard a greater noise than the former; and then it was they believed for certain, that all those who had fought for their defence, were utterly defeated, and that they had nothing more to do but to offer up their breasts to the Enemy's Sword.

That which passed in the heart of the Town, hath hindred us from relating what was done upon the skirts of it, and what an alteration the affairs of *Babylon* then received. *Neurchus* with his Men was gone down to the Gate which *Cratérus* was to assault; and at the same time had caused Ensigns to be set upon the Walls, and by the sound of many Trumpets rouz'd the Camp, which with marvellous impatiency expected so desired a signal. The first that espied it had carried the news with loud cries to their Commanders, and all those famous Warriors had received it with extraordinary Joy. The valiant Prince of *Persia*, *Lysimachus*, and all the rest of their Companions, had in a moment put on their Arms; and in almost as little time their Forces, who waited for that Command, were in a readiness to march. Prince *Artaxerxes*, follow'd by *Lysimachus*, *Ptolomeus*, *Orontes*, the brave *Thalestris*, young *Demetrius*, and *Theodates*, was advanced with fifteen thousand *Macedonians*, *Thracians*, and *Egyptians*, to

to *Craterus*'s Gate where the Signal was set up; and to make a diversion to facilitate their design, *Oxyartes*, *Antigonus*, *Eumenes*, and *Polyperchon*, fell on at other four. Never did great *Arsaces* appear so fierce and terrible as that day at the Gates of *Babylon*, nor ever did *Lysimachus* employ his Valour with greater satisfaction, nor with greater hope, than at that time for the liberty of *Parisatis*. *Nearchus* fought on the inside against those that defended the Gate, and tho their number was little different from his, he pressed them in such manner, as made them soon despair of Victory. *Artaxerxes* and his Companions batter'd the Gates in the mean time with their Rams; and the small resistance they found, by reason their Enemies were so employ'd within, suffer'd them quickly to make a breach large enough to be entred. *Lysimachus* was the first that broke in at it, and would needs expose himself to the first danger, before Prince *Artaxerxes* who rush'd in next; they two were presently follow'd by all the rest, and *Nearchus* no sooner saw them appear, but discovering himself to them by a joyful cry, he drove the terror of their Enemies to the utmost extremity. They that first opposed the fury of the Prince of *Persia* and his Companions, lost their Lives gloriously by the hands of those renowned Men, and in the mean while their Soldiers entred rushing after them; and when they were absolute masters of the Gate, they let down the Bridge, and open'd a large Passage to their Squadrons.

All they that had opposed *Nearchus* were either kill'd or fled, when *Neoptolemus* with his Men came up to their relief, but he came only to lead them on to slaughter; for the conquering Princes falling furiously upon them, cover'd the Streets with mangled Bodies, and made the Channels run with Blood. *Neoptolemus* was one of the first that charged Prince *Artaxerxes*, but he found his strength to be far unequal; and tho he lost not his Life by that irresistible hand, he received so weighty a blow, that not being able to sustain it, he fell among the slain with all the signs of a dying person:

his Men no longer made oppoſition, and they that could eſcape the Conqueror's hands, ſought the preſervation of their Lives by flight. The Son of *Darius* had no ſooner gotten to join with *Nearchus*, and teſtify'd his acknowledgments at that meeting, but he learn'd from him the danger *Oroondates* was in; and not being able then to give way to other thoughts ſave thoſe of ſuccouring his dear Brother; he advanced with part of his Forces towards the Palace, and left others the care of opening the Gates that were aſſaulted by *Antigonus*, *Oxyartes*, *Eumenes*, and *Polyperchon*. Such was the deſtiny of *Babylon*; and the diviſions of thoſe that commanded in that ſtately City, having drawn all the Soldiers to their Factions, left almoſt none at all for the defence of the Gates and Walls, and then the Conquerors roved all about with as much liberty as if they had had no Enemies to fight with. *Artaxerxes* had march'd part of the way which led toward the Palace, when by ſome Soldiers that caſt themſelves at his feet, he heard how *Roxana* was then employ'd, and in what danger the Queen and the Princeſs her Siſter were, unleſs they had ſome ſpeedy ſuccour. This news troubled the Prince extremely; but *Lyſimachus* had no ſooner heard it, than tranſported with the Fury which his Paſſion inſpired, he parted from him, taking ſome of his Men, and marching with a marvellous haſte to relieve his Princeſs, left him at liberty to aſſiſt his Brother. He was not a little comforted by *Lyſimachus*'s reſolution, knowing the Valour of that Prince; and judging well that his Siſters could not deſire a more generous Champion, and proſecuting his former deſign with a deal of diligence, he came to the end of the Bridge, where the Prince of *Scythia*, and brave *Seleucus* defended their Lives with very little hope of ſafety: they were already ſo exceeding weary, that they were hardly able to lift their Swords, and their weakneſs having redoubled the Courage of *Perdiccas* and *Caſſander*, made them a great deal bolder in aſſailing them. They were going to ſummon their utmoſt Forces together, that they might finiſh the Combat with their death, when

when casting an eye to the other end of the Bridge, they heard the cries of their Enemies, and saw them appear at the same instant. *Artaxerxes* running upon toward *Oroondates* with an incomparable swiftness; Courage, (*cried he*) dear Brother, you are a Conqueror, and your Enemies are defeated. He had hardly ended these words when he was gotten to his side, and with him *Orontes*, *Demetrius*, *Thalestris*, and the faithful *Theodates*, follow'd by many thousand Soldiers.

As *Oroondates* and *Seleucus* recover'd strength by that relief which was then so necessary to them, their Enemies were so terrified by the knowledg of their Misfortune, and of the Loss of their City, and of the Ruine of their Party, that they were almost quite defeated without the trouble of fighting. Yet did their Officers labour to encourage them, tho not to such a degree but that they presently quitted the Bridge, and retired to a more open place, where they gave the Princes a greater liberty of defeating them. The slaughter then was such, that in many places the blood ran down the Key into the *Euphrates*; and the resentment of those Warriors, whose Lives a-while before were in so great in extremity, made it self known then by most bloody tokens. O *Statira!* O Prince of *Scythia!* how fully were your Wrongs reveng'd, and how many Lives were sacrificed to their reparation! The Son of *Ariston*, who to revenge his Father's Death, had appear'd most eager in seeking that of Prince *Oroondates*, lost his resentments with his life, which was gloriously cut off by the Sword of great *Arsaces*. The Prince of the *Massagetes*, and the Son of *Antigonus* slew a very great number of them; the fair *Amazon* Queen made her self remarkable by a thousand valiant Actions, and *Theodates* plainly shew'd by his, how worthy he was of *Arsaces's* Affection: but *Oroondates*, in whose remembrance the cruelties of *Perdiccas* and *Cassander* were very fresh, sought them every where amongst their Men, and made those hated names resound which way soever he turn'd: Where are your valiant Men, (*cried he*) is the hot desire you had to take my Life so quickly cool'd? and do you flee so soon

from thoſe who but a few minutes before you had condemn'd to death? Have you forgot I am your Rival? and do you ſo eaſily reſign *Statira* and *Roxana* to me? Scarce had he ſaid theſe words, but he repented that he had ſpoken them, as thinking them contrary to modeſty, and judging that a Soul like his, ought not to have grown proud upon the change of his Fortune: yet were they over-heard by *Perdiccas* and *Caſſander*, tho they had thruſt themſelves amongſt their Men, whether it were to prolong their Lives, or to ſeek means to fight yet once again with more advantage. *Perdiccas*, who indeed was valiant among the valianteſt, could not without ſhame hear thoſe reproaches from his Enemy; and at the ſame time conſidering the condition he was in, the defeat of his Forces, the taking of the Town, and the loſs of thoſe pretenſions he had had upon *Caſſandra*, he believed he no longer ought to love his Life ſo as to ſave it by an act of Cowardice; and in that thought, inſpired either by his Courage or by his Deſpair, he ruſh'd once more before his Men, and calling *Oroondates* with a loud voice, he drew him preſently to meet him: but before they came to blows, *Perdiccas* demanded a little attention, and having obtain'd it of the Prince by the power he had amongſt his Soldiers; Behold *Perdiccas* whom thou ſeekeſt, (*ſaid he*) if he had kill'd thee when he could have done it, he needed not have fear'd he ſhould have been ſlain by the hands of thoſe about thee; but if thou art truly generous, and truly worthy of *Statira*, whom ill fortune forces me to abandon to thee, thou wilt endeavour either to take my Life, or to defend thine own without advantage: thy Friends and mine ſhall be witneſſes of the laſt actions of one of us, and tho perhaps the uſage thou haſt found from me, does not oblige thee to obſerve the Rules of Generoſity toward me, thou mayſt remember that I preferv'd *Caſſandra* for thee, and that but for me ſhe had not now been in the World.

The Prince of *Scythia*'s fury was ſo moderated by theſe words of his Enemy's, that he partly laid aſide the deſign he had againſt his Life; and looking upon him with

with a milder countenance, It is true (*said he*) that thy actions might excuſe mine well enough, which way ſoever I ſhould ſeek to revenge my ſelf: but that which thou haſt lately done for the ſafety of my Princeſs, breeds in me ſo great a conſideration of thee, that I not only will forbear to aſſail thy Life with odds, but will freely give it thee, if thou wilt receive it from me. No, (*replied* Perdiccas) the Friends and Kinſmen of *Alexander the Great*, do not uſe to receive their Lives from their Enemies; and 'twill ſuffice to confirm me abſolutely in the opinion I have of thy Virtue, if thou ſecure me againſt thy Men, and make the conqueſt of *Statira*, and the defeat of *Perdiccas*, to be the merit of thy ſingle Valour.

Oroondates, without further reply, turning toward *Arſaces* and his Companions; Dear Brother, and you my generous Friends, (*ſaid he*) you love my Glory too well to envy me the occaſions to preſerve it; I by all your friendſhip toward me beg liberty of fighting with *Perdiccas* upon equal terms; and if it pleaſe the Gods I die by his hand, let me conjure you by the ſame friendſhip, to let him have his Life and Liberty for the Prize of his Victory. *Artaxerxes*, and his Companions, who in all *Oroondates*'s actions admired the greatneſs of his Courage, yielded to his deſires, which perhaps they would not ſo eaſily have done, if their confidence in his Valour had not ſecured them againſt the fear they might have been in for the ſucceſs of the Combat. The conquering part, and all that yet were left of the conquered, ſtood in a manner unmoveable, to be the Spectators of it; and then did thoſe two Enemies precipitate themſelves upon each other with an animoſity, which plainly made appear what the iſſue of their Fight would be. *Oroondates* was wearied with the toil he had undergone, and wounded, tho lightly, in ſome few places; yet that diſadvantage was ſeen but little, and his Anger did ſo ſtir him up, that *Perdiccas*, as valiant as he was, quickly perceived his own blood run down in many parts of his body. *Oroondates*'s Friends beheld thoſe happy beginnings with a great deal of Joy, but *Perdic-*

cas loſt not his Courage with his blood, for he ruſh'd upon his Enemy with a fury, which without doubt would have been fatal to any other Man. Yet was he utterly weakned preſently after, by a thruſt which he received into the body; and the Prince who ſaw him in ſuch a condition that he could no longer fear him, took pity of his fortune, and retiring two or three ſteps, Thou art no longer able (*ſaid he*) to diſpute the Victory againſt me, but receive thy Life which I am willing to leave thee, and of which I will have as great a care as thou couldſt deſire from a Friend. My Life (*replied* Perdiccas) is no longer at thy diſpoſing, nor can I, but with it, give up *Statira* and the Victory. At theſe words he ſtrove all that poſſibly he could to fly upon his Enemy, but his ſtrength abſolutely forſook him; and after having ſtaggered a-while, he fell at his feet, where his Life and Blood ran forth together. Thus died the greateſt of all *Alexander*'s Succeſſors; and the Gods, to give a terrible example of their Juſtice, decreed he ſhould be ſlain in that ſame town wherein he had unworthily abuſed his power, and by the hands of that ſame Enemy, whoſe death he a few moments before had attempted with ſo much injuſtice and inhumanity. He was a Man of excellent natural Parts, but his Paſſions had extinguiſh'd them, and the Glory of his former actions was much eclipſed by the laſt minute of his Life. His Pride was humbled at the feet of his Conqueror; but the Prince being moved with pity, kneeled down upon one knee cloſe by him, and was putting up the Beaver of his Cask to ſee if he were yet in a condition to receive aſſiſtance, when *Caſſander*, enraged by the loſs of his Friend, or rather by his Deſpair, coming from amongſt his Men with his Sword up, fell upon the compaſſionate Prince, and while he was in that poſture, charged him with ſo weighty a blow, as made him ſink upon the pale dying face of *Perdiccas*, and but for the goodneſs of his Helmet, would perhaps have put him in the ſame condition. *Oroondates* getting up again in very great fury, would have run to take revenge, but he was already prevented; for amongſt thoſe many that were

were animated againſt *Caſſander* for that baſe foul play, the valiant *Thaleſtris*, who knew him, and who ſtill was ſenſible of the injuries he had done her in her firſt Combats againſt *Orontes*, made at him with a threatning cry; and with the firſt ſtroke ſhe gave, having cut the ſtraps of his Cask, his head remain'd unarm'd, and bare to the eyes of all his Enemies.

The fair Queen, who remembred with what cruelty he formerly had ruſh'd upon her with his Horſe, after having thrown her down with a violent ſhock, was lifting up her arm to give him a death which he had but too juſtly deſerved, when *Orontes* knowing him, and calling to mind their ancient Friendſhip, receiv'd the blow upon his Shield; and ſtepping before her, Madam, (*ſaid he*) give me *Caſſander*'s Life I beſeech you; and you *Caſſander* (*continued he*) yield your ſelf to *Orontes*, who was heretofore your Friend. *Orontes* obtain'd his deſires from both; the fair Queen conquer'd her indignation, to grant her dear *Orontes* what he demanded; and *Caſſander* preſenting his Sword to *Orontes*, did by that action ſtop all thoſe that were already turn'd againſt him.

While theſe things happen'd, *Lyſimachus* and *Ptolomeus* had run with their Men to the Houſe where the great Princeſſes of *Perſia* were reduced to the utmoſt peril of their Lives; and *Roxana*'s Soldiers, after having fill'd the Hall with dead bodies, were ready to break open their Chamber-door, when the two Princes came. It would be hard to tell all the particulars of their actions: *Lyſimachus*, excited by his Paſſion, found no reſiſtance capable to ſtop him, he made himſelf way with his Sword thro the thickeſt of his Enemies; and the violence of his wrath having for that time ſuſpended part of the pity which was natural to him, he ſacrificed thoſe cruel Men with pleaſure, to the remembrance of thoſe injuries they would have done to *Pariſatis*. After having cover'd the whole Court with ſlaughter'd Carcaſes, he made himſelf maſter of the Stairs; and from thence paſſing into the Hall, he there proſecuted his Victory, and his Revenge with ſuch ſucceſs, and *Ptolomeus* with his Soldiers ſeconded him. ſo

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courageously, that within a little time they were both Conquerors, and reveng'd of their Enemies whom they put almost all to the Sword. That Sight was horrible, and all that House overflow'd with blood, when *Lysimachus* finding no more obstacles in his passage, broke open the same doors his Enemies had assaulted, and entred all bloody into the Queen's Chamber. At that Object the two great Princesses resolved absolutely for death, and desiring to receive it both together, they lock'd each other in close embraces, which they believed to be their last. In that posture they cast their eyes upon *Lysimachus*, who out of respect had made a stand as soon as he was come into the Chamber; and the Equipage they saw him in having confirm'd them in their opinion, Whosoever thou art (*said the Queen*) that art the minister of *Roxana*'s Will, defer not the execution of it longer; come, kill the Wife, and perhaps the Daughter of thy King, but spare the innocent *Parisatis*, since *Roxana* has no cause to hate her, and that she hath no pretensions upon *Oroondates*. *Parisatis* at these words getting loose from the Queen's embraces, Ah, (*cried she to* Lysimachus) hearken not to that discourse, and if any pity can be found in persons that take employments like this of thine, let me conjure thee to dispatch me first: it is not just *Hephestion*'s Widow should be spared, when there is no consideration had of *Alexander*'s; and tho I have no pretensions upon *Oroondates*, I shall have some upon the Empire, and I shall have some upon the Life of *Roxana*. This generous contest would have lasted longer, if *Lysimachus* could have longer suffer'd it; it mollify'd him so, that for all his Courage, he was hardly able to refrain his tears; but if he was touch'd with the Queen's words, his Love made those of his Princess pierce him so deeply, and in that posture which begg'd and commanded both at once, he found so much occasion of redoubling his Passion, that he had hardly any knowledg left, or any power to moderate himself in that encounter. Yet would he no longer suffer those great Princesses to continue in the cruel opinion they had of him, but throw-

throwing his Cask at their feet, and himself likewise at the same time, he by his action, and by the sight of his face, made them find how happily they had been deceiv'd in their belief. I am not, said he, the minister of *Roxana*'s cruelties, and the Gods make use of *Lysimachus* for more glorious occasions; they for the highest pitch of his felicity, have permitted him to destroy your Enemies, and have made him able now to give you notice that you are free, and Sovereigns in *Babylon*. The joy of those virtuous Princesses at the knowledg, and at the words of *Lysimachus*, was such as in probability it ought to be for so great, and so sudden an alteration of their fortune. From a cruel, and as they believ'd, an inevitable death, they saw themselves in a moment brought into security, and into the condition they could have wish'd: and they receiv'd that office from a Prince whom they infinitely esteem'd, or rather from a Prince whom *Parisatis* lov'd as much as she was capable of loving: to say truth, all their moderation hindred them not from testifying their satisfaction; and the Queen, knowing the respect her Sister bore her permitted not a free discovery of her sense of that adventure, strove to oblige her to it by her example; and casting her own arm about *Lysimachus*'s neck, 'Twas from you, said she, 'twas from you indeed we were to hope for our deliverance, and 'twas also in your Virtue, and in the assistance of the Prince our Brother, that we had grounded our expectations; we owe our lives to you, *Lysimachus*; but besides the general obligation, *Parisatis* ought to add this last service to those many others whereby you have so well deserv'd her affection.

She pull'd him up as she spake these words, which made the Princess blush; but yet her modesty could not keep her then from testifying her acknowledgment, and she believ'd that an engagement of such importance might well dispense with her for her severer rules: she did it by a salute, and an embrace full of affection, which she then bestow'd upon that Prince whom she had never favour'd so much before; and opposing the

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intent he had to caſt himſelf once more at her feet, that he might receive her favours with greater reſpect; Generous *Lyſimachus*, (*ſaid ſhe*) I am totally your debtor, ſince beſides my own life, I owe you that of the Queen my ſiſter, and this laſt action is of the ſame nature with many others which you have done to my advantage; I moſt dearly preſerve the memory of them, and have as great a ſenſe of this laſt as you can deſire. I am then, replied *Lyſimachus* with a ſigh, a great deal more happy than I had hoped to be; and the care you took to conceal your ſelf from me, and to keep me from the occaſions of ſerving you in a ſeaſon when the ſervices of all thoſe that had any fidelity toward you were no more than neceſſary, had put me into a very ill opinion of my fortune. I had reaſons, anſwer'd the Princeſs, which would perhaps be well approv'd by any other but your ſelf; but if I did amiſs in your opinion, I'll make amends for my fault by all the reparations that ſo virtuous, and ſo reaſonable a Prince as *Lyſimachus* will demand. The glad *Lyſimachus* not being able to expreſs his joy by words, contented himſelf to teſtify it by his actions; and putting one knee to the ground, he kiſſed the Princeſs's hand, with raptures ſuitable to all thoſe gallant proofs he formerly had given her of his paſſion. *Ptolomeus* came then into the Chamber; and as he took a very great ſhare in the contentment of his friend he receiv'd as great a one himſelf in the acknowledgment of the two Princeſſes, and they both aſſur'd him with affectionate ſpeeches that they were extremely ſenſible of what he had done in favour of them. After that firſt diſcourſe the Princeſſes enquir'd concerning *Artaxerxes*, *Oroondates*, and the general ſtate of their affairs. *Lyſimachus* told it them in a few words, and tho by the knowledg of that happy event he confirm'd them in the joy they had conceiv'd for their own liberty, he left them in ſome apprehenſion, for the uncertainty of *Oroondates*'s ſafety, and for the danger of their Brother. Let's go, ſaid the Queen to *Lyſimachus*, let's go and take our part in the danger which thoſe dear Perſons ſtill are in for our ſake; and let's go longer ſtay in a

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house where we have suffer'd so much, and which we have so much reason to detest. At these words she gave her hand to *Ptolomeus*, and leaving her Sister's to *Lysimachus*, went out of the Chamber, and passed into the Hall, which she found full of dead and dying bodies; and where she quaked with horror at the sight of so dismal a spectacle. The Princesses turn'd away their eyes, but they met with the same objects upon the stairs, and in the Court, and in all places found new occasions to abhor *Roxana*'s cruelty.

In the mean time that unfortunate Princess was in a condition very different from theirs; and when *Lysimachus* and *Ptolomeus* came to relieve the Princesses, her fear had made her go up the stairs where she then was, to the highest story of the house: from thence she had heard the noise, from thence she had sometimes look'd into the Court, and from thence by the words of the victorious Soldiers, she learn'd that it was by *Lysimachus* her enemies were rescued, that the Town was taken, and that she was upon the point of falling quickly her self into the power of those persons she had so cruelly injur'd. She receiv'd not that assurance without being cast into despair and horror; and the solitariness of the place where she was, join'd to the remorse of her guilty conscience, inspir'd her with the most furious thoughts a heart is able to conceive. She could not call to mind the cruelties she had executed upon the Queen, without justly fearing those punishments that were her due; nor could she dispose her self to lose *Oroondates* for ever, without desiring the death she was afraid of. What shall I do, said she in these irresolutions? Shall I give my enemies the satisfaction to make me suffer a death I have so well deserv'd? And shall I undergo the shame they are preparing to reward my cruelties? Shall I implore the mercy of those I have so unworthily abused, and shall I beg my life of my Rival, after having assaulted hers with so much inhumanity? Ah! no *Roxana*, think not upon that utmost baseness, after so many others that dishonour thee: If thy Rival should be generous enough to grant thee a pardon, which thou hast so little merited,

wouldſt thou receive it from her by giving up *Oroondates*? Wouldſt thou live without that ingrateful cauſe of all thy crimes, and couldſt thou ſee them both conquerors over thoſe crimes that have ſo little profited thee? Ah *Roxana*! this thought's unworthy of the Wife of *Alexander*, and if thou haſt made thy ſelf unworthy of that quality by thy ſhameful actions, blot out the ſhame of thy life, by a death full of reſolution. Die, miſerable woman, but die by thy own aſſiſtance, without ſtanding in need to beg that of thy enemies. She then began to conſider which way ſhe might kill her ſelf, not having any weapon that could ſerve her for that purpoſe: She was in a high Gallery that look'd into the Court, which ſhe ſaw full of men ſlain for her quarrel; and 'twas from thence ſhe thought ſhe might eaſily find her death, by throwing her ſelf headlong into the Court, where in regard of the height, and the hardneſs of the pavement, ſhe muſt needs in probability be daſht in pieces. Already had ſhe given her ſelf over to that reſolution, and was preparing to execute it, when ſhe remembred her big belly, and the Child of ſo great a Father which ſhe carried in her womb. That conſideration ſtaid her at the firſt, and drew tears immediately after from her eyes. Ah! wretched Mother, cried ſhe, wilt thou deſtroy a Son of *Alexander's*, and ſhall this only Pledge thou haſt left of the affection of the greateſt Man that ever was, periſh for the expiation of thy offences? This unfortunate Child of ſo glorious a Father, is innocent of all thy crimes, and thou wert more cruel than *Medea*, if thou thy ſelf ſhouldſt ſacrifice him to thy ill fortune. This thought bred ſuch a tenderneſs in her heart, that ſhe remain'd a good while unable to get out a word, and expreſſed her compaſſionate yearnings only by her tears. At laſt, by the force of her deſpair, ſhe baniſh'd thoſe irreſolutions which ſeem'd to precipitate her afreſh into her miſeries, and breaking forth again in ſighs; Ah! my poor Child, continu'd ſhe, why cannot I divide my life from thine, and give death to guilty *Roxana* without killing the innocent Son of *Alexander*? Pardon me, moſt precious Blood of the Gods,

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the inhumanity which my cruel fate compels me to commit againſt thee; peradventure alſo thy life would have been very different from thy Father's, and that thou wouldſt have leſs inherited his virtues, than thy Mother's vices. Then did ſhe again draw near that fatal window, which ſhe had deſtined for the execution of her deſpair, and caſting her eyes into the Court, ſhe upon the loweſt ſteps of the ſtairs without ſaw the fair Queen her Rival, who with the Princeſs her ſiſter, *Lyſimachus* and *Ptolomeus*, were going away from that deteſted houſe. That ſight redoubled her tranſported fury; and not being able to maſter it, *Statira*, cried ſhe, *Statira*, hearken to the laſt words, and behold the laſt actions of *Roxana*. The Queen and thoſe that were in her company caſt up their eyes toward that call, and *Roxana* no ſooner perceiv'd that ſhe was ſeen and heard, but raiſing her voice according to the diſtance, I will not ask thee pardon, purſu'd ſhe, for the wrongs I have done thee, they are of a nature not to hope for any; and I have been too bold in committing crimes, to be ſo mean-ſpirited as to repent them. I deſire no mercy of thee for my life, triumph therefore both over it and over my ill fortune, ſince the Gods permit thee ſo to do; enjoy thoſe felicities with *Oroondates*, which I in vain have ſo much oppoſed: I will not envy them, becauſe I ſhall not ſee them, and that now I am upon the point by throwing my ſelf headlong at thy feet, to give thee as full a revenge upon thine enemy, as thou thy ſelf knoweſt how to wiſh. For thy more perfect ſatisfaction, I ſacrifice to thee this Son of *Alexander's*; but by the memory of that great Man who was our common husband, and who ought to be held in veneration by us both, defend my body from the abuſes that may be offered it; afford it the honour of Burial; and if I may be ſuffer'd to demand it after the injuries I have done his memory, give leave that it may reſt in the ſame Tomb with *Alexander's*. As *Roxana* ended theſe words, ſhe put her hands upon the window, and was getting up to caſt her ſelf down into the Court; when the Queen whom that pitiful adventure had very deeply touch'd, deſiring to oppoſe

poſe that cruel effect of her deſpair, cried, Hold, *Roxana*, hold, I conjure thee by the memory of *Alexander*. *Roxana*, who by reaſon of the height of the window and her own unweildineſs, had much ado to raiſe her ſelf for the execution of her deſign, defer'd it a while at theſe words, and was content to prolong her life for a few moments, to hear what her Rival had to ſay to her.

When the Queen ſaw ſhe lent her ſome attention; *Roxana*, continu'd ſhe, as thou deſireſt the mercy of the Gods, envy me not the glory which they grant me, if thou oppoſe it not by a laſt effect of cruelty: 'tis true, thou haſt done me many injuries, but I forgive them all in conſideration of thy love, and of thy preſent ſtate; and tho neither were ſufficient to plead for them, remember that I owe thee the life of *Oroondates*, and that what thou didſt for his preſervation, is of power enough in me to efface the memory of far more cruel wrongs: if thou wilt give me any reparation, do nothing elſe but live to ſatisfy me; that's all I now deſire of thee; neither do I pretend to any right over thy liberty, or over the Empire of that Son whom thou wouldſt murder with thy ſelf; nor ſhalt thou receive ſo much as a reproach from me that can diſoblige thee. Theſe Teſtimonies of *Statira's* goodneſs touch'd *Roxana* with a true repentance; but then ſhe found her ſelf more guilty than before, and remorſe of conſcience tormenting her with greater violence, confirm'd her more and more in the reſolution of dying. I am unworthy, cry'd ſhe, of the mercy thou offereſt me, and thou redoubleſt my deſpair by this knowledg of thy goodneſs; but thou ſhalt not ſee that I'll abuſe it, nor will I receive my Life from thee, after having perſecuted thine with cruelties which make my death moſt dreadful to me. As ſhe ended theſe words, ſhe ſtrove to get upon the Window, and raiſed her ſelf with ſo much force, that one part of her being already without, would have pull'd the other after it by its weight, if at the ſame inſtant ſhe had not been ſeiz'd upon behind, and ſeiz'd with ſo ſtrong a hand, that her body which before was equally ballanc'd, came back again into the Gallery.

'Twas

'Twas *Ptolomeus* that did her that good Office; he at the ſign the Queen had made him during their diſcourſe, was gone from her with that intention, and had run ſo faſt up ſtairs, that he came time enough to ſave the life of that deſperate Princeſs. She turn'd about to him much afflicted and ſurpriz'd; and having known him, Ah! *Ptolomeus*, ſaid ſhe, how cruel are you to hinder my repoſe? I ſhould be far more cruel, reply'd *Ptolomeus*, if I conſented to the cruelty you would exerciſe againſt your ſelf, and to the offence you commit againſt a Queen, who deſires nothing now with ſo much paſſion as your ſafety. *Roxana* look'd upon *Ptolomeus* with eyes in which her fatal thoughts had imprinted ſomething extraordinary; and yet for all ſhe was ſo troubled, and had ſo wild a countenance, ſhe was ſtill ſo extremely handſom; that nothing but the beauty of her Rival could defend the moſt inſenſible hearts from being charm'd with hers. That lovelineſs being a powerful incitement to compaſſion, imprinted it ſo deeply in *Ptolomeus*, that he omitted nothing that could ſerve to drive the deſpair out of her ſoul, which had ſo totally poſſeſſed it; and he endeavour'd it with ſo much care, and ſo much ſucceſs, that in the end he overcame her to ſee her Rival, and to ſuffer the expreſſions of her goodneſs.

Before they were half way down the ſtairs, they met the Queen, who was come back into the houſe to receive her with as much gentleneſs as if their former friendſhip had not been interrupted by any accident. *Roxana* could not bear her approach without a great deal of confuſion; but when ſhe ſaw her ſtretch forth her arms with a face all bath'd in tears, which compaſſion had made her ſhed, ſhe drew near to her a little more confidently: but yet ſhe caſt down her eyes with ſhame, and knew not how to ſuſtain the looks of her whom ſhe had ſo little oblig'd to afford her that noble uſage. *Statira* embrac'd her tenderly, and beholding her with eyes that had nothing in them of an Enemy, You have wrong'd me more (ſaid ſhe) by the opinion you had of my cruelty, than by all your former actions; and if

you

you were not enough afflicted already, I ſhould complain of the injury you have done me, in preferring death before my friendſhip: Live, Madam, to teſtify that you ceaſe to hate me, and never fear any thing from me nor mine that can any way trouble your repoſe. *Roxana* by this confirmation of the Queen's goodneſs, was abſolutely brought to a hearty repentance; and receiving her kindneſſes with more aſſurance than before, You are worthy (anſwer'd ſhe) of the care the Gods have had of your preſervation, and I have but too juſtly merited my unhappineſs; in my preſent ſtate, Madam, death without doubt would be moſt my fortunate condition, but yet I'll live to obey you; nor can I better teſtify my repentance, than by receiving my life from you, and in living at your command, notwithſtanding the many reaſons I have to wiſh for death. *Statira*'s reſentment, and *Roxana*'s deſpair were appeaſed in this manner, and they were upon theſe terms, when a great noiſe was heard in the ſtreets, and at the ſame time ſome of the Soldiers brought notice that *Alcetas* was return'd with part of his men, and had again begun the fight againſt thoſe of *Lyſimachus* and *Ptolomeus*. *Lyſimachus* ſtarted at the name of his Rival, and praying *Ptolomeus* to ſtay for the defence of the Princeſſes, he went from them, and ran to his men with as much haſte as could be imagin'd. It was true that *Alcetas* with ſome Soldiers as deſperate as himſelf, had already charg'd in amongſt them. He had run in vain to all the Gates, which were ſeiz'd upon by his Enemies; and after having loſt part of his men againſt them, he had been up and down at many other places, and every where had found his Foes victorious. He had ſeen death wandring about on every ſide; confuſion, diſorder and cruelty reigning in all the ſtreets of *Babylon*. He had heard the groans of dying men, the cries and lamentations of tender Mothers, Children, and weak old men, and every where had met with dreadful pictures of horrible deſolation. He often had broke in upon his Enemies, but had ſtill come off again with

loſs, till he arriv'd at the place where the unfortunate *Perdiccas* had loſt his Life: Then by the knowledg of his Brother's death he had baniſh'd all the deſire he before had to live, and ſeeking nothing but an occaſion of dying honourably, he believ'd he could not do it better than in the preſence of his Princeſs, whom he had abandoned, and to whom he thought he owed the lateſt moments of his life. With this belief, forcing all the obſtacles that were in his paſſage, he was come back again to that Houſe, where he had fallen ſo fiercely upon *Lyſimachus*'s Soldiers, that at the firſt he had laid many of them dead upon the ground. *Lyſimachus* being come to their relief, no ſooner knew him, but deſiring to diſcover who he was; *Alcetas* (*cried he*) behold *Lyſimachus*, turn thy Sword againſt him alone, and let us diſpute this laſt time for *Pariſatis*. *Alcetas* ſtaid not for a ſecond challenge, but receiving his Rival with a furious cry, he ran to meet him with an impetuouſneſs as great as his; all their Men afforded them paſſage, and they cloſed in ſight of either party, tho ſo unluckily for *Alcetas*, that having hurt *Lyſimachus* but lightly in the left hand, *Lyſimachus*'s Sword found the defect of his Arms, and ran thro his body to the very Hilt. *Alcetas* fell dead with that ſingle thruſt, and yielded up *Pariſatis* with his life to his Rival. All his Soldiers ſought death by his example, and were going perhaps to find it amongſt Enemies grown cruel by blood and ſlaughter; when Prince *Oroondates*, *Artaxerxes*, *Orontes*, and *Thaleſtris* with their Companions, came all together to that place. They had cut in pieces whatſoever had made them any reſiſtance, and at the ſame time *Oxyartes*, *Craterus*, *Antigonus*, *Leonatus*, *Eumenes*, and *Polyperchon*, had made themſelves Maſters of all the ſeveral quarters of the Town; all thoſe that had been obſtinate in making oppoſition, were put every Man to the Sword; and *Peuceſtas*, who had gotten ſome of the Citizens to take Arms, having ſeen a good number of them ſlain, was conſtrain'd to ask quarter for the reſt,

reſt, and to yield himſelf to the diſcretion of Prince *Oxyartes*.

The Conquerors had promiſed the Inhabitants their Lives; but they had found it very difficult to take off the Soldiers, whom deſire of Pillage precipitated into every houſe; and at firſt they met with very little obedience among them, but in the end they had ſo carefully indeavour'd it, knowing how much they ſhould oblige Prince *Artaxerxes* by ſparing the blood of the old Subjects of his Family, that they had ſav'd all them that had eſcap'd from the firſt fury of their men; and after having made themſelves Maſters of all places, where they could ſuſpect any reſiſtance, they had drawn up a great part of their Forces under their ſeveral Standards and Colours.

Thus the moſt ſtately Town in all the World was taken, and that proud City which might have held out whole years againſt a World of Enemies, ſaw it ſelf (contrary to all human appearance) brought in ſubjection in half a day, by the imprudent and blind Diſſenſion of its Defendants: Yet was it happy in its misfortune, ſince the Conquerors uſed their Victory with moderation, not defacing any of its Beauties, and waſhing of the faults of its Commanders a great deal more with the blood of Strangers, than of its Citizens. While ſome of theſe great Princes were buſy in that employment, they in whom the intereſts of Love were the moſt powerful, had affairs of a different nature to take them up. *Alceras* was no ſooner kill'd with part of his men, and the reſt fled quitting the Place and Victory to their Enemies, but *Oroondates* drawing near to conquering *Lyſimachus*, teſtify'd by his joy, and endearments, how much he was concern'd in his good ſucceſs; and *Lyſimachus* having at the ſame time told him of the liberty of their Princeſſes, of *Roxana*'s repentance, and of the Queen's goodneſs toward her, raviſh'd his heart with an exceſs of contentment. He hardly ſtaid the end of his Diſcourſe, (while his Companions appeaſed the reſt of the diſorder, and ſav'd the lives of thoſe miſerable Wretches that implor'd

plor'd their mercy) but burning with impatiency to ſee his Princeſs free, he ran immediately to that houſe, and went to find her in her Chamber, whither ſhe was retir'd with the Princeſs her Siſter, and Queen *Roxana*, under the Guard of *Ptolomeus*, with a good number of Soldiers. *Oroondates* had no ſooner caſt his eyes upon her, but unarming his head, he threw himſelf at her feet, and embrac'd her knees with tranſports that were peculiar only to his paſſion. The Queen, who was ſeiz'd with joy as much as he, embrac'd him alſo with motions little different from his; and *Roxana* during that action not being able to conquer hers, notwithſtanding all the violence ſhe uſed to do ſo, was like to have fallen dead through an extremity of grief and jealouſy: Yet had ſhe this advantage at leaſt, that her actions were but little taken notice of, and all the perſons there preſent were ſufficiently employ'd, without ſuffering their thoughts to come beyond the limits of their particular intereſts, or beyond the expreſſions of their own ſatisfaction. You are at liberty, my ador'd Queen, (ſaid glad *Oroondates*) and I am now permitted to ſee you out of *Perdiccas*'s power. You have triumphed over your misfortunes by your Virtue alone, and have made *Oroondates* triumph over his miſeries by your goodneſs. How glorious is he now, and how great an obligation has he to all theſe croſſes by which he has been able to find you had not forgotten him! All the afflictions he hath ſuffer'd ought in his eſteem to be accounted bleſſings, ſince by their means he had obtain'd this knowledg of your goodneſs. He utter'd many other ſuch like Speeches, disjointed thro the exceſs of his contentment, and the Queen anſwer'd him with a ſweetneſs full of Majeſty. Yes, my dear Prince, I now at laſt am free, after having endur'd ſo many miſeries; but by your example my ſufferings are dearer to me than my liberty, ſince you by them have ſeen that I was not ingrateful to your affection: yet ſet not too high a value upon a Fortune you have well deſerv'd; I owed you a great deal more than one ſingle life, and if the Gods had given me many, I would

have ſacrificed them all to ſo precious a remembrance. They had ſaid more to one another, if *Oroondates* having eſpied *Roxana*, had not thought himſelf oblig'd in generoſity to give her ſome conſolation; but before he went to do ſo, he commended the Queen's goodneſs to her, and thanked her for it in terms that made *Roxana* ſee how much he was intereſted in her ſafety. She was withdrawn to a window with *Ptolomeus*, where holding a handkerchief at her eyes, ſhe wip'd away the tears her ſorrow cauſed her to ſhed; and *Oroondates* going to her, had no ſooner open'd his mouth to comfort her, but ſhe prevented him, and looking upon him with eyes which, for all they were watry ſources, might have ſhot fire into any other heart but his; Remember (*ſaid ſhe*) that you have receiv'd your life from me to day, as well as I receiv'd mine from the Queen, and that you ought not to aggravate my ſorrows by your preſence, nor by your diſcourſe, ſeeing fate hath hapned contrary to expectation: As you reſpect the Gods, permit me to avoid them; and it not being poſſible for me to hate you, be pleaſed that I may never ſee you more. The Prince was touch'd a little with theſe words, and being unwilling to trouble her, he only ſaid, as he retir'd; It is not my intention, Madam, to redouble your diſcontents, nor to diſavow the obligation I have to you; I ſhould have periſh'd had it not been for your aſſiſtance, but I am no way inſenſible of that good turn, and inſtead of aggravating your ſorrows, I wiſh I were able with part of my life to contribute toward your conſolation: In the mean while, if my preſence be troubleſom to you, I'll withdraw my ſelf; and if all theſe objects be unpleaſing, I'll tell you with the Queen's permiſſion, that you may return when you will to the Palace, and take your Lodging there again, with all the liberty, and all the Authority you were wont to have. The Queen confirm'd this offer of the Prince's with words full of civility to *Roxana*; and that afflicted Lady deſiring nothing ſo much as retirement, and ſolitarineſs, accepted the favour that was done her, and after having given the Queen thanks for it, went out

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of the Chamber, and ſo out of the Houſe, under the conduct of *Ptolomeus*, who took the care to wait upon her. She was but newly gone away, when Prince *Artaxerxes*, *Lyſimachus*, *Seleucus*, the fair *Thaleſtris*, *Orontes*, and *Demetrius* came in together. At ſight of that dear Brother the great Princeſſes of *Perſia* ran to him quite tranſported, and throwing themſelves into his Arms, bedewed his face with tears, which a tender affection drew from their lovely eyes immediately. After having bewail'd him eight whole Years, during which all the Accidents of their lives had ſcarce been able to divert them now and then from the ſorrow they had felt for his ſuppoſed death, they had recover'd him contrary to all their hopes; and tho they ſaw him deveſted of the Titles he had loſt with his Father's Empire, they conſider'd him as a Prince of as fair a Reputation as any in the World, and one whoſe gallant Actions might repair his loſſes with advantage. At their former Encounter, when upon the banks of *Euphrates* he had reſcu'd the Queen out of *Perdiccas*'s hands, and fought againſt his men for the liberty of *Pariſatis*, the Queen had had the happineſs to embrace him, and to enjoy his converſation a few moments; but *Pariſatis* had not ſeen his face till then, and 'twas only by the Queen's Diſcourſe, and the Relation of *Oroondates*, that ſhe had learnt he was alive, and heard ſome part of his adventures; wherefore ſhe now engroſs'd him from the Queen, and held him in her arms ſo long as if ſhe meant to repair that diſadvantage.

None of the company could behold the illuſtrious Family of *Darius* in that condition without an extraordinary tenderneſs, nor was there one of all thoſe that were preſent but appear'd moſt ſenſibly concern'd in that alteration of their fortune. The Queen was hardly gotten looſe from her Brother's arms, when with aſtoniſhment ſhe ſaw her ſelf in the chaſe of an arm'd man, who embracing and kiſſing her, ſurpriz'd her, and made her bluſh at his familiarity; but Prince *Oroondates* took away her ſcruples, by making known that Warrior to be the fair *Amazon* Queen, whoſe ſex

allow'd her priviſeges that were deny'd to her habit. The Queen was not ignorant of *Thaleſtris*'s Reputation, and the hearing ſhe fought her quarrel, had bred a very great affection toward her, wherefore ſhe then gave all the Teſtimonies of it that cou'd be deſir'd; and after having held her long between her arms, ſhe prais'd her virtue, and return'd thanks for the aſſiſtance wherewith ſhe had favour'd her, in ſuch noble and obliging terms, that ſhe inſtantly won the heart of the fair *Amazon*, and made her to approve of all thoſe pains *Oroondates* had undergone for a Princeſs ſo worthy of his affection. *Orontes*, whom the Prince of *Scythia* preſented to the Queen, was receiv'd by her with thoſe kindneſſes that were due to his virtue, and to his near alliance to *Oroondates*; and the Queen could not remember that name of *Orontes*, under which her Prince had liv'd ſo long in her Father's Court, without calling to mind the former actions of his life. When theſe perſons who were before unknown, had receiv'd from the two Princeſſes what they believ'd their due, after that knowledg, they turn'd all together toward *Seleucus*, and call'd him their Deliverer, with Acclamations full of acknowledgment. *Oroondates* offer'd him his life, which he confeſſed he owed to him; the Queen and the Princeſs her Siſter profeſſed themſelves indebted to him for theirs; *Artaxerxes* intereſted by the ſafety of his dear Brother, and by that of his dear Siſters, and *Lyſimachus* by that of his Princeſs, could not worthily enough expreſs their ſenſe of ſo high an obligation; and all of them extoll'd it, and the vertue of their Defender, with praiſes which his modeſty could not ſuffer. He diſingaged himſelf as well as poſſibly he could from theſe civilities wherewith he was in a manner overwhelm'd; and deſirous to ſtop the current of them, *Nearchus* and I (*ſaid he*) have done nothing to which we were not too powerfully oblig'd; the uſage we had receiv'd from our Friends, and from our Enemies, did with a great deal of juſtice make them change thoſe qualities in our opinions, and unleſs we would have been the baſeſt men

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in the world, we could not ſuffer the greateſt and moſt conſiderable perſons of it to periſh ſo unjuſtly.

That which gave the liberty of this Converſation to thoſe illuſtrious Princes, was the confidence they had in their companions, who in the mean while appeas'd the ſlaughter, pillage, and diſorder, and ſettled all parts of the Town in as much quietneſs as poſſible: but that Day wherein ſo many memorable things had happen'd, was now ready to give place to darkneſs, and the Princes thought not fit that the Queen ſhould ſtay any longer in that houſe all full of blood, and of dead bodies. The Palace which was ſufficiently large to lodge them all commodiouſly, tho they left *Roxana* her quarter free, was likewiſe in a horrible condition; and while the bodies were remov'd, and the blood waſh'd away, they reſolv'd to paſs that night at *Seleucus*'s houſe, which was fair and ſpacious, and had very convenient lodgings. In the mean time they took care to fetch the Princeſſes, *Berenice*, *Deidamia*, *Barſina*, and their companions who had ſtaid in the camp under the guard of *Artabaſus*, and his ſons, with ſix thouſand men, and four thouſand *Amazons*; and the Queen who had a longing impatience to ſee them, and who knew what was due to their quality, would needs have gone to the Gates to meet them: But Prince *Oroondates* hindred her from doing that honour to his Siſter, by repreſenting, that in the condition the City was as that time, it could not but be very incommodious to her, and that ſhe might lawfully be diſpenſed with for ſo great a trouble. Prince *Artaxerxes* envying that any other ſhould have the glory to ſerve *Berenice*, would by all means take that employment himſelf, and went thither accompany'd by the Prince of the *Maſſagetes*, and by *Demetrius*, who gladly did the ſame office to *Deidamia*. The Queen having croſs'd the Streets where ſhe found the ſame objects of pity ſhe had ſeen in her own Lodging, came to that of *Seleucus*; and he paying her thoſe honours he was oblig'd to in that place, waited upon her with a great deal of civility to a very fair Chamber, cauſing others to be made ready for the Princeſſes, and for the Prin-

ces of *Perſia* and *Scythia*, ſince they alſo had room enough to lie there without incommoding the Ladies; all the other Princes went either to their former Lodgings, or elſe to thoſe of their ſeveral Friends. The Queen was hardly in her Chamber when ſhe was viſited by *Oxyartes*, *Eumenes*, *Antigonus*, *Nearchus*, *Craterus*, *Leonatus*, and *Polyperchon*; ſhe render'd to the Prince her Uncle whatſoever the conſideration of his nearneſs in blood, of his virtue, and of his ſervices, could require from her on a like occaſion; ſhe receiv'd thoſe that came in his company with all the acknowledgment and civility ſhe ow'd them: but ſhe forgot not to ſhew the ſame ſenſe of her obligation to *Nearchus*, ſhe had done before to *Seleucus*, ſince her ingagement to them both was equal: and in that action Prince *Oroondates* ſeconded her, proteſting to *Nearchus* that for his ſervice he would be ever ready to lay down that life which he had acquir'd to himſelf by having ſo valiantly preſerved it.

Darkneſs had already begun to overſpread the face of the Earth, when by the light of many Torches, the fair Princeſs of *Scythia* under the conduct of her dear *Arſaces*, the Princeſs of *Epirus* under that of amorous *Demetrius*, *Barſina* and her Siſters under that of their Father and Brothers, with *Cleone* and the other Ladies, came all together to *Seleucus*'s houſe. The Queen who had notice of it, went out of her Chamber with the Princeſs her Siſter, and met them upon the top of the ſtairs; *Statira* and *Berenice* were both enflam'd with an equal deſire to ſee the Siſters of *Oroondates* and *Artaxerxes*; to both theſe Princeſſes their Brothers were ſo dear, that they could not without a moſt affectionate impatiency expect the ſight of what they lov'd; and in the Perſons of thoſe their Brothers lov'd, they alſo met the Siſters of thoſe they lov'd themſelves. They found this double ſatisfaction in that interview, which was lighted with Torches enough to diſcover their admirable Beauty mutually to one another; it inſtantly produc'd a reciprocal effect in the minds of thoſe two great Princeſſes, and they beheld each other a good while, with an attention that ſuſpended both their action and their diſcourſe.

courſe. In *Berenice*'s face there was more Sweetneſs, but more Majeſty in *Statira*'s: yet in that difference, *Statira*'s Majeſty was ſo ſweet, and *Berenice*'s Sweetneſs ſo majeſtick, that all the other Beauties in the World could not have ſhewn ſo great a Sweetneſs, and ſo great a Majeſty together. After they had ſpent ſome minutes in their equal aſtoniſhment; O Gods! cry'd *Berenice* firſt, how glorioufly has my Brother employ'd his Life? And how happily, added the Queen, did mine recover his, ſince he recover'd it for you? They had not ſpoke theſe words e'er they were cloſely link'd in moſt affectionate embraces, in which they could have continu'd whole hours together, if *Pariſatis* as Siſter to *Artaxerxes*, had not claim'd her ſhare in *Berenice*, and if *Barſina* had not interrupted *Berenice* to have her part in the kindneſſes of that virtuous Queen whom ſhe ſo extremely lov'd, and to whom ſhe was ſo dear. They were neither of them fruſtrated of their deſires; for while *Berenice* and *Pariſatis* expreſs'd their endearments to one another as Siſters, in whom friendſhip had been long confirm'd, *Barſina* was in the Queen's arms, who forgot not any thing that could make her ſee ſhe had preſerv'd her Friendſhip to her moſt intirely. Ah my dear *Barſina*, (*ſaid ſhe*) and where were you during all theſe misfortunes wherewith the Gods have afflicted me ſince our ſeparation, and why did you forſake me in a time when your Conſolations would have been ſo ſweet? *Barſina* hearkned to theſe words with tears of Joy, and was going to make reply, when *Deidamia* hinder'd her: The Queen and her Siſter render'd to that fair Princeſs (who was already known to them by the report of *Oroondates*) whatſoever was due to her Birth, and to the merit of her Perſon; and after her *Cleone* caſting her ſelf at the feet of her good Miſtreſs, was very much made of by her, in a moſt dear and obliging manner: the Princes of *Perſia* and *Scythia*, who were preſent at the actions of their Siſters, and of their Miſtreſſes, look'd on with raviſhments of Joy, and with the moſt perfect ſatisfaction they had ever wiſhed. But *Oroondates*, whoſe captivity had coſt *Berenice* and *Barſina* ſo

many tears, challeng'd his place next after the Princeſſes; and in the arms of that dear Siſter, and of that dear Friend, receiv'd the teſtimonies of an exceſſive gladneſs, which ſucceeded a moſt violent ſorrow. It would be hard to repeat all the Diſcourſes which paſs'd at the ſame time amongſt ſo many fair and illuſtrious Perſons; all that ever friendſhip or civility had at any time ſuggeſted was put in practice then in that Aſſembly; and in the end, after a converſation full of mutual reſpect, the Princeſs *Berenice* was conſtrain'd to ſuffer the Queen to conduct her to the Lodging that was prepar'd for her, while *Pariſatis* did the ſame to *Deidamia*. Being come into *Berenice's* Chamber, theſe two Princeſſes fell afreſh into Diſcourſes and Actions, that favour'd more of antient friendſhip, than of an affection then taking birth.

But Prince *Oroondates*, ſeeing them in the condition he had ſo much deſir'd, began to think of ſome light wounds he had receiv'd, which did a little pain him; and being retir'd privately to his Chamber, he went to bed by the advice of the Phyſicians, while *Seleucus* who was in the like condition did the ſame: of all the other Princes, only *Craterus* and *Antigonus* were wounded, but their hurts were very inconſiderable. Thoſe of *Oroondates* would have diſturbed the joy of the Princeſſes, if they that had ſearch'd them had not preſently brought word, that they were neither ſo dangerous, nor ſo great as to keep him in bed above two days. All that good Company paſs'd the Evening in his Chamber, and there it was that by the counſel of *Artaxerxes*, the Queen was perſuaded to preſent *Theodates* to him, and inform him of the King his Father's death. The Prince of *Perſia* took the ſame care with *Berenice*; and tho that news plung'd her at firſt into an extremity of ſorrow, it began by little and little to receive ſome abatement by that Prince's Conſolations. *Oroondates* receiv'd *Theodates* rather as his Brother than his Subject; and the remembrance of what he had done for *Artaxerxes* made his preſence ſo dear to him, that he knew not how ſufficiently to expreſs his Affection toward him: But when he ask'd him the cauſe of his coming, the Queen, after

ter having prepar'd him by her diſcourſe for the news ſhe meant to tell him, did at laſt acquit herſelf of the Commiſſion the Company had given her. *Oroondates* was as deeply touch'd as could be expected from ſo excellent a nature; and the remembrance of the ill uſage he had receiv'd from his Father, was not capable to blot out that of his Birth and Education, nor thoſe Characters of Affection which neceſſity of blood had engraven in his heart. He wept upon ſo joyful a day, and made complaints that mollified thoſe that were leaſt concern'd in all the company; but in fine he had too great a courage to ſink under that affliction, after having ſupported ſo many others, too much moderation not to give ear to reaſon in that action, and too perfect a reſignation to the Queen's will to receive her Conſolations without effect. When the firſt violence of his grief was appeas'd, that fair Company leaving him to the care of his faithful *Araxes*, went out of his Chamber, and withdrew to their ſeveral Lodgings, to take the repoſe that was neceſſary for them, after a day of ſo great toil and danger.

The next morning, by the endeavours of *Oxyartes*, *Ptolomeus*, *Eumenes*, *Nearchus*, and *Polyperchon*, all things were fully quieted in *Babylon*, the Citizens were ſettled again in their Houſes, the wounded of each Party received all needful aſſiſtance, and the dead bodies were carry'd in a great number of Carts out of the City to be burnt, except thoſe whom their Kindred or Friends had fetch'd away to give them burial. The bodies of *Perdiccas*, *Alcetas*, *Iolas*, *Ariſton* and his Son, were taken up with honour; and among the dead were alſo found *Neoptolemus*, *Antigenes*, and *Teutamus* grievouſly wounded, yet did not the Chirurgeons deſpair of their recovery. *Caſſander*, *Peuceſtas*, and *Andiagoras* were Priſoners, and kept with a ſtrong Guard. The obligation which they who were moſt concern'd had to *Seleucus* and *Nearchus*, had wrought ſo far upon them, that they left not only the Princeſſes, but even all *Babylon* to their abſolute diſpoſal; and tho with much ſubmiſſion they reſign'd all up to the Queen, and upon her refuſal, to the

Princes of *Persia* and *Scythia*, they pressed it back upon him so earnestly, that *Seleucus* was at last constrain'd to submit to their will, rather to ease them of the trouble that care would have oblig'd them to, than to draw any advantage by it to himself: Yet did he not do any thing but by the motion of all the rest; and as for what concern'd the Prisoners, he presently freed *Peucestas*, whom he had known to be an honest man, and far from having the ill intentions of those to whom he had adher'd. *Andiagoras* also had his liberty; yet because he was a *Persian*, and that without any reason he had follow'd the Party of strangers against the Children of *Darius*, to whom he was born a Subject, and from whom he had receiv'd many preferments, neither the Princes nor the Princesses would see him; and *Arsaces* swore, that as soon as he was in a condition to attempt the recovery of part of what he had lost, he should be the first man whose Territories he would invade. They promised liberty to *Neoptolemus*, *Antigenes* and *Teutamus*, as soon as they should be able to make use of it; but *Antigenes* and *Teutamus* by the Queen's command were used like *Andiagoras*, for having follow'd *Perdiccas* in his intention to kill *Oroondates*. Only *Cassander* was still in hold, and the Widow of *Alexander* the Great, notwithstanding all her goodness and generosity, could not handsomly consent he should be set at liberty, after the accusations that had been cast upon him of having poison'd the King her Husband. Her resentment was approv'd by all the World; but by good chance for *Cassander*, *Antigonus*'s two Soldiers that were his accusers had been slain before that time, and they had nothing left against him but conjectures, which were not sufficient to prove him guilty. This was it that did the more encourage *Orontes*, who had been his Friend, and upon whose promise he had yielded, to intercede in his behalf: The *Amazon* Queen out of compliance us'd all her power to second him, and they both of them had so much with those Persons who had the greatest interest in the business, that *Seleucus* in consideration of his antient friendship with *Cassander*, being join'd with them at last

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in the ſame requeſt, and having help'd them to ſollicit thoſe who had too freſh an obligation to refuſe him any thing, they in the end obtain'd the pardon of that unworthy man, upon condition he ſhould not come into their ſight, and that he ſhould depart that very day from *Babylon* with all his Retinue, not ſtaying a minute in thoſe Countries where they had any power. Thus did *Caſſander* receive his Liberty, and went from *Babylon* with this ſatisfaction, that *Oroondates* would not take *Roxana* from him, and that by the troubles he would raiſe in *Greece*, he might bring her more than ever, into a condition either to deſire his friendſhip, or to fear his power. In the mean while by the care of *Peuceſtas*, and of *Seleucus* himſelf, *Perdiccas* and his Brother were inter'd with Honours ſuitable to their Quality; but Queen *Statira* who had not yet had time to pay thoſe Funeral Rites ſhe ow'd the King her Husband, did then perform them with as many tears as his Ghoſt could require from her Affection, and with all the pomp that could be imagin'd: All the Princes aſſiſted in that ſolemn Action, and after that memorable Ceremony was over, the Queen took order to have the Body of that great King remov'd according to his laſt intention, and the laſt commands he had given, to the new City of *Alexandria*, which was under the Dominion of *Ptolomeus*.

Four or five days were ſpent in theſe general employments, which have diverted us from the recital of particular ones; during which *Oroondates* was cur'd of his wounds, and *Babylon* was ſettled again in a condition little different from that it was in before the ſiege. The Forces were drawn out of it by order from the Commanders in chief, and none kept in the Town but thoſe that were neceſſary, the reſt marching away toward their ſeveral Countries. *Roxana* had obtain'd from the Queen that none ſhould viſit her but thoſe ſhe was deſirous to ſee; and tho many would have gone to her out of curioſity, yet did they bear her ſo much reſpect, as not to make her ſuffer viſits which ſhe would have been troubled to receive; and ſhe had paſs'd that time in a melancholy and diſcontented ſolitarineſs. When ſhe

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ſaw all things peaceable in *Babylon*, and that the Queen to whom all the Princes ſubmitted themſelves as to their Sovereign, had time to hearken to her propoſition, ſhe entreated *Ptolomeus* who had been always very ready to ſerve her, that he would do her the favour to ſpeak to her, and know if ſhe would not permit her to retire to Queen *Olimpias* her Mother-in-Law, into *Macedonia*, which of right belong'd to the Child that ſhould be born of her, if it pleaſed the Gods to let her ſee that day.

Ptolomeus made that motion to the Queen, who after ſhe had lent him favourable attention, and demanded time to ask advice of all the Princes before ſhe gave her anſwer; You may tell *Roxana*, if you pleaſe, (*ſaid ſhe*) that I will not diſpute for *Macedonia* againſt the Child ſhe now goes with by *Alexander*, and that I quit all the pretenſions to her, which with ſome appearance I might have upon that Kingdom; that ſhe may go and take poſſeſſion of it when ſhe will; and that inſtead of hindring her in that deſign, we ſhall be ready to aſſiſt her in whatſoever ſhe ſhall deſire of us: but I could wiſh ſhe would ſtay to lie in here, and that ſhe would not go in a condition wherein ſhe cannot without a great deal of danger expoſe herſelf to ſo long a Journey.

Roxana by this meſſage from *Statira*, and the care ſhe took of her health, came to a perfect knowledge of her admirable goodneſs, and abſolutely loſt all thoſe reſentments ſhe might have had againſt a Rival that depriv'd her of all her Joy; yet could ſhe not be perſuaded to expect her utmoſt diſcontent in *Babylon*, and the rather choſe to hazard her Child's Life and her own alſo, than to ſtay longer in a place where ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhould ſhortly ſee *Oroondates* married to the Queen. That thought alone made her heart to tremble, and ſhe would certainly have kill'd herſelf, if ſhe had had no other way to avoid that unpleaſing Spectacle. She therefore got the Queen to be again intreated to give way that ſhe might depart the next morning; whereupon that obliging Princeſs, who was unwilling to conſtrain her, ſent her word ſhe had full liberty to do what ſhe pleas'd her ſelf. *Roxana* being no longer able to look upon *Baby-*

lon but with horror, after having once pray'd *Ptolomeus* to ask the Queen pardon, if the fear ſhe had to preſent herſelf again before her whom ſhe had ſo cruelly offended, made her depart without ſeeing her; and to teſtify in her behalf that the ſenſe ſhe had of her goodneſs, oblig'd her to wiſh her all manner of proſperity; began her journey the day following, and took her way toward *Macedonia*, under the conduct of *Penceſtas* and *Andiagoras*, who would needs wait upon her with three thouſand men that were left of thoſe they had commanded, and two thouſand *Macedonians*, whom *Seleucus* permitted to return into their Country.

The laſt actions of *Roxana* had caus'd ſo general an averſion againſt her, that very few were ſorry for her departure; and King *Oreondates*, who was better ſatisfy'd with it than all the reſt, began to breath with greater liberty. All things being then ſettled peaceably in *Babylon*, 'twas only Love that made war there; and the wounds which he had given were not heal'd up like thoſe that had been receiv'd on the late occaſions. *Oreondates* languiſhed in flames at the Queen's feet, not knowing how to be ſecur'd againſt her ſcruples, after the cauſe ſhe had given him to fear them, in all that had befallen him ſince the death of *Alexander*. *Arſaces* liv'd in a little better aſſurance with *Berenice*, and was hardly in any doubt at all of eſtabliſhing his fortune. *Lyſimachus* was more uncertain by reaſon of *Pariſatis*'s humour, tho he began to find by many ſigns that ſhe really lov'd him. *Orontes* was the beſt ſatisfy'd of them all, and knowing his fair Queen's affection, his impatiency alone caus'd the greateſt part of his diſcontents. *Oxyartes* was in good hope of *Barſina*, and finding no repugnance in the inclinations of that fair Princeſs, he expected his felicity with that of his friends, by the aſſiſtance he believ'd they would afford him. Young *Demetrius* was the leaſt advanc'd in his ſuit; and tho by his ſervices, and by his power to make himſelf belov'd, he had gain'd much upon the heart of *Deidamia*, yet had he not been able to baniſh the memory of *Agis*, which was too deeply rooted in it. Tho in the hopes of all

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theſe illuſtrious Lovers there was ſome difference, their ſufferings yet were equal; and all of them ſigh'd equally, either thro fear, or thro deſire. Chance brought them all together one day in the Queen's Chamber, with their Princeſſes; and it ſeem'd as if it had been for the deciſion of their fortune. *Oroondates* who could no longer live in his cruel uncertainties, reſolv'd to put them to a period; and truſting with very good reaſon to the greatneſs of his ſervices, and to the marks of acknowledgment he diſcover'd every day in the Queen's actions, he had a mind to draw a final aſſurance from her. *Artaxerxes* and he were by the Bed-ſide with the Queen and the Princeſs *Berenice*: *Lyſimachus*, *Oxyartes*, *Orontes* and *Demetrius* were at the other end of the room converſing with their Princeſſes, when the King of *Scythia* not being longer able to maſter his paſſion, fell ſuddenly upon his knees before the Queen. His action was very unconfident; and never in all the greateſt dangers had that fear appear'd in his countenance, which then was eaſily to be ſeen in it by whoſoever obſerv'd him. At length he ſtrove to conquer it, and diſpelling all ſhew of it by the greatneſs of his Courage, he began to ſpeak, fixing his eyes upon her face; but in ſo ſubmiſſive and ſo dependant a manner, that the Queen did not leſs diſcover the force of his Love by that laſt Action, than by the moſt important ones of his whole Life.

I go about a buſineſs, Madam, (*ſaid he*) which truly I cannot venture upon without trembling; and that which I now have to beg of you, is ſo infinitely above my ſervices, that the memory of them is not able to ſecure me againſt my fears and my diſtruſts: yet am I forc'd to make uſe of them, having nothing elſe ſo powerful to ſtrengthen my Pretenſions; and if you will pardon me for it, I'll call to your remembrance, that after ſome light actions which rais'd my fortune in *Perſia*, the Prince your Brother laid the firſt foundations of it by his goodneſs, you approved of them by yours, and the deceaſed King your Father eſtabliſhed my higheſt felicity by his: He was pleaſed to ſuffer that *Oroondates* ſhould be yours, and if I may be permitted to uſe that

term, he engag'd himſelf by his word to give you to Prince *Oroondates*; you were afterward taken from me by the treachery of our Enemies, and by the violence of a Conqueror. I had not (if I may ſay ſo) pull'd that misfortune upon my ſelf, by any of my actions; and if I bore it without dying, 'twas becauſe the Gods had deſtin'd me to live ſtill for you: I conſented without complaining to the baniſhment you ordain'd me, and if I ſince return'd to you, 'twas not till according to your own terms, you were in a condition to receive me. Before you were ſo, I deſir'd nothing from you, nor did I ſo much as murmur againſt that duty, the enemy you oppos'd againſt my happineſs. But Madam, may I not now be ſuffer'd to raiſe my thoughts to what I loſt by nothing but my ill fortune? and may I not look upon my Queen as ſhe whom the Prince her Brother, and whom the King her Father had given me, nay as ſhe who had given herſelf to my love? Though I cannot be worthy to ſucceed in the place of *Alexander* by greatneſs of power, by victories, nor by the qualities of my perſon, may I not ſupply all theſe defects by the greatneſs of my love, and by my ſervices? May I not believe with ſome ſhew of reaſon, that never man lov'd better than myſelf? and if in my own intereſt I may ſpeak it with modeſty, that never Princeſs was better ſerv'd than Queen *Statira* has been by Prince *Oroondates*? All my life is known to you, all my thoughts are clearly diſcover'd; and it is needleſs for me to put you in mind of what the accidents of your life cannot have ſuffer'd you to forget. I have endur'd all that a man could poſſibly undergo; and by thoſe ſufferings which have not been the leſs ſenſible for being glorious, have I not ſome reaſon to aſpire to the higheſt pitch of my felicity? Have I not cauſe to ſeek the haven after ſo many ſtorms wherewith you have ſeen me toſs'd for the ſpace of ten whole years? And is there any thing left for me to do, or to ſuffer for my Princeſs? As you deſire the favour of the Gods (continu'd he, embracing her knees) conſider the miſeries of my life with pity, deliver me out of ſo many torments, which I bore with patience, while they depended upon fortune, and

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not upon your will; and diſpoſe with compaſſion, of a life which is now in no other hands but yours alone, and which now no longer depends upon any thing, but what you ſhall ordain for its preſervation or deſtruction.

The Prince as he ended theſe words (to which all the Company lent an attention that diverted them from their own affairs) fixed his eyes upon the ground, fearing to behold ſome preſage of his misfortune in the Queen's face: ſhe remain'd for a good while in the like poſture, and then if *Oroondates* was tortur'd by his fears, *Artaxerxes* was not leſs diſquieted than he; and looking upon his Siſter with eyes that condemn'd her irreſolution, he ſufficiently made appear how great an intereſt he took in the happineſs of his friend At laſt the Queen lifted up her head, and with a very ſerious countenance ſpake in this manner.

I owe too much, Sir, to your ſervices, to loſe their remembrance, or ever to diminiſh the value of them: if I were capable of ſuch an ingratitude, I were too worthy of thoſe miſeries wherein I have ſpent my life. I know I am often indebted to you for my friends, my liberty, my life, and my honour; and that all that ever the moſt generous men, and the moſt faithful, the moſt paſſionate Lovers have undertaken for the perſons they have lov'd, comes infinitely ſhort of what you have done for me. It is alſo true that I was yours, both by the will of my Brother, by that of my Father, and by my own. I indeed was yours by inclination, and by a moſt lawful acknowledgment; and when to my misfortune I ceaſed to be ſo, 'twas not out of any inconſtancy or change of humour. Treachery and ſovereign Power took me from you, and when your innocence was known to me, 'twas only duty that oppos'd the affection I had for you. 'Tis that alone, dear Prince, that repreſents to me now, that I was Wife to the greateſt and moſt fortunate Man in the world; I ſay, moſt fortunate, becauſe I very well know that nothing but Fortune could give any man an advantage over you. In fine, I was the Wife, and am the Widow of him, who but a few months ſince, was maſter of the greateſt part of the Earth. This conſideration ties

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me to much severer rules, than if I had been in another condition; and all my engagements to your love, and to your services, cannot hinder *Alexander*'s Widow from being accus'd of lightness, if after the loss, and the so late loss of such a Husband, she can consent to give her self to another. All the world that was concern'd in his life, and in his death, looks with another eye upon my actions, than if I were only the Daughter of *Darius*; and all the world could not chuse but wonder, that I should turn my thoughts upon any man, after the loss of him that extended his dominion over all others, of him who by his glory had obscur'd all those that went before him, and perhaps all those that shall live after him, and who had seated me in the most considerable place of the whole Universe.

While the Queen spake thus, *Oroondates*'s face grew pale; but *Artaxerxes* was enflam'd with an excessive colour, and the different motions of those two Princes, seem'd to precipitate one of them into the grave, and transport the other into a violent anger and resentment. What, Sister, (*cried the impatient* Artaxerxes) is it with these scruples you mean to repay the Services of *Oroondates*, and will you kill us both by your ingratitude? 'Tis I alone will die (*added the King of* Scythia, *with a feeble Voice*) and I'll die without complaining, if my Queen pronounce the sentence of my death. You shall not die, my dear *Oroondates* (*said the Queen, falling upon him with open Arms*) and I my self will die a great deal rather than give you any reason to accuse me; I have represented to you all the considerations that might cross the happiness I wish for you; I have told you what the world would censure in this you desire of me: but now I tell you that to satisfy what I owe you, and to follow my inclination, I'll pass over all these maxims, and over all the considerations of people's discourse, to give my self wholly to you. I had rather be accounted light and imprudent, by them that know you not, than faithless and ungrateful in your opinion. I am yours by too powerful reasons to be ever able to retire; and would it pleased the Gods that in giving my

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ſelf to you, I could give you ſomething more worthy of you, and of your love. I do not wrong the memory of *Alexander* by beſtowing my ſelf on a Succeſſor not inferior to him either in Birth or Virtue, and one who might have extended his Conqueſts as far as he, if his Paſſion for me had not given him other employments, than that of invading his neighbours territories. Live then with an aſſurance, (*continued ſhe, offering him her hand*) not only that *Statira* will never be another's, for that's a thing whereof you are already certain, but that ſhe will be yours by lawful ways whenſoever you ſhall deſire it.

This Anſwer was ſolemniz'd with an acclamation of the whole Company, who with an extraordinary Joy ſaw the concluſion of a Fortune in which their own ſeem'd to be involv'd. *Oroondates* could not find words to expreſs the height of his contentment, and ſhew'd it only by embracing the Queen's knees, and by doing many other actions full of tranſport and extaſy. His happy ſucceſs made all the reſt to think, at the ſame time, which way they might bring their pains to the like concluſion. *Artaxerxes* was not diſquieted with any doubt; and having often had aſſurance from his Princeſs's mouth, that ſhe would give her ſelf to him as ſoon as the King her Brother ſhould deſire it, he was too confident of *Oroondates's* Friendſhip, to enter into any diſtruſt of his happineſs. And indeed he then received very potent conſiderations of it: for the King of *Scythia* turning towards him, after having ſpent ſome time in the expreſſions of his Joy; Brother, (*ſaid he*) now that by my Queen's goodneſs, and by yours, I have attain'd the top of my felicity, I cannot but deſire our ſatisfactions ſhould be mutual; and ſince you judg my Siſter worthy of your affections, ſhe ſhall be yours the ſame day the Queen ſhall vouchſafe to conſummate my happineſs. I wiſh that with her I could reſtore you the Empires you have loſt; but I know your Virtue diſdains them, or can recover them by that Sword which may make you aſpire to the moſt glorious Conqueſts; and in

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the interim, dear Brother, give me leave to reſign one half of a reaſonable ſpacious Empire, which the Gods have left me: It is equally divided you know, one part in *Aſia*, the other in *Europe*, and Mount *Imaus* ſeparates them. You, if you pleaſe, ſhall have the *Aſiatic Scythia*, where you ſhall reign with the Authority that I ſhall have in *Europe*; I offer you that as being nearer to thoſe Countrys upon which you may have ſome deſign, and with it I offer you not only all the other, not only the ſtrength of all my Dominions to aſſiſt you for the recovery of yours, but even the Lives of my ſelf, and of all my Subjects, which you may diſpoſe of with a moſt abſolute power. *Oroondates* ſpake in this manner; and the Prince of *Perſia* having hearkned to him with attention, Brother, (*replied he*) after the Gift of *Berenice*, there is no Empire that I can conſider; and I prefer my Princeſs not only before that which was the King my Father's, but before the Monarchy of all the Earth: yet do I not refuſe the effect of your generous Friendſhip, and if I accept not of that part of your Kingdom which you offer me, 'tis becauſe I ſhall believe I reign in all places whereſoever my dear Brother ſhall command, and that I will not poſſeſs any thing that can be ſeparated from your Dominion. I'll retire into *Scythia* with you, and when I ſhall have breath'd there a-while in the felicity you allow me, I'll make uſe of thoſe Forces you offer me to re-eſtabliſh my ſelf, if it be poſſible, in part of thoſe Territories that were ours, and to give my Princeſs a Crown that may not ſuffer her to fall beneath her Dignity. I'll begin the War upon the *Parthians*, upon the *Hyrcanians*, and their Neighbours; and 'tis on that ſide, I hope, with your aſſiſtance, and that of the Gods, to eſtabliſh a Monarchy over the Countrys our Enemies poſſeſs, without pretending to the recovery of thoſe which Fortune has beſtow'd upon our Friends. *Artaxerxes* declar'd his intentions thus, and *Oroondates* proteſted to him once more, that if he would not accept of half his Kingdom,

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he ſhould have it all, and that he would not exerciſe any Authority that ſhould not be common to them both. *Lyſimachus* was then at the feet of *Pariſatis*, where by the Queen's example, he endeavour'd to draw aſſurance of his happineſs from her mouth. She had no repugnance in her heart to grant him it, and ſhe was ſo much indebted to *Lyſimachus's* Services, and had ſo great an eſteem of him, and even ſo great an inclination to his Perſon, that ſhe could not think of ſettling her ſelf any way more to her contentment: but her ſevere humour had much ado to declare it ſelf, and perhaps ſhe would not have done it for a long time, if the Queen her Siſter, and the Prince her Brother, who were much oblig'd to *Lyſimachus*, and who conſider'd him infinitely, had not join'd with him, and had not in his favour employ'd all that intereſt which Friendſhip and nearneſs of Blood allow'd them with their Siſters. *Pariſatis* believ'd ſhe could not err in following the example, and the counſel of Perſons, who then had ſome lawful Authority over her; and giving *Lyſimachus* her hand, ſhe promis'd him that ſhe would always be ready to follow the advice of the Prince her Brother, and of the Queen her Siſter. After having taken this order about *Lyſimachus's* Affairs, they all together began to think of theirs that yet remain'd.

Orontes had no need of their aſſiſtance, and he by promiſe from his Queen was aſſured of a Felicity which nothing was able to diſturb: he receiv'd a moſt pleaſing confirmation of it in that illuſtrious Company, and *Thaleſtris* freely declared that his happineſs ſhould not be deferr'd longer than that of his Friends. *Oxyartes* had no great difficulties to conquer in *Barſina's* heart; and that fair Princeſs remembring his former Services, and conſidering his high Extraction, and the qualities of his Perſon, was already ſo far diſpoſed to receive him, that King *Oroondates*, the Queen, and Prince *Artaxerxes*, mediating in his behalf, overcame her with as much eaſe as they could wiſh.

wiſh. Only *Demetrius* believed himſelf unfortunate amidſt the happineſs of all the reſt; and when he ſaw them all contented, Shall I then be the only miſerable Man, (*cried he*) and while you all abandon your ſelves to Joy, ſhall I alone abandon my ſelf to Deſpair? Cannot the example of ſo many virtuous Princeſſes move inſenſible *Deidamia?* and ſhall not I vainly have fought in your behalf againſt our living Enemies, if the dead make war againſt me, and if I am conquered by the dead? Muſt that which no longer has a being triumph over me with ſo great advantage? or muſt I ceaſe to have a being my ſelf, to touch her in my death, in whom during my life I cannot ſtir up any ſenſe of pity? Ah! how willingly would I precipitate my ſelf into my Grave, if I believed that by my death I might render my deſtiny equal to that of the fortunate *Agis*; and how freely would I pour forth all my blood, if by it I could hope to merit the tears of *Deidamia? Demetrius* ſpake in this manner with ſo paſſionate an action, that all the Company was touch'd with it. *Deidamia* was ſo as well as the reſt; and the excellent qualities of that young Prince had not wrought ſo little upon her, but that they had produced a great deal of affection toward him. She began indeed to love him; but the memory of *Agis* fought ſtill againſt her affection, and even the fear ſhe had of being accuſed of inconſtancy, would not ſuffer her to declare it; ſhe remain'd without reply to *Demetrius*'s words, and keeping her eyes fix'd upon the ground, diſcover'd by her action, that ſhe was unreſolv'd. All the Princeſſes, whom *Demetrius* had moved to compaſſion, and who alſo deſired to advance *Deidamia*'s ſettlement, came to her, and repreſented that ſhe alone ought not to oppoſe the publick rejoicing. They ſet before her eyes the little reaſon ſhe had to perſiſt ſo obſtinately in her Paſſion for a Man that had ſo long been dead, and who tho he were able to obſerve her actions in the lower Shades, could not complain of her, after having ſpent three or four years in lamenting continually for his Loſs: they told her, that

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in her preſent condition, being ſo young as ſhe was, deprived of her Friends, and of all her Fortune, ſhe could not live in the World without ſettling her ſelf ſome way or other; and they made appear to her, that among the moſt potent Princes of the Earth, ſhe could not find any one whoſe ſupport was more conſiderable, or whoſe alliance more important for her than that of *Demetrius*, who by the power of *Antigonus*, and his own, might not only reſtore her to all the Honours ſhe had loſt, but recover even that Crown that was uſurp'd from her little Brother *Pyrrhus*, who being then but three or four years old, ſtood in need of the aſſiſtance of a powerful Ally to protect him againſt his Enemies, as well as of the pity of King *Glaucus* with whom he was brought up. To all theſe Arguments thoſe great Princeſſes added whatſoever they thought capable to perſuade *Deidamia*; the Princes endeavour'd it likewiſe with their utmoſt power; and when ſhe was already ſhaken, *Antigonus* being come into the Chamber, and deſiring the contentment of his Son, as much as his own Life, join'd his Intreaties to the Reaſons of ſo many illuſtrious Mediators, with ſuch ſucceſs, that *Deidamia* not being longer able to defend her ſelf againſt ſo many Adverſaries, nor againſt ſo many motives which ſhe underſtood, and which ſhe could not diſpute againſt without obſtinacy, yielded at laſt, either to love, or to importunity, or to the conſideration of her Affairs. At a confeſſion ſo deſired by *Demetrius*, his Joy brake forth with great exceſs, and he did many actions which nothing but his Youth and Paſſion could excuſe. *Deidamia* appear'd for a good while out of countenance at her change, and begg'd pardon for it of *Agis* with a great many tears; but in the end ſhe was ſo well encouraged by the examples, and by the diſcourſes of the Queen and of the Princeſſes, that ſhe approv'd what ſhe had done with a little more confidence than before, and no longer had any thought of repenting her ſelf. That little Company, made up of the greateſt Perſons of the Earth, was then in ſo perfect a contentment, that

that all the words in the world would not be ſufficient to expreſs it; and the ſix Princes being no longer able to moderate themſelves in their felicity, ſollicited their Princeſſes ſo earneſtly, that in the end they were fain to promiſe them their happineſs ſhould be deferr'd no longer than till the next day following. More time would, in probability, have been requiſite to prepare for thoſe Pomps which ſeem'd due to the Marriages of the chief Perſons in the World; but their delights were far more ſolid, and they found too much contentment in the poſſeſſion of what they deſired, to ſeek for any in unprofitable Magnificences. Yet was the remnant of that day employ'd by *Ptolomeus*, *Seleucus*, *Antigonus*, and the reſt of their Friends, in neceſſary preparations; and the young Princes made themſelves ready for Courſes, and Combats of pleaſure, to which they did not think it fit to call the elder, and more famous Captains.

This remarkable Day which was to be dedicated to ſo ſolemn and ſo memorable an Action, did no ſooner begin to appear, but Queen *Thaleſtris* got her ſelf ready, and taking Horſe with *Orontes*, *Ptolomeus*, *Enemenes*, and *Hyppolita*, ſhe rode to the *Amazons* Quarter, having ſent before to *Menalippa* to draw them together. When the reſt of the Forces were diſmiſs'd, they had been kept behind for the deſign the Queen intended to effect that day; and ſhe no ſooner was come thither, but ſhe found them all in the readineſs ſhe had commanded. When ſhe ſaw ſhe might be heard by all her Women, and that ſhe had prepar'd them to give her a quiet audience, ſhe began to explain her intentions to them with a great deal of eloquence and facility: Firſt ſhe repreſented to them the ſhame and miſery of their condition, and with it the error of their Predeceſſors; who having thought by the inſtitution of their Laws, to free themſelves from the tyranny of Men, had ſubmitted to it with infamy, and had reduced themſelves to run after them over all the Earth, and to proſtitute themſelves to them in a moſt ignominious manner, inſtead of having preſerv'd the

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Empire amongſt them, which their Sex in all other places had maintain'd. She exaggerated whatſoever was moſt odious in that cuſtom, in terms that were capable to make them abhor it; and in ſpite of that confidence their Inſtitution had bred in them, ſhe made ſome of them bluſh at the remembrance of things which they had done. When ſhe perceived that that diſcourſe, which had always been moſt odious amongſt the *Amazons*, was hearkned to with attention, ſhe excited them to take a generous reſolution for the recovery of their Honour, and either to caſt Men off for ever, or to ſuffer them only by lawful means, and ſuch as were approv'd thro all the world. She told them that their Inſtitution had proceeded only from the deſpair of certain Women, not from any reaſonable motive; and that in the condition the Affairs of *Aſia* were reduced to ſince the death of *Alexander*, they could no longer hope their Monarchy ſhould ſubſiſt. Then ſhe promiſed them the alliance of their Neighbours, who would receive them with open arms, (as *Eumenes*, who at that time was abſolute over *Cappadocia*, and who was preſent at her diſcourſe to confirm it to them) and with their alliance an eternal repoſe in all their Families, and a ſweetneſs in employments more conformable to their Sex. She at laſt declared how ſhe was reſolved to marry *Orontes*, as well in regard of the ſervices he had done her, and of the love ſhe bore his Perſon, as of the ſhame ſhe had diſcover'd in thoſe Laws to which ſhe would no more ſubmit her ſelf. Yet did ſhe proteſt ſhe had undertaken nothing to the prejudice of what ſhe owed them, and that if by her example they could not oblige themſelves to aboliſh their cuſtoms, ſhe was ready to deliver up the Crown to them; and retiring with *Orontes*, into his Country, leave them the liberty of chuſing a Queen, under whom they might live in their ancient Privileges.

She ſaid a great deal more to them, which they hearkned to very favourably; and when ſhe had done ſpeaking, they deliberated a good while what reſolution they

they ſhould take. Some amongſt the moſt zealous of them oppoſed that alteration; but thoſe that were leſs paſſionate found ſo much reaſon in it, and the Queen had already ſo well gain'd the chief of them, amongſt whom ſhe was eſteem'd as a Perſon altogether divine, that her Party in the end was found the ſtrongeſt; and by little and little the deſire of Novelty eaſily imprinting it ſelf in the minds of Women, added to the imagination of many delights, which they fancy'd to themſelves in that change of life, in a ſhort time drew them all to yield to her deſires. When they were confirm'd in that intent, they all cried out aloud, that they would obey their Queen; that they had rather change their cuſtom by her example, than ſubmit themſelves to the authority of another, and that they would with joy receive him for their Prince, whom they formerly had loved and honour'd as *Orithia*. The fair *Thaleſtris* found marvellous cauſe of ſatisfaction in this event; and after having promiſed her Women a ſweetneſs and tranquillity of life very different from that they had enjoy'd, ſhe alighted from her Horſe, and embraced them almoſt every one, with teſtimonies of a very tender affection. After that, they gave her new aſſurances of the deſire they had to obey her punctually, and to make all the reſt of them that were in *Themiſcira* follow their example: and when the Queen had ſettled them in that determination as firmly as was poſſible, ſhe returned into the City; and before the Queen and the Princeſſes were quite dreſs'd, ſhe arrived at the Palace, where they had all been lodged ſince *Roxana*'s departure.

That day the lovely Daughters of *Darius* having caſt off all the grief in which they long had languiſh'd, did alſo lay aſide that mournful colour, and that ſad attire which had accompany'd their Sorrow; and to appear to the eyes of their illuſtrious Lovers in the higheſt ſplendor of their Beauty, they ſet it forth at their requeſt, by all thoſe embelliſhments which the misfortunes of their life had made them to neglect. Then Gold and Jewels of ineſtimable value glitter'd with a magnificence ſuitable to the quality of thoſe great Princeſſes; and

their Beauty receiving its former luſtre by thoſe exterior ornaments, after having been a long time bury'd in afflictions, ſhew'd it ſelf like the Sun, when after tedious Storms and foggy Miſts, it breaks out of the Cloud that had obſcured it, and appears to our eyes again with its uſual brightneſs. *Berenice* by reaſon of the late death of the King her Father, cloth'd her ſelf in a much graver habit; but her Eyes ſhot Rays ſurpaſſing thoſe of Diamonds, and her natural dreſs had far more comelineſs than all that the power of Art could have added to it. *Thaleſtris* having quitted her martial Apparel, conform'd her ſelf to that of her own Sex, and appear'd no leſs charming in that condition, than ſhe had before been terrible in Battel.

Deidamia and *Barſina* deck'd themſelves at the entreaty of their Lovers, and both of them diſcovered ſuch Beauties, as out of that fair Company could find no parallels. When all of them were ready to come forth, they were conducted together to *Juno*'s Temple, where that memorable Ceremony was to be perform'd, and where the People flock'd in ſo great a croud, as coſt the lives of many perſons. Thoſe that had been the Subjects of *Darius*, could not behold his Son and Daughters in that condition, without ſending forth loud cries and ſhouts that pierced the Heavens, accompanied with tears of joy and tenderneſs: and whether it were among the Soldiers, or among the Citizens, there was a general rejoicing obſerved, little different from that of thoſe who were moſt concern'd. The fair Widow of *Alexander* was led by *Seleucus*, *Berenice* by *Antigonus*, *Pariſatis* by *Ptolomeus*, *Thaleſtris* by *Eumenes*, *Deidamia* by *Craterus*, and *Barſina* by *Leonatus*: The ſix Princes having left that glory to their Friends, were gone all together to the Temple before, and had themſelves forgotten nothing in their Clothes, that without effeminacy, or a too affected curioſity, could pleaſe the Eyes of their admired Princeſſes. After having expected them there a few moments, which to their impatience ſeem'd as many hours, they ſaw them enter with a Pomp that brought new light into the Temple.

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Berenice, *Deidamia*, and *Thaleſtris*, as valiant as ſhe was, walk'd with more fear and baſhfulneſs than their Companions; but the Queen, the Princeſs her Siſter, and *Barſina*, who had already been in the ſame ſtate, went up toward the Altar with more aſſurance. Why ſhould this Narration be drawn out to a greater length? There it was that in the Sight of many thouſand People, and in the preſence of the Gods, who by Prayers and Sacrifices were called to behold that Action; the greateſt Perſons in the world of either Sex, were by the uſual Ceremonies join'd together with Bonds which could not be untied, which never were broken but by death, and which thro the whole courſe of their Lives kept them as cloſely united as they were that day. There it was that by ſuch famous and important Nuptials, Virtue ſaw it ſelf triumphant over ſo many misfortunes that had vainly fought againſt it, and that ſeem'd to have croſs'd it for no other end, but that it might ſhine forth with more luſtre and glory. Thoſe glad and fortunate Bridegrooms having deliver'd back their Brides into the hands of thoſe that had led them thither, follow'd them home again to the Palace, where all things were moſt ſtately and magnificent. O! how tedious did that Day ſeem to them? and how little pleaſure did they find in the Games, Courſes, and Combats which the young Princes made with infinite Pomp, to honour ſo ſolemn an Action? The Son of *Polyperchon*, *Menelaus*, and brave *Ilyoneus*, made themſelves remarkable in them by their dexterity; but after long conteſtation 'twas young *Alexander* that bore away the Prize. After the Courſes and Combats follow'd moſt graceful Dances, and admirable Muſick; and after all thoſe Entertainments, came the moſt delightful and moſt glorious Night that ever was. Never had the brighteſt Day ſhew'd any thing comparable to it in the judgment of *Oroondates* and his Companions; and thoſe that might boaſt to be moſt memorable by the winning of Battels, and by the Conqueſt of Empires, were obſcure and gloomy in reſpect of that pleaſing Darkneſs which triumph'd over Light

with ſo great an advantage. Then were the greateſt Beauties in the world deliver'd as a Prey to the Paſſions of the mercileſs Conquerors, who reveng'd themſelves for the torments they had made them to endure, with reſentments which for all they were ſo violent they could not juſtly diſapprove. To ſay the truth, they were in ſome ſort pardonable, and it was but reaſon that they whoſe ſufferings had been ſo long and cruel, ſhould make themſelves equivalent reparations. Never had the God of Love been preſent at ſo ſolemn a Feſtival, and in all the Sacrifices that had been offer'd to him at *Paphos*, or at *Cytherea*, he never had receiv'd ſuch honour as he did that Night in *Babylon*. But I am afraid to ſay too much of it, and to go beyond the bounds of reſpect and modeſty with my Princes, who exceeded them a little, that night of liberty. They without all queſtion thought it a great deal too ſhort, and one might perchance have doubted in what Employments they had paſs'd it, if the Bluſhes that appear'd next morning in the cheeks of *Berenice*, *Thaleſtris*, and *Deidamia*, had not given the Company great ſuſpicions. Yet did they pardon their Lovers the Offences they had committed, by the example of their Companions, who had born them with more moderation. Thoſe conſtant fires were not extinguiſh'd for many years, and the Love of thoſe virtuous Perſons was placed upon too ſure Foundations, to find any thing in poſſeſſion that could abate it; on the contrary it grew far more ardent by a more perfect knowledg of thoſe beauties and rare qualities that had given it birth; and Time, which ruins all things, had never power to ſlacken the firſt violence of their flames.

Many days were ſpent in theſe contentments, which cannot poſſibly be imagin'd; and the happy Princes took plentiful draughts of thoſe delights, after which they had ſo long impatiently thirſted. When they had nothing more to wiſh, they began to think of retiring. King *Oroondates* was recall'd into *Scythia* by his Subjects, and he himſelf had a deſire to go thither, that he might give his Queen the Crown of his Dominions.

Arſaces

Arſaces alſo had a mind to ſee thoſe Countrys again, where he had paſs'd ſome years, and where he had ſo powerfully gain'd the peoples hearts. All the other Princes were oblig'd to return into their ſeveral Provinces, to be crown'd themſelves in the Kingdoms which their Valour had won, and which *Arſaces* freely left them, in conſideration of the good Offices they had done for him and his, and in the hope he had to recover others from them that had not merited his Friendſhip. They all prepar'd themſelves for that ſeparation, but not without a great deal of trouble to every one of them. Before they went away, they thought fit to take order in what remain'd to be done; and becauſe *Babylon* and all *Aſſyria* belong'd to them by the right of Arms, they all offer'd it to *Seleucus*, as to their valiant Deliverer and Benefactor: but he refuſed it, and proteſted openly that not having had any other aim in what he had done, than to ſuccour Virtue unworthily oppreſs'd, he would not give his Enemies cauſe to make an ill interpretation of his Intent, and to judg that he had quitted his party out of a ſhameful Intereſt, and vile hope of Recompence. All the world eſteem'd that thought to be worthy of *Seleucus*'s generoſity; and when they ſaw him ſo firm in his reſolution, that it was impoſſible to ſhake him, they all together caſt their Eyes upon *Oxyartes*, who did not then poſſeſs a Territory ſuitable to the greatneſs of his Quality; and preſs'd it ſo urgently upon him, that in the end he was conſtrain'd to accept the Sovereignty of *Babylon*, and there to ſettle his abode. *Seleucus* had *Armenia* and *Meſopotamia*, which the death of *Phrataphernes* and *Archelaus* had left vacant; and becauſe *Cylicia* was ſo likewiſe by the death of *Philotas*, all the Princes would needs have *Eumenes* take it, and give that part of *Cappadocia* he poſſeſſed, in exchange to Queen *Thaleſtris*, leaving that Kingdom entire to Prince *Orontes*, who alſo quitted the Province of the *Maſſagetes*, becauſe it was one of thoſe that compoſed the *Aſiatick Scythia*, which King *Oroondates* had deſtin'd for *Artaxerxes*.

After having order'd the Provinces in this manner, they all prepar'd for their departure; and when they had beſtow'd a few days more in the confirmation of their Alliance, and in the tears that were ſhed at that ſeparation, they all of them went from *Babylon* the ſame day. *Oroondates* and the great *Arſaces* with their Brides, and an Equipage befitting their Quality, took the way towards *Scythia* with *Lyſimachus* and *Pariſatis*, who would accompany them as far as *Byzantium*, where they were to keep their Court, it being the Metropolis of *Thrace*, and where *Pariſatis* hoped for a great deal of comfort in the neighbourhood of the Queen her Siſter, ſince their Kingdoms border'd upon one another. *Orontes* and *Thaleſtris* went toward *Cappadocia*, which was to obey them totally by the agreement they had made with *Eumenes*, who with the fair *Arſinoe* his Wife kept them company the greateſt part of their Journey. *Ptolomeus* travelled towards *Egypt*, which much deſired to receive him: *Antigonus* and his Son, with the fair *Deidamia*, towards *Phrygia*: *Seleucus* march'd towards *Armenia* with Forces to make himſelf Maſter of it, in caſe he ſhould find any difficulty to be admitted: *Nearchus* and *Leonatus* went home into their own Provinces; and no body remain'd at *Babylon* but Prince *Oxyartes*, who with his dear *Barſina* did there eſtabliſh his Dominion. *Cleonimus* and *Alcione*, with good old *Polemon*, ſtaid there alſo with him, as in their native Country; and that Prince remembring the requeſt *Berenice* and *Statira* had made to him, in favour of them, laboured all he could for their ſatisfaction; and having taken away thoſe ſcruples that oppoſed it in *Alcione*'s mind, he married her at laſt to *Cleonimus*, whom he ſettled in all the wealth of *Theander* and *Bagiſtenes*, and whom for his Virtue (and for the conſideration of *Polemon*, who had done all his Friends ſo many good ſervices) he honour'd with the moſt important Offices of his State.

THE design to which I regularly enough have tied my self not to wander from the Banks of the *Euphrates*, and the Walls of *Babylon*, hinders me from following my Heroes in their Journeys: I will not therefore relate their fortunate successes; their arrival in their Kingdoms; and the crowning of so many gallant Princes, who establish'd a brave and happy Sovereignty, which they enjoy'd thro the whole course of very long and prosperous Reigns. You may learn the end of their Lives from Historians famous in Antiquity, who have written them. From me you shall only know, that the great *Arsaces* staid not long in his Brother's Kingdom; but having receiv'd such an Army from him as he desired, he march'd into the Province of the *Parthians*, where he defeated and kill'd *Andiagoras* in a pitch'd Battel; from thence, when he had made himself master of that Province, and had won many other Victories over them that oppos'd his Conquests, he subdu'd *Hyrcania*, *Bactria*, *Zogdia*, the Country of the *Mardes*, and a great number of other Provinces, of which he compos'd that famous Empire of the *Parthians*, which was call'd the Empire of the East, and which was the most potent of the World till the time of *Augustus Cæsar*, under whom it fell into the power of the *Romans*: the Founder of it still retain'd that great Name of *Arsaces*, under which he had gain'd his first reputation; and that renown'd Name descended to his Successors, who to render that homage to his Virtue, caus'd themselves all to be call'd *Arsaces*, and made the whole World talk of the illustrious Blood of the *Arsacides*. He died not till he was exceeding old, having by the report of all Historians, left as great a veneration of his Name in the *East*, as that of *Alexander* amongst the *Greeks*, of *Cyrus* amongst the *Persians*, or of *Romulus* amongst the *Romans*; they are the very words of the Historians, tho amongst many of them the Birth of that great Emperor was not known. *Oroondates*, if he would, might have enlarg'd his Conquests as far as his Brother; but he kept himself

ſelf to the religious Cuſtom of his Anceſtors, and believ'd according to their example, that he could not without injuſtice deveſt a lawful Prince of his Dominions: Yet did he make himſelf ſo terrible in his own, that all his Neighbours trembled at his Name, and deſir'd nothing ſo much as his Alliance. He gave himſelf wholly to the love of his fair Queen; and that great Princeſs for ever laid aſide the Name of *Statira*, affected by the Queens of *Perſia*, and paſs'd the reſt of her Life under that of *Caſſandra*; that was it that made *Plutarch* believe ſhe was kill'd indeed after the death of *Alexander*, ſhe having liv'd from that time forward in far Countries, and under a Name he knew not. That virtuous Queen, and the King her Husband requited the affection of *Theodates*, and that of faithful *Araxes*, by the gift of *Theomiris* and *Cleone*, and by that of many Provinces, and Places of importance in *Scythia*; nor was *Criton* leſs rewarded by his Maſter the great *Arſaces* *Lyſimachus*, with his dear *Pariſatis*, paſs'd his life in ſo great Glory, that after having conquer'd moſt of the Kingdoms that had been *Alexander*'s, he was ſlain in the laſt Battel that was fought amongſt his Succeſſors, being then fourſcore years of Age. The Life of *Demetrius* was ſo remarkable, that it gave the greateſt Authors of thoſe Times occaſion to write it: *Macedonia* and many other Kingdoms obey'd him, and little *Pyrrhus* his Brother-in Law being come to years, acquir'd the reputation of the valianteſt Man in all the World. *Orontes* reign'd very peaceably in *Cappadocia* with *Thaleſtris*, and all the Laws of the *Amazons* were ſo utterly aboliſh'd, that there never was any mention of them afterwards. *Ptolomeus* govern'd *Egypt* with ſo much Glory, that his Name, as that of *Arſaces*, remain'd to his Poſterity; and *Seleucus* made himſelf ſo great, that before his Death he became the moſt potent of all *Alexander*'s Succeſſors. *Caſſander* ſtill perſiſted in his Crimes, and his paſſion for *Roxana* turn'd into ſo violent a Rage, that in the end he put her to death, with the Son ſhe had by *Alexander*, and

and alſo Queen *Olimpias*, the Mother of that great King. He by their death uſurped *Macedonia*, and after his, *Demetrius* took it from his Children. *Eumenes* periſh'd in the War he had againſt *Antigonus*, after having kill'd his Enemy *Neoptolemus* with his own hand, and by many gallant Victories acquir'd the reputation of one of the greateſt Captains in the World. And Prince *Oxyartes* paſs'd his Life moſt happily with *Barſina*. I ſhould perhaps ſay more of every one, if all famous Hiſtorians did not amply relate their Actions; particularly *Juſtin* and *Plutarch* in the Lives of *Pyrrhus*, *Demetrius*, and *Eumenes*; if I were not out of my Scene, which I have limited within the Confines of *Babylon*, and if it were not juſt that after ſo tedious a Work, I my ſelf ſhould ſeek that repoſe which I now have given to others.

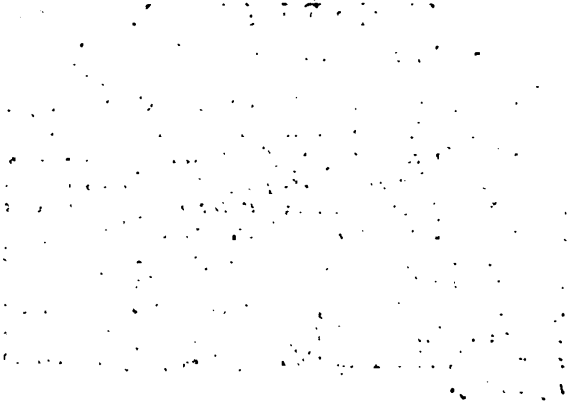
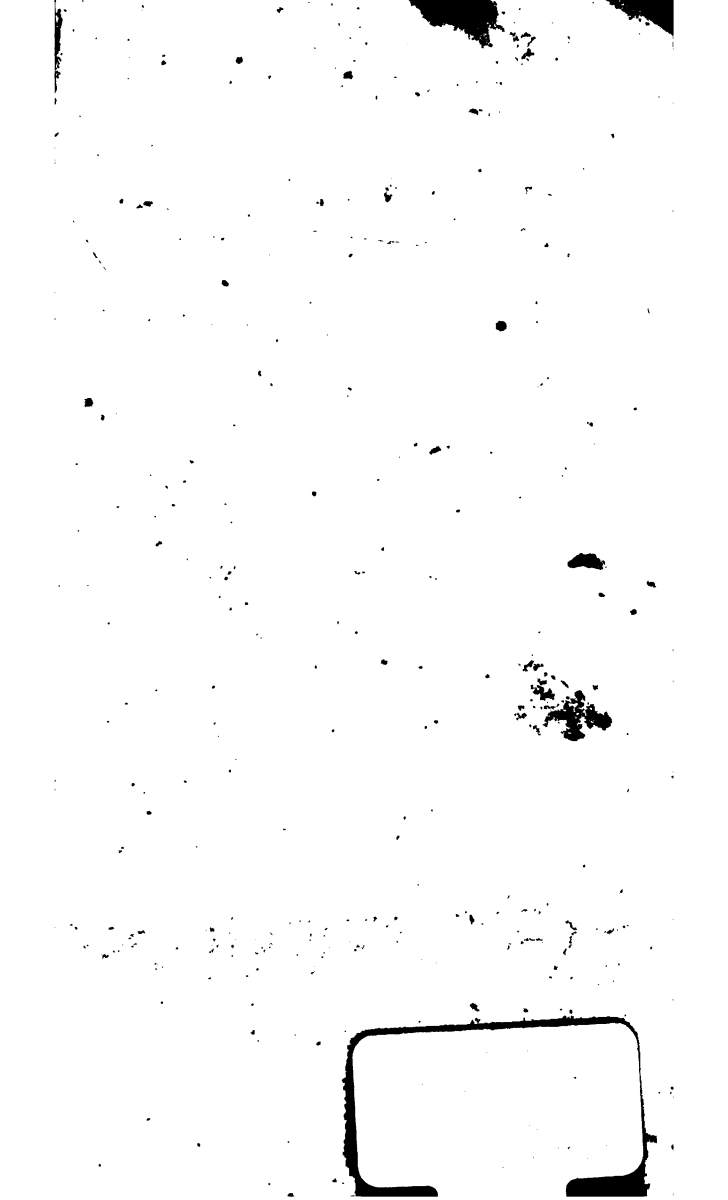
FINIS.

TO THE

READER.

YOU *will have the patience I hope to read theſe few Lines I am obliged to add, that I may juſtify part of thoſe things which I have written. I have been bound up in many Paſſages of this Concluſion by the truth of Hiſtory, tho perhaps I have alter'd it in ſome places, where it is leaſt known. If I make* Statira *and her Siſter live again, contrary to the report of* Plutarch, *who ſays ſhe was kill'd by* Roxana's *cruelty; I have follow'd the opinion of many Hiſtorians, and I make her paſs the reſt of her Life in Countries very remote from thoſe where ſhe ſpent her younger years, and under a different name from that by which ſhe was known to* Plutarch. *I well might give* Darius *a Son, without contradicting the Hiſtorians that write of* Alexander, *who only mention his Daughters; I make him dead in the opinion of the world before* Alexander *entred upon his Father's Territories; he comes thither no more till after his death: and therefore thoſe Authors might well have been ignorant of* Artaxerxes's *Life, he having paſſed it in very far Countrys, and under another Name, after he had loſt it in the general belief. I with the ſame licenſe might make him to be that great* Arſaces, *who founded the Empire of the* Parthians: *and Hiſtorians not having given him any certain Birth, have afforded me the liberty to make him be born of* Darius. *I ſhould undoubtedly have made him recover his Father's Empire, if I could have done it without falſifying truths which are known*

known to all the world, and which have not left me a free diſpoſing of my Adventures: I ſhould have chang'd ſomething in the deſtiny of Roxana *and* Caſſander, *if I might have been permitted; and if I had pardon'd* Roxana, *in conſideration of her Sex. I ſhould have kill'd* Caſſander *to ſhew the puniſhment of Vice, as well as the recompence of Virtue; but the reſt of his Life was too well known by his Crimes, and by his ruling in* Greece. *I have been freer in thoſe of* Perdiccas *and his Brother; 'tis certain they were ſlain within awhile after* Alexander's *death, by a Sedition amongſt their Forces; and there is ſo little ſpoken of the particulars of their death, that I believ'd I might lawfully frame it to my Hiſtory.*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